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**SONGS FROM
HERD'S MANUSCRIPTS**

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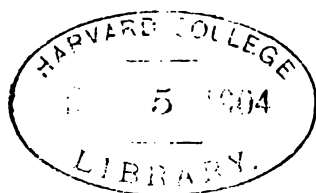
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At the Ballantyne Press

SONGS
from
DAVID HERD'S MANUSCRIPTS
Edited
with Introduction and Notes
by
HANS HECHT, Dr: Phil



EDINBURGH
Published by William J. Hay
John Knox's House
LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO. LIMITED.
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TO
PROFESSOR W. P. KER
This Book
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY
THE EDITOR

“ Wie gehet's doch zu, dass wir in *carnalibus*
so manch fein Poema und so manch schön
Carmen haben, und in *spiritualibus* da haben
wir so faul kalt Ding?”

—MARTIN LUTHER'S *Tischreden*.

PREFACE

AN inquiry into the antiquarian movement of the second half of the eighteenth century would unquestionably be of fundamental importance for the literary history of that period. Considering the intrinsic importance of the subject, it is surprising that so little has been done in this respect.

The most vivid light is thrown upon the social and literary aspects of the time by many manuscript collections and letters, which have never been published or even adequately catalogued. The old life—and it was an exceptionally vigorous and spirited life—lives again in their pages, but they remain neglected and almost unknown.

David Laing's collections form at present an unsurveyable chaos; of George Paton's extensive correspondence comparatively few specimens have been published by the literary epicure James Maidment; and important collections of Thomas Percy's letters—*e.g.* those exchanged with William Shenstone—remain unused in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum.

I refrain from enlarging upon the unpleasant

causes of this neglect, the more so as in the following pages I contribute but little towards the remedy. For I am far from overrating the importance of the present subject. I do not agree with the statement that "Herd did for Scottish Song what Bishop Percy had done for English ballads."¹ The honour of having revived English and Scottish popular poetry remains for ever and unreservedly with Thomas Percy, Robert Burns, and Walter Scott, whose knowledge and art lent adequate expression to the vivid emotions of the time. It is, however, both just and, from a historical point of view, necessary to consider the share due to their collaborators, and as a collaborator David Herd for one has deserved ample praise.

The value of David Herd's collections of songs and ballads has never been contested. Their comprehensiveness and apparent accuracy of reproduction secure them a distinguished place among the many publications of a similar kind. To the student of Scottish songs prior to Burns they are indispensable. But the original editions, as well as Sidney Gilpin's reprint of 1870, have become bibliographical rarities. The Glasgow reprint of 1869 may perhaps be more easily accessible. Yet both reprints lack satisfactory statements as to the history of the particular songs, as well as any reference to the tunes

¹ Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, new edition, vol. II, p. 797.

they are set to—a deficiency already complained of by Thomas Percy after the publication of the first edition, and never remedied in spite of the promise given in the advertisement of that edition. It has been my special care to satisfy this demand on the basis of modern research.

On the other hand, a great and important part of the entire material had to be excluded from this selection: Professor Child's comprehensive work made a reprint of the *ballads* unnecessary. That distinguished scholar was the first to go back to the Herd MSS., where he found a great many of his most valuable versions. From this it seemed probable that in respect of *songs* similar discoveries could be made in the same volumes. And the supposition was amply confirmed by the notes in Henley and Henderson's *Centenary Edition* of Burns's poetical works, from which I may be allowed to quote the following passage: "As regards unpublished material, we might speak in no measured terms of the Herd MS. (British Museum)—given by Herd to Archibald Constable—which has hitherto escaped the notice of Burns's Editors; which includes all the songs, ballads, and scraps that David Herd—the most indefatigable and the most conscientious of the old Scots collectors—had picked together; and which distinguishes between numbers unprinted and numbers printed in Herd's own 1769 and 1776 Editions, or elsewhere. Burns may, of course, have

had other knowledge of some of the matter here sequestered; but that he had access to the MS. while it was in Herd's hands—(the probability is that it was submitted to him in the autumn of 1787)—and made large use of it in connexion with the *Museum* is (as we think) made abundantly clear in our Notes. It supplied him with the beginnings of over twenty songs: some set down hitherto as wholly his own, and a few vaguely described as 'old,' while the rest have been riddled with speculations or assertions more or less unwarrantable and erroneous." (Vol. III, pp. 296-97.)

This confirmed me in my plan of basing the present edition on the *MSS. themselves*, and of reprinting the *whole* song-material contained in them, including, of course, several pieces given in the notes to the *Centenary Edition*. That some pieces might be found offensive could not prejudice the selection. On their worth or worthlessness we are free to entertain any opinion, but in dealing with popular poetry drawing-room considerations must not be allowed to interfere. A chapter of itself could be written on the destructive influence of "cleansing," i.e. spoiling of old texts. Nor could seemingly insignificant fragments be excluded, since they were the only remnants of old texts still to be found in Herd's days. In this manner the number of fragments has considerably increased in comparison with the original editions.

SONGS
from
DAVID HERD'S MANUSCRIPTS
Edited
with Introduction and Notes
by
HANS HECHT, Dr: Phil



EDINBURGH
Published by William J. Hay
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as also to Professors R. Priebisch and W. P. Ker, of London, to Professor G. Saintsbury, Dr. David Patrick, Mr. G. Gregory Smith, and Mr. John Glen, of Edinburgh. To my publisher I am indebted for many valuable contributions to the Notes, and to Dr. A. B. Gough, Lecturer on English at the University of Kiel, for kindly assisting me in reading the proofs.

KIEL, *August* 1904.

TO
PROFESSOR W. P. KER
This Book
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY
THE EDITOR

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	vii to xii
LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS	xiii
INTRODUCTION	3-88
I. George Paton (3-8); II. Extracts from Paton's Correspondence with Thomas Percy referring to David Herd's Collection (8-29); III. David Herd's Life and Personality (30-65); IV. Bibliographical Notes, Remarks on the value of Herd's Collection (65-76); V. Description of David Herd's MSS. (76-88).	
TEXTS	91-275
A. Three Songs from Forbes's Aberdeen Cantus (91-97). B. Old Popular Songs, and Fragments of Popular Songs (98-185). C. Nursery Songs, Popular Rhymes (186-207). D. Modern Songs in the Popular Style, Broad- sides (208-248). E. Songs by known Authors (249-262). F. English and Irish Songs (263-275).	
NOTES	279-335
INDEX TO FIRST LINES	337-340
GENERAL INDEX	341-348

ERRATA

Page 303, note LIII, *read* mentioned in the mock heroic poem, etc.

„ 330, „ CXI, *add comma after* duties

„ 331, line 10, *for F. read* 7

INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION

I

GEORGE PATON

It seems necessary to prefix some brief account of George Paton to the facts we have to tell about the life and work of David Herd, the proper subject of these introductory remarks. Paton and Herd were intimate friends. They shared the same interests and moved in nearly the same sphere of life: both were well-known figures in the literary circles of the Scottish capital, and both belonged rather to the ministrant than to the creative spirits of their time. The illustrious and the humble sought and always found with them ready advice and help. Paton, to be sure, advanced more into prominence than Herd, who with a certain shyness kept quietly in the background, but otherwise they display a striking similarity, even in their characters. Paton certainly was less of an eccentric, but probably also less of a personality than Sir Scrape-Graystiel, the grim-visaged premier of the noble Knights Companions of the Cape. As, however, his greater

activity contributes to the illumination of our subject, perhaps the following digression may not be considered irrelevant.

Throughout his long life Paton met with much and continued misfortune; but he bowed to the blows which a hard fate dealt him, with an invariable and quite touching resignation. The bookshop kept by his father and himself proved a failure, and in 1760 the family, having lost all their means in the venture, were face to face with the extremity of want. Soon afterwards Paton's friends procured him a clerkship in the Excise with a salary of £30 a year, with which he managed to support himself and his aged parents. Later on, his salary rose to £70, but after a few years was reduced again to £55. By the strictest economy he was enabled to save up £200, which he invested in the bank of Bertram, Gardiner and Co. This house became bankrupt, the money was lost, and Paton at the age of seventy found himself without a penny in the world.¹ So for better or worse, he remained in the office without ever personally applying for advancement either in position or salary. The endeavours of his friends in this respect were unsuccessful. To R. Gough's energetic inquiry of January 1st, 1786, "On whom, my Lord, is the reproach to fall, that such a treasure of a man in his favourite line as Paton is not patronized and pro-

¹ *Cp. D.N.B. s. n. Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, vol. i. p. 398.

moted in his several departments?" Lord Buchan, who took the question as personally as it was meant, answered, "a discarded courtier with a little estate does not find it easy to make his voice be heard in any country, and least of all in Scotland. This will sufficiently account for honest George Paton continuing to fag in the custom-house, since I have not a single co-adjutor to help me forward in anything relating to literature or the patronage of men of real education, whilst all the patronage of the crown is at the disposal of those who deal it out according to their political services or connections."¹ In 1800 Constable interceded on the old man's behalf, again without Paton's knowledge, with the Duke of Roxburghe, who briefly wrote back, "I believe him [Paton] to be a very worthy man, but from certain circumstances regarding myself, which it is not necessary to mention, I really cannot be of the use to him which you wish me to be," &c.² But in spite of disappointment and privations, Paton's enthusiasm never failed him. He remained attached to his valuable library with an undiminished devotion. The stock of this library had been collected by his father, and it may be said that these two worthy booksellers were themselves their best customers. When they met with

¹ Nichols' *Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. vi. pp. 513-14.

² Archibald Constable and his *Literary Correspondents*, vol. i. pp. 397-98.

any scarce and valuable book, they could never bring themselves to expose it for sale, but embodied it in their private collection, the fame of which soon reached far beyond the boundaries of Edinburgh. It is prettily said in Kay's *Edinburgh Portraits*,¹ that his library ultimately "became a sort of common, where the antiquarian writers were wont to luxuriate, and whence they would return, like bees, each to his own peculiar locality, laden with the spoil obtained from the stores of this singularly obliging and single-hearted individual." In the auction of the books alone a sum of £1385 was realised. George Paton was one of the original members of the *Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, among the members of which the name of David Herd characteristically enough does not occur. With William Smellie, James Cummyng and four others, he belonged to the *council*² of this learned body, and always displayed the greatest interest in their collections. Scarcely a month passed without some small donation; as books, prints, maps, coins, or occasionally objects for the Natural History Museum of the Society, e.g. on May 6th, 1783: The skeletons

¹ Vol. i. pp. 168-69.

² "The council are empowered to superintend and examine the accompts and funds of the Society, to recommend honorary members for election to the general meetings, and to transact all the ordinary business of the Society. Three of them are a quorum."—*Abstract of the Statutes, &c.*, see W. Smellie's *Account of the Institution and Progress of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, Edinburgh, 1782, I. p. 108.

of thirty-two small birds, from four inches to one foot in length.¹ He was never so poor that he had nothing to give away. Paton published nothing, if we except the Index to Robert Lindsay of Pit-scottie's *History of Scotland*, which is commonly attributed to him.² Yet his influence on the men of letters of his day must not be underrated. His comprehensive knowledge equally with his celebrated library was common property, and he imparted it with a liberality which gained him wide influence with the best intellect of his time. His correspondence with Richard Gough alone fills four large quarto volumes (now deposited in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh),³ and certainly deserves to be made known in extracts at least. The total number of his correspondents amounts to fifty-four,⁴ amongst whom are Lord Hailes, Thomas Percy, Joseph Ritson, David Herd, James Cummyng, Gilbert Stuart and Lord Buchan. Out of this rich collection James Maidment has selected interesting specimens, published anonymously in two small volumes: *Letters from Joseph Ritson, Esq., to Mr. George Paton*, Edinburgh, 1829, and *Letters from Thomas Percy, John Callander, David Herd, and others to George Paton*, Edinburgh, 1830.⁵ It is to be re-

¹ W. Smellie's *Account, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 90.

² *E.g.*, in the *D.N.B.*

³ MSS. 29, 5, 6, and 7.

⁴ MSS. 29, 5, 8, and 29, 3, 8.

⁵ These collections will be quoted as *Letters*, 1829, and *Letters*, 1830.

gretted that this accomplished editor has found no successors, and perhaps Paton's unselfish and far-reaching exertions would have been forgotten, had not the prefaces of many such widely-read works as Pennant's *Tour* and Grose's *Antiquities of Scotland* made grateful acknowledgment of his faithful and untiring assistance. In the obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine*¹ the value of his assistance in Richard Gough's many-sided literary undertakings receives just recognition. Paton died on March 6th, 1807, at the age of eighty-seven, and was interred three days later in Greyfriars' Churchyard. For him also the words would have been appropriate which friends inscribed on a memorial tablet for David Herd: "Not solicitous to shine, nor anxious to become rich, he lost few friends and made few enemies."

II

EXTRACTS FROM PATON'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH THOMAS PERCY REFERRING TO DAVID HERD'S COLLECTION

As to Paton's relations to Herd, the first question which presents itself is, whether he contributed to Herd's collection of songs and ballads, and if so, to what extent. The presumption that we are indebted

¹ For 1807, p. 977.

to Paton for part, if not for most of the materials combined in the edition of 1769 is occasionally met with in earlier writings, *e.g.* in the *Letters*, 1829, and even in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. This presumption is based upon certain sentences in a letter from Thomas Percy, which originated in a misunderstanding easily enough accounted for. The fact of Paton's having had any part in the production of Herd's volume has been recently disputed,¹ but without any definite proof to the contrary having been produced. Below we give the letter in question with Paton's answer, which is now printed for the first time.²

Paton, however, in any case must always be associated with Herd's collection, as it was through him the attention of the celebrated editor of the *Reliques*, as in later years that of Ritson and Chalmers, was attracted to it. Herd himself, moved by nothing so little as by literary ambition, would not have stirred a finger in the matter.

The details appear from the letters exchanged between Paton and Percy, which will be given in the following pages, in so far as they have any bearing upon Herd's collection. They form at the same time the first chapter in the history of Herd's MSS., of which more will be said later on. Most of Percy's letters to Paton were published by Maidment in the *Letters*, 1830. The complemental

¹ *Cp.* the introductory note in the Glasgow reprint (1869).

² *See* Letter 2.

letters of Paton to Percy are preserved in the British Museum (MS. Add. 32, 332).

The correspondence between Percy and Paton began in March 1768. Percy was then collecting materials for a third edition of the *Reliques* and applied, like many others, to the learned and always obliging antiquary in the Edinburgh excise-office. His expectations were not disappointed. Paton was untiring in his efforts to satisfy every wish of his famous correspondent. Books and catalogues pass to and fro; purchases are negotiated; every novelty is to be laid before him, and so Paton also forwards to him the *Ancient and Modern Scots Songs, Heroic Ballads, &c.*, immediately after they had appeared in January 1769. Percy gratefully acknowledged the receipt.

1. *Percy to Paton.*

NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE,

Feb. 9. 1769.¹

"SIR,

I owe you my best thanks, both for the obliging favour of your letter, and the very kind and valuable present of your book—which is a very desirable addition to my collection of ancient songs and poems. I hope it will meet with all the encouragement its merit deserves, so that you will soon be excited to give us another volume of

¹ *Letters*, 1830, pp. 9–12.

the same kind. I am very glad, in particular, that you insert so many beautiful fragments of old Scots ballads, because it will probably be a means of procuring the other stanzas to complete them: for no readers of taste that see your collection, but will be desirous of furnishing you with the other parts, if they should hear of their being preserved in private hands; and thus your publication of an imperfect fragment will operate like an advertisement to procure you the remainder.

P.S.—I could wish you had accompanied your *Old Songs* with a few historical or topographical notes: though I think you are so kind as to promise us something of this sort at the end of your next volume.¹ But I should think the notes of each volume had better have been printed at

¹ This refers to the *Advertisement* (pp. ix. and x.) of the 1769 edition. It is sufficiently interesting to be reprinted here.

“Although this volume contains all the old Scottish songs that could be had in any measure complete, the Publishers have still remaining in their custody imperfect copies and detached pieces of a great many more; such of these as can be compleated from more perfect copies, and such other old songs as can by any means be obtained—together with several modern songs, by celebrated authors, to the old Scottish tunes, are intended for a subsequent volume; in which it is proposed to insert *notes* and *remarks* upon several of the old songs and ballads, together with an ample *Glossary* for the whole, which could not be contained at the end of this volume.

“All the lovers of this subject, into whose hands the following collection may come, if possessed of any Scots

the end of the several volumes they belong to: this, however, may be so contrived as to be done yet; it is but making your printer take care to give the notes of each volume on separate half-sheets, and then the binder may place them at the end of the volumes they respectively belong to.

Your notes should be of four kinds (besides a general glossary to explain all the unusual words and phrases).

1. To mention (where it can be done) the authors of the several songs or ballads, or at least their antiquity, or any tradition concerning them.

2. To explain the history or story referred to in some of the historical ballads, where necessary.

3. To inform us in South Britain, where the particular scene or place lies, that is mentioned in some of the pastoral songs: as, for instance, in the old sonnet intitled *The Broom of Condiknows*,¹ it would be satisfactory to all curious readers to be informed that *Condiknows* is the name of a very beautiful green hill that rises near the ancient Abbey of Melrose, not far from the banks of the *Tweed*, in such a shire, &c., &c.

4. Miscellaneous, either explanatory or digressive: particularly to illustrate any allusions to the old

songs of merit, not here found, are therefore earnestly entreated to favour the publishers, by transmitting a copy, under cover, addressed To Mess. *Martin & Wotherspoon*, Printers in Edinburgh."

¹ *Songs*,⁽¹⁾ p. 17; ⁽²⁾ l. p. 181.

manners, customs, opinions, or idioms of the ancient Scotch nation: These are now wearing out so fast, that, if not preserved in such publications as these, they will be utterly unknown to posterity."

2. *Paton to Percy.*

"REVER.^d SIR,

You did me more honour than entitled to by reckoning me as the publisher of the volume of songs sent you. I never knew any thing of the work, till it was to be ushered into the world, and then used the freedom of transmitting a copy to you, as I shall be always ready to hand you any thing that may be anyhow connected with your performance, which does exceed all of the kind the Nation has been obliged with.

Mr. Burt¹ the publisher, I am a stranger to, but an acquaintance of his being with me when I received your letter, he² beg'd a sight of your most judicious remarks and improvements, which are to be observed in the second volume, for which he is making collections; for your observations he exprest particular thanks and would be singularly obliged for any more, as your convenience will permit.

I have no inclination, nor will the attention to the duty in the business of the revenue permit me

¹ The publishers were Martin & Wotherspoon.

² This, of course, was David Herd.

to be concerned much in any publications any further than by a transient amusement after the fatigues of the office.

Your most obedient humble servant,
G. PATON."

CUSTOM HOUSE, EDINBURGH,
10th June, 1769.

3. *Percy to Paton.*

ALNWICK CASTLE, *July 15. 1769.*¹

"I should be glad if you would send me another copy of the *Volume of Songs* you lately obliged me with; they are for a friend, for whom I will transmit the price as you shall direct, or rather I will desire my friend, Dr. Blair, to repay you. I should be glad if they could be sent to me here, or left (directed for me at Alnwick Castle) at Mrs. Parker's, at the Post-Office in Newcastle.

I am, &c.

P.S.—I am very glad that a second volume of the *Old Songs* is intended."

¹ *Letters*, 1830, p. 13.

4. *The Same to the Same.*¹

ALNWICK CASTLE, Aug. 18. 1769.

"DEAR SIR,

I rec^d very safe the volume of Scottish Songs, which you were so good as to send me & am extremely obliged to you for the same, but am very much ashamed to trespass so much upon your good nature, as I have done on this and former accounts. I shall be extremely glad to see the 2nd volume of Scottish Songs, when published, and beg you will purchase two copies for me, but not unless you let me repay you for this & your former disbursements: I am with great truth

Dear Sir

Your most obedient

& obliged servant

THO. PERCY."

5. *Paton to Percy.*

December 9. 1769.

. . . "The second volume of the Scots Songs &c. will not be sent to the press till the spring, but how soon it is published I will embrace the opportunity of transmitting the copies to you." . . .

The publication however was put off, and Paton lost no time in acquainting Percy of the fact.

¹ Here published for the first time.

6. *The Same to the Same.*

CUSTOM HOUSE,
Edinburgh, *May 14. 1770.*

“ I am sorry it is not in my power to acquaint you when the second volumes (!) of the Songs will be published as the gentleman who collects them had not last winter procured a sufficient quantity, and the promise of more being so great, he procrastinated the exhibition of a second volume for a longer time than at first he intended : but you may depend on’t, how soon it appears I shall immediately forward it to you. I am, Rev^d Sir,

Your most obedient and obliged humble servant
G. PATON.”

After an interval of more than two years the correspondence turns again upon the subject. Apparently some letters have not been preserved. Paton, perhaps authorised by John Wotherspoon, the printer and collaborator of Herd, seems now to have drawn Percy’s attention to Herd’s MS. collection. Would the learned doctor favour the collector and the editors with a perusal of the MS. and his opinion about the value of the songs, ballads and various fragments contained in it? And could he perhaps be prevailed upon to furnish additional

stanzas and notes explanatory and descriptive after the manner of the *Reliques*? In short, would Thomas Percy lend them any assistance in the editorial work on their forthcoming new volume?

7. *Percy to Paton.*

October 27. 1772.¹

"If the publisher of the *Collection of Scots Songs* would send up by some safe hand his collection for the second volume for my inspection and perusal, I will see what can be done,—let them be forwarded to me at Northumberland House." . . .

8. *The Same to the Same.*

Jan. 9. 1773.²

. . . "Whenever you have a convenient opportunity to forward the collection of Scottish Songs to me, I shall be extremely glad to see them: but would not have you give yourself too much trouble as to the time when. . . . It will be sufficient if the Songs, or anything which you may have to send me, come along with that MS." . . .³

¹ *Letters*, 1830, p. 17.

² *Ibid.*, p. 20.

³ The Bannatyne MS.

9. *Paton to Percy.*

23rd August, 1773.

. . . "I forgot to . . . get the 2^d volume of the Scots Songs, but if you remain any time at Alnwick Castle I will endeavour to procure its transmission, that you may look it over; the collector will be fond of your opinion." . . .

However there was further delay, mainly on account of David Herd's dissatisfaction with the result of his endeavours to procure new material.

10. *Paton to Percy.*

Sept. 7th, 1773.

. . . "Having seen the collector of the *Scots Songs* last day, he declined sending you the materials for a second volume, as these already inserted in the volume have too much of novelty, very imperfect &c., that he wou'd seem to have dropt his intention of publishing any more at this time, unless his success is more engaging afterwards in picking up materials." . . .

11. *The Same to the Same.*

Sept. 16th, 1773.

. . . "I will [this winter] endeavour to procure the volume of the *Scots Songs* as it is, and to be put into your hands, till then delay writing any further on the subject."

THE PATON-PERCY CORRESPONDENCE 19

12. *Percy to Paton.*

Sept. 19. 1773.¹

... "I should be very glad to peruse the second volume of *Scots Songs*, in MS.—but the transmission to this place is so uncertain by the waggon, which I apprehend does not come through this town,² that I 'am afraid to let you hazard it. If you thought you could venture it to London, I would look it over at my leisure, and return it towards spring, or when I send back the ancient MS." . . .³

A similar note followed on October 23rd, 1773,⁴ but the MS. was apparently not yet thought fit for being inspected by Percy, who after the lapse of nine months reminded Paton of his promise.⁵

13. *Paton to Percy.*

July 26th, 1774.

... "I believe the publication of the *Scots Songs* is delayed for some time, as one of the Company-printers has been in England for some months past. How soon I can obtain the perusal of the second volume, being the MSS. of them, will insist on its having a conveyance to your place." . . .

¹ *Letters*, 1830, p. 27.

² Alnwick.

³ The Bannatyne MS.

⁴ *Letters*, 1830, p. 31.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 42, dated Alnwick Castle, July 21, 1774.

14. *The Same to the Same.*

Aug. 8th, 1774.

. . . "I have never had an opportunity of meeting the collector of the *Scots Songs* hitherto, but expect it soon, from whom hope to get you a sight of what is so far collected and sent up to Alnwick, if he will consent me this favour, which I value doing him a singular service, that you have the perusal of it." . . .

Immediately afterwards Paton's endeavours to get hold of the MS. were successful, and the long wished for collection could be forwarded. Percy lost no time in running through the MS. volume and in expressing his opinion about its contents.

15. *Percy to Paton.*

ALNWICK CASTLE, Aug. 22. 1774.¹

"DEAR SIR,

My parcel, containing the books you were so good as to secure for me out of Mr Bell's sale, and also the MS. Collection of Songs, came safe. I am truly grateful for the trouble you are so good as to give yourself, on this and all other occasions, to oblige me. I have looked over the MS. Collection of Scottish Songs, and find most of them are fragments too mutilated and imperfect to afford much pleasure

¹ *Letters*, 1830, pp. 46-48.

to a reader in their present state ; and find most of them contain charming hints, which might give occasion to very beautiful songs, if supplied and filled up, in the manner that old broken fragments of antique statues have been repaired and compleated by modern masters. I think I could fill up the breaches of some of them myself ; and, by waiting a little, one might possibly recover more perfect copies of some of the others. In the meantime, it would be a pity to delay the publication of the 2d vol. of *Scottish Songs* till these discoveries are made. I wish you would persuade the editor to collect all that are tolerably perfect, in this or any other collection : I would furnish him myself with a good number of old Scots songs and poems, all perfect and compleat, which have never yet been printed, and which I myself transcribed from an old manuscript at Cambridge, which was compiled by old Sir Richard Maitland, ancestor of the Earls of Lauderdale ; and many others might be transcribed by himself from Bannatyne's MS. when I return it ; all these would easily fill a 2d volume forthwith. As, in three or four years, I intend to publish a volume or two more of old English and Scottish poems, in the manner of my *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, I shall then insert some of these fragments, if the editor will give me leave to transcribe and fill up the deficiencies of some of them in the manner I attempted before ; and from my book he may reprint such of them as suit his subject and

plan in his 3d volume, in like manner as he did in his first volume. Let me know what he thinks of this proposal, and write as soon as possible; because, till I hear from you, I shall not presume to touch one of them. I am &c.

P.S.—As I make these things only the amusements of my most idle and leisure moments, it will require time to compleat such fragments."

16. *Paton to Percy.*

*Aug. 29th, 1774, enclosing a letter
by John Wotherspoon to Paton.*

"I would have answered your kind favours of 22^d current, had I been favoured with a proper answer earlier, it having only come to my hand this day, so use the freedom of inclosing same. Mr Herd,¹ the collector of these songs, has given it to the printer, Mr Wotherspoon, and both give you the indulgence requested; when convenient or if agreeable your sentiments shall be communicated in the same way." . . .

This is Wotherspoon's letter:

"SIR,

My friend, Mr Herd, obliged me with a sight of Dr Percy's letter to you respecting the Scottish

¹ The first time that Herd's name is mentioned in the correspondence.

Songs &c., which I now return.—Be pleased to inform that gentleman, that we cheerfully consent to his making the use he proposes of our MS. vol. by extracting such fragments as he thinks proper to adopt into his plan. These mutilated antiques thus perfected and restored by Dr Percy, will give us a pleasure resembling that which we should feel from beholding the injuries of time on a statue of Phidias or Polycletus repaired by the hand of Buonarruoti [sic]. With equal frankness we will accept the offer the Dr is so good as to make us of extracts from Maitland's MS. and would be obliged to him for pointing out, what he most approves in Bannatyne's. We would be happy to receive and to follow any hints which Dr Percy would suggest for the improvement of our plan, and proud of the liberty to acknowledge in our preface the honour of his assistance.

The publication of our 2^d vol. will necessarily be delayed some time. The first being out of print, we propose to begin by reprinting that with more perfect versions of some of the songs, expunging some of the most imperfect fragments, revising the orthography throughout, and annexing a glossary; in the meantime the 2^d vol. will be preparing for the press in the same manner.

We are grateful to Dr Percy for his permission to avail ourselves of his intended addition to the Reliques, in case we should think of publishing a 3^d volume of Scots Songs, we are particularly obliged

to you for the trouble you have taken in this matter.—I am

Sir

Your most h^{ble} Serv^t

J. WOTHERSPOON."

Edin: 29 Aug. 1774.

17. *Percy to Paton.*

*Sept. 16. 1774.*¹

. . . "I beg you will present my compliments to Mr Witherspoon. . . . He does me great honour in referring to my slight publications, and I shall be very glad to purchase his book when published. I will transmit the Songs when I return to the South." . . .

18. *Paton to Percy.*

Sept. 24th, 1774.

"Mr Witherspoon [sic] expresses his thanks for the notice taken of his sentiments, seems to be uncertain when the collection will be finished, but shall take care of providing you with a copy when printed. You may carry the MSS. volume of the Songs south to peruse at your leisure." . . .

The doctor did accordingly, and kept the MS. over the winter without ever touching any of the

¹ *Letters*, 1830, pp. 49-50.

THE PATON-PERCY CORRESPONDENCE 25

pieces. Spring came, and his Edinburgh friends were naturally desirous to hear what use he had made of the materials entrusted to him.

19. *Paton to Percy.*

March 25th, 1775.

. . . "I take the liberty by a friend passing to London of informing you, that the *collector of the Scots Songs &c.*, sent you last winter, is desirous to have your sentiments of the volume; your opinion of them, with advice how to arrange and what remarks may be necessary, will be most acceptable, as he has some thoughts during this present vacation to set about reprinting the former volume, which is entirely sold off and out of print, to which he would incline the addition of this second collection and make another volume. I have reason to believe some discoveries have been made of similar reliques, of which hope soon to be qualified to acquaint you particularly, when a copy of these can be procured." . . .

20. *The Same to the Same.*

July 21st, 1775.

"I beg leave to inform you that Mr Wotherspoon, the printer and assistant collector of the *Scots Songs*

applied to me t'other day soliciting your favourable return of the *MSS. volume of Songs* sent you last year, when he would be most singularly obliged for the communications of *Sir Richa[r]d Maitland's Scots Songs* or *any others* you will be kind enough as ornament the intended publication with, as the editors seem now resolved to begin and print off an impression of these poetical pieces this autumn during the recess of our law-court."

A still more urgent letter by Wotherspoon followed six days later.

21. *John Wotherspoon to Percy.*

"REV^d SIR,

It is now a twelvemonth since the MS. vol. of Scots Songs were put into your hands by Mr Paton, and so long has their publication been postponed on that account. As it is intended to publish both volumes forthwith, it will be obliging to return the MS. vol. either to me or to Mr Paton. If Dr Percy has completed any of the fragments in the manner he proposed, we should be happy to insert, with his leave, these supplements in our publication; and we beg leave respectfully to remind him of the promise he was so good as make us with regard to Sir Rich^d Maitland's MS. Songs &c. And any hints or directions the Dr

THE PATON-PERCY CORRESPONDENCE 27

may be pleased to communicate with respect to this publication will be received with grateful deference by

Rev^d Sir

your most h^{ble} Serv^t

J. WOTHERSPOON.

EDIN. 27. *July*, 1775.

P.S. A letter or parcel directed to me, printer, here, will come safe—otherwise it may come thro' the hands of Mr Paton."

Dr Percy had *not* completed any of the fragments, there were no suggestions as to extracts from the Maitland MS., and no hints or directions we know of. Herd's MS. however had been forwarded before Wotherspoon's somewhat outspoken letter could have reached him. On July 28th he lets Paton know that he has sent away, carriage-paid, this day, by the Edinburgh waggon, the volume of MS. Songs sent last year. And this is what remains of all his promises: . . . "I will send you . . . some of the poems from Maitland, when I have had leisure to consider them, which I have not had once since I received your last MS. Collection of Songs, and only glanced my eye cursorily over that volume, which I have now returned, without having had time (from my other avocations,) to make the least use of the contents. I hope now, in the course of next winter, to prepare a 4th volume of Reliques for the press; and when I have selected some of

Maitland's poems for my own work, I shall see what I can spare for your friend's publication."¹ One is for once sorry, that neither a Ritson nor a Pinkerton, but only good-natured George Paton answered the condescending impudence of this letter.

22. *Paton to Percy.*

Aug. 7th, 1776.

. . . "Your benevolent attention to the proposed plan of reprinting the *Scots Songs* with the generous hopes of gaining such a treasure of Maitland's share from you, gives the publisher spirit, who desires me to present his most thankful acknowledgements of gratitude." . . .

The Maitland poems never came, the doctor found no time to get up a fourth volume of his *Reliques*, and now, in March 1776, we hear that the new edition of Herd's collection was at last printing. It appeared in May, and the fact was duly communicated to Percy together with the news that "Wotherspoon, the publisher, died immediately after the publication, to which he had added a hasty glossary."² This note is not

¹ *Letters*, 1830, pp. 56-57.

² Letter to Percy, dated May 15th, 1776. John Wotherspoon died on May 3rd, and was buried in Greyfriars' Churchyard.

without importance, since it shows how little interest Herd himself took in the publication of the volumes. He collected carefully and transcribed carefully, but could not be bothered with editorial cares. In the course of the following year (1777) Percy makes occasional inquiries about the *Songs*, a copy of which had been laid aside for him. He is told that the sale of the book since Wotherspoon's death proved larger than was expected.¹ In August he acknowledges the receipt of the volumes for which he had promised so much and done so little.²

There is, however, very little reason to regret, that he had found no time to perfect and restore the "mutilated antiques." A greater master than he was to try his hand at them. Ten years after the publication of the *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, Robert Burns entered the Scottish capital. James Johnson's *Musical Museum* began to appear, and in it the old songs and fragments revived once more, never to die again. The spirit of genius had touched them.

¹ Letter to Percy, February 25th, 1776.

² *Letters*, 1830, pp. 62-63, 68, 69.

III

DAVID HERD'S LIFE AND
PERSONALITY

THE part George Paton took in the literary life of his time, was, as we have tried to show, a limited, but by no means an unimportant one. His name and the traces of his labours are accordingly met with often enough, and his correspondence shows his various connections in Scotland and England. It is not quite so easy to get hold of the personality of his friend David Herd. He never entered the *Society of Antiquaries*,¹ perhaps because men of the qualities of Lord Buchan did not suit his taste—one of the few personal utterances in his letters is aimed at this insignificant, good-natured dilettante²—but more probably because he did not appreciate mixing with a set of people who belonged mostly to a social class higher than his own. Besides, he cherished no literary ambitions whatever. Not a single line was ever published under his full name.³ He shunned publicity, and

¹ Only one donation by him is booked in Smellie's *Account*, vol. i. p. 71. (Nov. 6th, 1781: By Mr. David Herd, writer. A copy of Hugo Grotius de Jure Belli et Pacis, cum notis variorum, handsomely printed in 8vo, at Amsterdam, 1712, and an old Scots unprinted ballad.)

² *Letters*, 1829, pp. 13–14.

³ Henderson's statement in *Scottish Vernacular Literature*, p. 339, that the second edition of the *Scots Songs* was

his long life flowed peacefully on, unmarked by any stirring events, his days spent in the office, and his evenings, we may assume, among congenial souls in the *honffs* of the Cape Club, or in John Dowie's famous inn in Libberton's Wynd.

David Herd came from the Mearns district of Scotland. He was born in the little village of Marykirk in south-west Kincardineshire, the same shire from which Burns's father migrated to better his fortune elsewhere. His father, John Herd, was a farmer,—his mother's name was Marget Low, and they were married, according to the church registers of Marykirk, in 1730.¹

"Nov. 14. 1730: The qch day were contracted in order to Marriage, *Jon Hird and Margt. Low*, both in this parioch. Caurs for the pledges, Da. Hird, *Cautioners* in Balmakelly, for the Bridgroom, & William Low, in Denside, for the Bride.² Married on Dec. 29th."

Their son was baptized on October 23rd, 1732: "This day was baptised *David Hird*, lawll. son to John Hird and Marget Low, in Balmakelly, before these witnesses, David & William Herd, both in Balmakelly."

published "with his name attached" is a mistake, reproduced in the new edition of Chambers's *Cyclopedia of English Literature*, ii. p. 797.

¹ We owe these extracts to a casual find of Andrew Jervise. See his *Epitaphs and Inscriptions from Burial Grounds and Old Buildings in the North East of Scotland*, &c., Edinburgh, 1875, vol. i. p. 136.

² On pledges deposited after a betrothal before the minister see Jervise, l. c., p. 178.

In December 1751 his mother died. Jervise has deciphered the inscription on her gravestone :

"Here lyes *Marget Low*, spouse of John Herd, sometime tennent in Muirtoun of Be[nholme], who died 14th Dec. 1751, aged 60 years :

A loving and a virtuous wife she was,
That few or none could her surpass."

Nothing more is known about John Herd the father, who probably moved from the parish. Neither do we know anything about the education and early fortunes of young David. Like many of the most gifted of his contemporaries, he exchanged the country for the capital, and so we find him at the beginning of the sixties as clerk to David Russell, an Edinburgh accountant. With this modest position he was satisfied. He enjoyed the full confidence of his principal,¹ carried on occasional business transactions for himself, undertook book-revising and copying, and saved money and time enough to be able to indulge in his literary and antiquarian propensities. Like Jonathan Oldbuck, of friendly memory, he was a bachelor and a misogynist, which fact, together with his frugal mode of living, enabled him to acquire an imposing and interesting library.² Archibald Constable tells us that Paton and Herd soon found their way

¹ David Russell was not quite void of artistic interests. His name occurs in the lists of the Members of the Musical Society of Edinburgh, May 1st, M,DCC,LXXV., see D. F. Harris, *Saint Cecilia's Hall*, p. 297. His office was in Gosford's Close, next to Libberton's Wynd and John Dowie's.

² After his death the sale fetched £254 19s. 10d.

to his newly-established bookstall; "they were judicious collectors, but their means did not admit of giving much encouragement in the way of purchase." They were good critics, but bad customers. The spirit was willing, but the purse was weak. Yet, this honest couple possessed an ever available fund of learning and advice (frequently imparted over John Dowie's far-famed ale) and Constable derived from them "a great deal of, useful information on the subject of books in general, and the literature of Scotland in particular." Herd, he says, was a man of excellent talents, and of the most unassuming manners.¹

In the vigorous intellectual life that animated Edinburgh in the second half of the eighteenth century, the talents and inclinations of this gifted and strong-minded man could develop better than in any town of the United Kingdom, London not excepted. Edinburgh saw then one of its most brilliant periods. Nowhere within such narrow limits could there be found more enthusiasm and a greater yearning for work and scientific research. Smollett called the town a "hotbed of genius," and a London visitor remarked to William Smellie, the excellent bookseller and publisher: "Here stand I at what is called the *Cross of Edinburgh*, and can in a few minutes take fifty men of genius and learning by the hand."² Those were the days—to name a few

¹ *A. Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, i. pp. 20–22.

² R. Kerr, *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Correspondence of William Smellie, &c.*, Edinburgh, 1811, vol. II. p. 252.

out of many celebrities—of David Hume and Henry Erskine, Dr. Hugh Blair, Adam Ferguson, Lord Kames, Lord Hailes, Dr. Blacklock and John Home. At the same time, this was a period of bright conviviality. The mental powers were not lost in the solitude of the study, but met, crossed, and joined in constant rivalry. A clever essayist on the period says very appropriately: "The remarkable feature of literary society in Scotland was the familiar fraternity in which these men lived."¹ And this familiar fraternity declared and manifested itself in numberless social clubs of every shade and description, which shot up in Edinburgh like mushrooms after rain. It happened that one man was a member of fifteen such associations at the same time. The leaders of intellect and society met in the *Poker* and in the *Club of the Crochallan Fencibles*, which Smellie had founded, and Burns joined as a member. There was a *Spendthrift Club*, the members of which were not allowed to spend less than fourpence halfpenny a night; a *Boar Club*, the joke of which consisted in the members choosing for themselves, their localities and intercourse, expressions referring to the habits of pigs and boars; a *Dirty Club*, where no member was allowed to appear with clean linen; and so on *ad infinitum*.²

It is therefore not astonishing to find David Herd

¹ H. G. Graham, *Scottish Men of Letters in the Eighteenth Century*, p. 104.

² See R. Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh*, pp. 164–73.

in close connection with Edinburgh club-life. For many years he was one of the most active *Knights Companions of the Cape*. This worthy and quaint brotherhood, shortly called the *Cape Club*, was formally constituted in 1764, after having existed since the 15th of March, 1733, and survived till about the middle of the nineteenth century. The last meeting took place as late as March 29th, 1841, after which its papers were deposited in the library of the *Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*.¹ To this fact is

¹ The papers of the Cape Club contain :—

- (a) Two volumes of Cape Petitions since 1769 in chronological order, a few stray leaves with petitions for subventions and some minutes of *sederunts* ;
- (b) A supplement to these, including the minutes of the dissolution of the club ;
- (c) Sederunt Book of the Knights Companions of the Cape, No. 1st, commencing in 1764 and ending July 24th, 1787 (partly in David Herd's hand) ;
- (d) Analyses of the Cape Sederunt Book, &c., 1781 (contains a copy of the statutes with additions till 1781 ; Roll of the Knights Companions of the Cape till Sept. 10th, 1799 ; Grand Capes, altogether 85, till August 20th, 1808 ; Sovereigns of the Cape to same date, altogether 35 ; Cape halls, or the ordinary places of meeting till 1802—all in David Herd's hand). On the Cape Club see James Grant's *Old and New Edinburgh*, Cassell (1881-3), vol. i. p. 230, and vol. iii. p. 125 ; Sir Daniel Wilson's *Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Times*, 1891, vol. ii. pp. 22-24 ; Th. Sommers' *The Life of Robert Fergusson*, 1803, pp. 53-58 ; Kay's *Edinburgh Portraits* (edd. J. Paterson and J. Maidment), 1885, vol. i. p. 111 ; *The Works of R. Fergusson*, ed. A. B. Grosart, 1851, p. cxix. ff. ; and Grosart's *Robert Fergusson* (Famous Scots Series), 1896, pp. 122-23.

due the preservation of a highly interesting *Kultur-bild*, at which we may be allowed to look for a moment, be it only for David Herd's sake.

The Cape Club took its name from one of its insignia,¹ a curiously-shaped head-gear, encircled by a crown, on the Maydays of the club adorned by devoted members with gold and gems. On its foundation and principles we will hear Herd himself, who has prefaced the *sederunt* book (cf. p. 35, note c) with a kind of historical introduction:—

“The Knights Companions of the Cape began to call themselves by that name about the year 1764. The original constituents of the order occasionally admitted by a prescribed form such other members as they found agreeable. The purpose and intention of the Society from the beginning was: after the business of the day was over to pass the evening socially with a set of select companions in an agreeable but at the same time a rational and frugal manner; for this purpose beer or porter were their liquors, from fourpence to sixpence each the extent of their usual expence, conversation and a song their amusement, gaming generally prohibited,² and a freedom for each to come and depart at their

¹ We do not believe in Chambers's derivation of the name, although his story about a man who could not *double the Cape* and was therefore teased by his merry companions, is quite amusing (*Traditions of Edinburgh*, p. 165).

² Tobacco-smoking was also prohibited, no member was allowed to take another's seat, and there were severe fines for removing the newspapers.

pleasure was always considered as essential to the constitution of the Society.—Upon these principles with some few variations in different periods of time, incident to every association of mankind, they have gradually increased.”

The number of the original members who “pre-
ceded all others, but have no precedency among
themselves” was twenty-five, amongst them David
Herd, whose knightly sobriquet was Sir Scrape;
Thomas Lancashire (Sir Cape), the actor and
host; and Alexander Runciman (Sir Brimstone), the
famous historical painter. James Cummyng (Sir
Nun and Abbess), lyon clerk, heraldic painter, and
later on secretary of the Antiquarian Society, and
John Wotherspoon, Herd’s collaborator and printer,
soon followed. Already this short list shows the
motley character of the club. The elements
which convened in Cape Hall were of so hete-
rogeneous an origin, that we must wonder at
the relatively peaceful intercourse of the brethren
according to their motto “*Concordia Fratrum
Decus*.” The minutes, it is true, sometimes record
riotous scenes, which may have taken place at a
late hour under the influence of ample pint-
stouping, but official authority was well maintained.
Punishment followed on the heels of trespassers,
and the peace-breakers were obliged to apologise.

Unlike the aristocratic and therefore socially
homogeneous *Poker Club* and the *Crochallan Fencibles*,
the Knighthood of the Cape was a thoroughly demo-

cratic institution. The guild of writers sent many members, but tradesmen were in the great majority: shoemakers, tailors, glovemakers, smiths, saddlers, marble-cutters, barbers, brewers were admitted; and that the masters were not void of the necessary humour appears from many a merry document now hidden in the solemn volumes of the club. With them sat a few advocates, writers to the signet, surgeons and doctors, ship-owners and naval officers; even a solitary student of divinity appears in the lists. A bohemian element was not wanting to give its peculiar share to the merriment. With Alexander Runciman came painters, such as John Brown, Jacob More, Alexander Nasmyth, Sir Henry Raeburn; musicians, who played no small part at the meetings, as Stephen Clarke, the collaborator of James Johnson and Burns in the *Musical Museum*, the German F. G. C. Schetky, an Edinburgh celebrity, and one of the founders and main pillars of the above-mentioned *Boar Club*,¹ and the great song-reciter James Balfour, whose skill in rendering Scotch songs must have been incomparable.² The stage was represented by actors, like Thomas Lancashire and William Woods—a sorry crew—and by Stephen Kemble, manager of the Theatre Royal. We may add the names of some other well-known personalities: James Sibbald, the compiler of the *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, and Thomas Sommers,

¹ Cf. Harris's *Saint Cecilia's Hall*, pp. 60–64.

² Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh*, pp. 156–58.

Robert Fergusson's biographer. About Fergusson himself we shall have a word to say hereafter. Even the elegant and ingenious William Brodie was of the company. He was hanged on October 1st, 1788, on a gibbet of his own construction, for putting the finishing touch to a prolonged series of burglaries by robbing the excise-office. The way to the gallows was pretty easily found in those days, and so this painful episode may be numbered among the "variations" which, as David Herd says, are "in different periods of time incident to every association of mankind."

The constitution after which the knights were governed, and the formalities observed by them on various occasions,¹ had their origin soon after the foundation of the club. The ceremonial part owes its existence mainly to one James Aitken,² who, under the name of Sir Poker, reigned as the first *Sovereign* of the Cape. The statutes, first brought to paper in 1769, were afterwards altered several times and completed. At the head was the *Sovereign*, who could be represented by a *Deputy Sovereign*. After his resignation the *Sovereign* sat as *Old Sovereign* in the *Council*, which was composed of twelve ordinary members and all the officers of the club, viz. the *Secretary*, *Treasurer*, *Recorder* with his *Assistant*, and the *Chaplain*, on whose

¹ Sir Daniel Wilson in *Memorials of Edinburgh*, vol. ii. pp. 23-24, describes the formality of inaugurating a knight.

² Clerk in a lawyer's office, Advocates' Close.

duties the statutes, however, have nothing to say. The various places of meeting were each called *Cape Hall*, and the club met every evening, Sundays included, "a due observance being always had to the sanctity of the day." In addition, there were two annual *Grand Capes* or *Turtle Feasts*, when, before entering upon the more joyful part of the day's work, the officers had to be elected or confirmed. But this great and wide-spread club—there existed provincial Capes in Glasgow, Manchester and London—did not confine its manifestations to mere conviviality. We learn from its books of charitable and patriotic gifts of considerable value, and see that it made a point of honouring the memory of the great national poets. On September 6th, 1769, the sixth Grand Cape was held in "honour of the immortal memory of William Shakespeare," and on September 22nd of the same year it was resolved to celebrate James Thomson's birthday with a great "general festival." The hall was illuminated and decorated with flowers as emblems of the "Seasons," the usual toasts were given, odes written and composed for the occasion were sung "by musical knights," and "the memory of this favourite poet, the honour of his country, the bard of liberty, and friend of man, was drunk round in a bumper." After 1770 this festival was celebrated every tenth year on September 22nd, Thomson's birthday.

A solemn meeting again was convened when one

DAVID HERD AND THE CAPE CLUB 41

of the knights had paid the world his last debt, for example, June 17th, 1773: "The meeting having been called by the Sovereign L. T., that the knights might have a joint opportunity of paying a due respect to the memory of the deceased worthy knight of *Speak*,¹ a solemn dirge composed for the occasion by Sir Precenter and sett to music by Sir Sobersides was performed by Sir Sobersides, Sir Fender and Sir Precenter, after which the evening concluded with drinking to the memory of all the deceased knights respectively, the Hall being fitted up suitable to the occasion."

Sir Precenter was Robert Fergusson.

In this society David Herd was one of the most popular and influential personalities. Here he moved with predilection, and out of this song-loving and text-seeking circle his song-collections went forth to the world. He was the third Sovereign of the Cape. His predecessors were James Aitken (Sir Poker), who reigned from January 1st, 1764, till October 23rd, 1766, and Thomas Lancashire (Sir Cape), from that day till September 10th, 1768. Herd himself resigned after a brief reign of only sixty-eight days at the Grand Cape of December 17th in the same year. There appears no reason for this premature dislike to sceptre and crown; we may safely assume that the Sovereignty with its manifold duties did not agree with his peculiar character. Yet his lively interest in all affairs of the club

¹ James Cockburn, one of the original knights of 1764.

never ceased. As Old Sovereign he had a weighty word in the council, and his name is seldom missing in the sederunt. It is not before the end of the eighties that he gradually draws back, but as late as the first years of the nineteenth century he occasionally signs the minutes as Secretary *locum tenens*.

We may well understand that signs of special regard were paid to the collector of the *Ancient and Modern Scots Songs and Ballads*. It appears from the following document¹—the verses to which it refers I believe are lost—that they occasionally assumed a jocular form.

To David Herd, Esq.

"SIR,

The enclosed verses are inscribed to you, as the best judge of poetical merit and demerit in the Society which forms the subject of them.—They are said to have been found among the papers of an ingenious gentleman lately deceased, who formerly wrote a poetical essay under the same title. But whether they be actually of his composure is a point that I am not qualified to determine, and which I give up to your critical acumen and nice discernment in the different colours of style.—They are divided, in the original MS. into three cantos. The first is that which the transcriber has the honour of now laying at your feet. The second contains

¹ I found it amongst James Cummyng's papers in David Laing's MSS., now in the University Library, Edinburgh, Div. II., 82.

a panegyric upon porter, with suitable digressions. The third, which is perhaps not the least curious or entertaining, consists of a catalogue of the knights, in imitation of Homer's catalogue of warriors. In this last part the transcriber has ventured on some few alterations (which he is afraid will be too easily discovered by their inferiority) to adapt it to the present state of the society, of which he is an unworthy member, and for whose glory he is passionately concerned. Should these verses be so happy as to meet with a favourable reception from the worthy society to whose honour they were intended an humble offering, the transcriber may be induced hereafter to transmit the remainder. Meantime, he begs leave to transcribe himself,

Sir,

Your obedient humble servant

A. Z."

Nov. 8, 1769.

Another more serious proof of his zeal as a student of folk-songs is found in the following letter¹:

*To Mr James Cummyng,
Painter in Edinburgh
with a book.*

EDIN., 25 June, 1770.

"D. SIR,

I send you Mr Paton's copy of Watson's collection of Scots poems² which you'll please be so kind

¹ Original in the Laing MSS., as quoted on preceding page.

² *A Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems, both Ancient and Modern, &c.* Edinburgh, printed by James Watson, 1706, 1709, 1711; reprinted, Glasgow, 1869.

as return to him with my thanks for the loan of it.

I have taken down a reference to some things in it which is not in any other collection, and if we publish, possibly we may have occasion for a second view of it.

Mr Paton was so good as promise to procure me Lord Hailes' copy of James 1st works, and I will take it kind of you to keep him in remembrance as I never yet saw them.

Some time ago you took down a memorandum from me to enquire of Mr Brown,¹ if there was in the library a copy of Sir Ja' Inglis's works intitled "Scotland's (not Alexander Clapperton's) Complaint." Printed at St. Andrews in 1548 in octavo, wherein there is mentioned the titles and first lines of upwards of 30 of the then current Scots songs. Dr Percy speaks of this early production of the Scottish press in the notes of his *Reliques*,² and you may observe in the late publication of antient Scottish poems from Bannantyn's [sic] collection³ that Lord Hailes says in the notes, page 279⁴—"Let me observe in passing, that if the study of Scottish history should ever revive, a new edition of Inglis's Complaint would be an acceptable present to the publick."

¹ Then librarian of the Advocates' Library.

² See Prof. Schröer's edition of the *Reliques*, vol. i. p. 24.

³ *Ancient Scottish Poems. Published from the MS. of George Bannatyne*, MDLXVIII. Edinburgh, MDCCLXX.

⁴ Herd has 270.

I think you should endeavour to pick up a copy of Watson's collection for yourself. Sometimes latley tho' seldom I have seen it in catalogues but could not attend the auction, & being scarce you know it becomes curious and valuable.

I am d. Sir,

Yours etc.

D. HERD.

P.S.—You was thinking of taking down in a little book for the purpose a copy of the Cape sederunt book in case of accidents to the original. I think this would be very right and when so done if you'll let me have a sight of it I will prevail on Tom Law to make me a copy of it in another small book."

We may assume that Robert Fergusson made Herd's acquaintance in the same year—1769—as the first edition of the Songs was published. It was then the great Tenducci introduced into T. A. Arne's successful opera "Artaxerxes" three Scottish songs, *Braes of Ballenden*, *Roslin Castle*, and *Lochaber No More*, the words of which had been written by his young friend Fergusson. The opera was published by Martin and Wotherspoon, Herd's printers, and on the title-page Fergusson's name appeared for the first time in public.

Suffering in body and soul the youthful poet had returned from the North to Edinburgh, where his star was to shine for a very short space. He was a

success in society, certainly not in the salons of the great, as his "brother in misfortune" was to be thirteen years later, but in the convivial circles of actors and musicians. They soon got to like this sprightly companion, in whom they recognised a kindred spirit, for there ran much, indeed too much, of the blood of a bohemian in the poor fellow's veins. But nothing is more easily conceivable than his longing to drain to the dregs the scanty cup of life assigned to him, and nothing could be more pathetic than that even this short draught should have sufficed to ruin him.

His friends, of course, introduced him to the Cape of which they nearly all were knights. He was not admitted a member, it is true, until three years later, but as a guest the sweet singer of the *Birks of Invermay* no doubt was often seen and gladly welcomed in Cape Hall.

We give here a facsimile of Fergusson's Cape-petition, which is at the same time a specimen of David Herd's neat handwriting.¹ The petition is of course signed by Fergusson himself. We learn that he was recommended by Herd and Cummyng, that he was presented on October 3rd, 1772, and admitted on the 10th, by thirteen against two balls, with the title of Sir Precenter. The drawing on the reverse side is exceedingly interesting. In all

¹ Herd seems to have had petition-forms in store; among the papers of the Cape Club half-a-dozen or more of them are still preserved.

To the Sovereign & illustrious Conspicuous,
of the Court

The Petition of Rob^t Ferguson Writer in Bank
& Humbly Prays

That he may have the Honour of being admitted
a Member of their Society.

R Ferguson

recommended by

M^r Gibson; who Likewise prays
David Herd Doct^r —
James Cunningham — Dallas

Done on Saturday the 3^d of October
of Balloting Saturday 20th 1772

Speak Sir

Capehall Saturday 10th of October 1772.

Matched & Admitted by 13 against 2 Balls
by the Vote of Sir Prosser.

Wm. Brewster

Pelting
x Rob. Ferguson

D

The Sovereign & Knight's Companion

of the Order of St. John

James

probability it is by Alexander Runciman, who, as we know, was of the club, Sir Brimstone, and it gives Fergusson's emaciated features in a well-chosen moment of animation without the idealizing touch of Runciman's more elaborate oil-portrait, now in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.

During the following year (1773) the presence-lists show that Fergusson seldom missed the meetings of the Cape. It was the most successful of his life. A small collection of his poems, which had appeared in the *Weekly Magazine*, was brought out by Walter Ruddiman in a smart little volume, and Herd along with other friends was presented with a neatly-bound copy.¹

The lines in honour of the Cape in Fergusson's "Auld Reekie" have been frequently quoted:—

" But chief, o Cape, we crave thy aid,
To get our cares and poortith laid ;
Sincerity and genius true
O' Knights have ever been the due ;
Mirth, Music, Porter, deepest dy'd,
Are never here to mirth deny'd,
And health, o' happiness the queen,
Blinks bonny wi' her smile serene."

But there is a genuine Cape-song by him preserved in David Laing's papers,² which, so far as I am aware,

¹ Cf. Grosart, *Robert Fergusson*, p. 102.

² Div. II, 334; on the envelope: "Song written for the famous 'Cape Club' by the unfortunate poet Robert Fergusson, the poet of City-life, author of the 'Cotter's Ingle' &c."

has never been published. It suits the occasion well, although its moral may seem objectionable to modern tastes :—

CAPE SONG

TUNE: "*How happy a state does the miller possess.*"¹

I

five shillings pewter pot	How happy a state does the Cape-knight possess, With sixpence he'll purchase a croun's worth of bliss, O'er a foaming green stoup he depends for some sport From a liquid that never can do a man hurt.
---------------------------------	--

II

blinddrunk belching rum punch	What though in <i>Capehall</i> he should goosified spew? From peuking with Porter no thirst can ensue, Not so, my dear knights, fares the ignorant ass, Who drinks all the evening at burning molass.
-------------------------------------	--

III

common ale London porter	Now in the Cape closet a table's preparing With Welsh Rabbits garnish'd & good Glasgow herring Oh what Caller Tippeny then shall be quaff'd And of thee, o <i>Thames Water</i> , a terrible draught!
--------------------------------	---

IV

merry toasting harlot	In freedom's gay frolick we shorten the night With humorous pitching & songs of delight, Then who would not rather in <i>Capehall</i> get drunk For sixpence, than give half a croun to a punk?
-----------------------------	--

¹ See *The Charmer*, 1752, vol. i. p. 115: "Miller of *Mansfield*."

Don't show this to the knights as I would wish to surprise them with it.

yours

R. FERGUSSON.

It was addressed—

To Mr DAVID HERD,

Knight of the Noble Order of the Cape,

CAPEHALL.

But soon the merry glee died away, and the strings broke with a shrill discord. In 1774 the name of Sir Precenter is no more found in the presence-lists, and at the *sedesunt* of 2nd July the resolution is passed to give assistance to the poor singer, on whom the most melancholy of human calamities had fallen :—

“It was agreed unanimously by the Grand Cape that the remainder of the fines of the absentees from this meeting, after paying what extraordinary charges may attend the same, shall be applied for the benefit and assistance of a young gentleman, a member of the Cape, who has been a considerable time past in distress, and the gentlemen present in the Grand Cape made a contribution themselves for the same purpose.”

The incurable disease ran its course. On October 16th Robert Fergusson died at the age of twenty-four, and so this episode ended.¹

¹ One is surprised to find that Fergusson neither in his *Last Will*, nor in the *Codicil*, mentions Herd along with his other friends.

There is one more document, illustrative of Herd's relations to the Cape, which I should like to insert here—an unpublished letter written when the burden of general confidence began to press heavily upon him.

MR JAMES CUMMYNG.

“DEAR SIR,

I was favour'd with yours this day, whereby I am sorry to learn you are already tir'd of the sovereignty.¹

I wish the knights all happiness and success, but am resolved to take no active hand in providing another Sovereign for them.

When an hour can be spared “I love mine ease in mine inn,” with a companion, but do not chuse to be tormented. . . . I am therefore now determined to give up and get quit of this name of Premier.²

But am always

D. Sir,

yours etc.,

DAVID HERD.”

Thursday afternoon,
19 febr. [1784].

¹ Cummyng was the sixteenth sovereign of the Cape. He reigned from the 2nd of August 1783 till the 12th of March 1784.

² This title sometimes occurs in the papers of the Cape after the name of Sir Scrape.

As we have already indicated, this leave-taking from the active administration of the Cape by no means prevented Herd from participating in its meetings and festivals, and from maintaining a lively interest in the fortunes of the brotherhood his younger years had helped to constitute. However, we need not pursue the history of the Cape any further, now it has helped us to the acquaintance of Herd's friends and the social circle in which he moved.

In the winters of 1786, '87 and 1787, '88 Robert Burns was in Edinburgh, and there can be no doubt that he had access to Herd's manuscript collections. There is no difficulty in accounting for their mutual acquaintance. Several of the Cape knights were Burns's personal friends—we need only mention Stephen Clarke; and it is well known that Burns was a frequent visitor to Dowie's tavern, where Herd, Paton, Cummyng, and others, "friends of the same kidney," were regular customers.¹ It is therefore surprising that Burns in later years scarcely ever mentions Herd's name. His collection, of which he possessed both the original editions, he quotes as *Wotherspoon's* or *Witherspoon's*.²

¹ See *Letters*, 1830, pp. 87, 88, n.

² Chambers-Wallace's *Burns*, iii. 430, iv. 41, and several times in the MSS. of the Hastie Collection. Cf. Dr. Molenaar, *Robert Burns' Beziehungen zur Litteratur*, 1899, p. 22. Of "Herd's collection" he speaks in the Glenriddel copy of *Johnson's Museum*. Chambers-Wallace, iv. p. 412.

In the course of the following years Herd became connected with some other eminent men of letters, indirectly though, as before with Percy, and again through George Paton's negotiations. The first result was an unpleasant collision with the insufferable John Pinkerton. This was occasioned by some critical remarks on his *Ancient Scottish Poems* (1786), which Herd had noted down, doubtless with the most peaceable intention in the world, and which Paton forwarded to Pinkerton with the idea of doing him a favour. Over his innocent head the storm broke. To Paton's communications Pinkerton answered :¹

"SIR,

I am favoured with your's, inclosing Mr Herd's remarks, for which i thank you and him. . . .

Different literary matters so much occupy my time, that i cannot enter into correspondence with Mr Herd, but i shall give you a few hints.

Meston and Nicol i omitted, as i did many others, because beneath notice. Mr H.'s wonder that i never saw Ajax, etc. puts me in mind of the shepherd, who wondered where the English traveller

¹ The original letters are in the *Paton Correspondence*, vol. iv. Nos. 122 and 123, reprinted in *Reliquia Scoticae*, &c. (edd. Maidment and Pitcairn), Edinburgh, 1828, and in *The Literary Correspondence of Mr. Pinkerton*, ed. D. Turner, London, 1830, i. pp. 184-88. Paton's letter with Herd's remarks Pinkerton in his rage destroyed. Still his answer allows some inference as to their character.

was born, who did not know a village in Galloway. . . . Mr H.'s remark on my doublet and jablet might have been spared, as it is answered by my note on this passage. That he should speak of accuracy is amazing, for his 2 vols. teem with inaccuracies and ignorance. They who speak of the errors of others, should think of their own, and of the scripture "take first the beam out of thine own eye." . . . Learned men pass slight errors, as matters incident to humanity, and dwell on the real merit and demerit of a work. So much for Mr H., whose remarks only confirm the opinion I formed from his two vols.: that he is an illiterate and injudicious compiler, &c."

KNIGHTSBRIDGE,

31 March, 1788.

Paton's answer to this letter, of which a sketch has been preserved, found but little approval in the eyes of this self-righteous being, who, with a shower of insults, declined any further correspondence. This last production—a precious human document—space unfortunately does not permit me to insert. Kind, courteous Paton may well have wondered at this instance of human vanity and frankness of expression!

More pleasing was the intercourse with Joseph Ritson, an individual in no way easy to get on with, and with George Chalmers, both in London. The correspondence enables us to follow out the history

of Herd's MSS. since 1775 again in his possession, and occasionally augmented by additional pieces.

Ritson approached Paton in 1792, before the publication of his *Scotish Songs*, with the customary requests for literary advice, which as usual were granted. The *Scotish Songs* (1794) were received in Edinburgh with friendly interest, and in his acknowledgment of the copy presented to him, Paton offered Ritson the perusal of Herd's MSS. Ritson answered on January 19, 1795 :¹

" . . . I shall be highly gratified with a perusal of the fragments of *Scotish Songs* collected by Mr Herd, which may be sent by the mail, under cover to Mr Chalmers, to whom either yourself or Mr Laing may possibly have other matters to communicate ; and shall be returned with equal safety, and probably by the same conveyance. I feel myself much indebted and obliged, both to Mr Herd and yourself, for this proof of your attention and liberality. . . . "

There was apparently some delay in Paton's forwarding the MSS., and with this delay Herd was but little pleased, as appears from a letter to Paton, interesting also as a proof of Herd's modesty and the slight interest he took in the fate of the still numerous unpublished pieces :²

" . . . I have not been abroad much in the even-

¹ *Letters*, 1829, pp. 13-15.

² *Ibid.*, p. 14.

ings this week to call upon you, owing to the slipperiness of the streets; and therefore send you inclosed the last old song to be forwarded with the former parcel to Mr Ritson. By his last letter to you, I see he is anxious for these. I do not altogether approve of this method of long hanging up a gentleman upon the tenter hooks of expectation, for a few fragments, as it is enhancing their value more, than he may afterwards think them worth.

“I do not want any of them to be returned to me; he is extremely welcome to make what he pleases of them, and if any thing further in that line falls in my way afterwards, I shall give it to you to be transmitted. . . .”

The receipt of the parcel is acknowledged by Ritson on May 19, 1795:¹

“. . . You will both accept yourself, and have the goodness to present to Mr Herd, my sincerest acknowledgements for his very valuable collection of Scottish Ballads, many of which are particularly curious, and such as I had never before seen or heard of. As this gentleman is peculiarly conversant with the subject, I have taken the liberty, on the other side, to submit to his perusal a list

¹ *Letters*, 1829, pp. 19-20; the list of Scottish songs (121 items), *ibid.*, pp. 21-26. It was published in the *Scots Magazine* for January 1802, but, as was to be expected, with little success.

of Scottish Songs which I have hitherto been unable to meet with, some of which he will probably recollect and be able to say where they are to be found. I suppose I either possess, or have seen about as many more, the merits of which appear insufficient to rescue them from oblivion. But, all together, the number is prodigious! . . ."

About the same time we find Herd busy with an essay on the two Pennecuiks. The subject had been suggested by George Chalmers,¹ then writing his biography of Ramsay. He had asked Paton for information; Paton in his turn left the matter to Herd. On March 10, 1795, Chalmers could thank his *anonymous* assistant in a letter to Paton:

"MY WORTHY FRIEND,

Amidst my many affairs I have to thank you kindly for your instructive letter of the 26 Jan^r last, and for the useful paper inclosed in it about Pennykuik & Ramsay. Pray thank your friend for his very useful help. Happy for the almost forgotten Poets of Scotland, if I had more of his help! But, with the aid of such friends, I flatter myself I shall be able to bring the recollection of

¹ Chalmers lived in London after 1775, and was appointed chief clerk of the committee of Privy Council for trade and foreign plantations in 1786. His letters to Paton from 1790 to 1800 are in the *Paton Correspondence*, vol. iv. fol. 97a to 121b; hitherto unpublished.

the public once more upon them. Allow me to ask who it was that I owe so much to for the paper so distinctly drawn about the Pennycuiks?

I wish the same intelligent friend would take up Mr Pinkerton's Maitland Poems and point out the various mistakes and prejudices of that forward Editor, who confines all merit to himself, and favour me with his corrections. . . ."

A dangerous task indeed, as we already know.—Herd's anonymity was disclosed by Paton, and Chalmers, who received the additional favour of a complete list of the works of Alexander Pennecuik, never tires of expressing his gratitude and recognition. To Joseph Ritson this essay on the Pennecuiks was a source of sincere satisfaction, as it unveiled an error of Pinkerton's, than whom he hated no one with more absolute sincerity. Thus we find him writing to Paton on July 21, 1795:¹

" . . . I observe, with pleasure, what Mr Herd has remarked upon the confusion made by Pinkerton of the two *Pennecuiks*. He has, with equal ignorance, confounded the two Hamiltons (of Bangour and Gilbertfield). But, indeed, his blunders are venial, when compared with the more criminal parts of his literary and moral character. . . ."

A first draft of Herd's essay, or perhaps the

¹ *Letters*, 1829, p. 32.

whole of it, has been preserved in his MS. II., fol. 74b-75a. It begins with the remark, that in Pennecuik's *Streams of Helicon*¹ there is a song on the *Fair Maid of Dumblane*, and continues :

"Mr. Pinkerton has thought proper to conjoin the two Pennecuiks into one, and so he annihilates this gentleman, who was the superior poet.²

"The first was a Dr. Alexander Pennecuik, physician in Tweeddale. He wrote verses such as they were in the reign of King William and before 1685. And his description of Tweeddale is mentioned in Nicolson's *Scottish Historical Library*, page 21 of edition printed London 1702. The Dr.'s book was published in 1715, printed by John Moncur, Edinburgh.

"The second, our poet, was Alexander Pennecuik, Gentⁿ, burgess of Edinburgh. The first volum of his works was published in 1720 under the title of *Streams from Helicon*, and printed by John Mosman. And in 1722 he published the *History of the Blue Blanket*, also printed by Mr. Mosman. About 1726³ or 1727 he published a collection under the title of

¹ *Streams from Helicon* : or, Poems on Various Subjects. In Three Parts. By Alexander Pennecuik Gent. Edinburgh : printed by John Mosman and Company for the Author. Anno MDCCXX.—*The Fair Maid of Dumblain*, a pretty pastoral, pp. 153 ff.

² *Ancient Scottish Poems*, 1786, i. p. cxxxvi.

³ This is the right date. See A. Aitken in *D. N. B.*, vol. xliv.

Flowers from Parnassus, and in 1728 : *Entertainements for the Curious*,¹ in numbers.

"Many of his poems are yet to be found in various Collections mixt with Ramsay's and others. He seems to have been the brief chronicle of the times. Every occurrence of the day in *Edinburgh*, tragical, comical, or in the ordinary courec (!) that would create attention, became his subject.

"'Tis pity the world were not undeceived as to this matter, for Pinkerton has totally nail'd him in the head."

Chalmers used Herd's clear and just remarks for his *Life of Allan Ramsay*, prefixed to the edition of Ramsay's *Poems*, London, 1800, vol. i. pp. lvi., lvii. But the old confusion still retained its hold, and the two Pennecuiks continue to be mixed up, even in our own days.

That Ritson had put the MSS. before Chalmers, we learn from a letter of Chalmers to Paton on August 12, 1795 :—

" . . . I have returned the Fragments of Auld Scots Sangs to Mr Ritson, who was so good as to let me look at them : they are curious, tho' I know not if they would bear publication—but of that Mr Ritson is the best judge. . . ."

¹ " . . . 6 Parts, very scarce. There was a copy in Herd's library with MS. notes by him, which was purchased by Mr. Blackwood, and in his sale catalogue for 1812 . . . is priced at £2, 2s."—*Letters*, 1830, pp. 105, 106, n.

After this their history enters upon its last but by no means least important stage.

We know that Herd and Paton were amongst Archibald Constable's earliest customers. Constable started business on his own account in 1795. Over the door of his shop at the Cross shone the inscription, "Scarce Old Books," which the jocularity of his brethren and neighbours quizzed as "Scarce o' Books." But the establishment proved a success from the beginning. The literary celebrities soon found their way to the enterprising bookseller, and in this generally favoured atmosphere acquaintances were made which were destined to be of great future importance. Here met Walter Scott's collaborators in the great and memorable undertaking of the *Border Minstrelsy*. About the turn of the century Richard Heber could introduce John Leyden to Scott, and we may assume that Constable about the same time drew his attention to Herd's treasures; the MS. [I] was transmitted to him, and Herd's ready compliance received grateful acknowledgment in the Introduction to the *Border Minstrelsy*:¹

"To the politeness and liberality of Mr. Herd, of Edinburgh, the editor of the first classical collection of Scottish songs and ballads, the editor is indebted for the use of his MSS., containing songs

¹ Vol. i. p. 169, of Mr. Henderson's edition.

and ballads, published and unpublished, to the number of ninety¹ and upwards. . . ."

In the following pieces of the Border Minstrelsy, Scott availed himself of Herd's MS. material: ²

1. Battle of Otterbourne, i. 276.³
2. The Sang of the Outlaw Murray, i. 302.
3. Katharine Janfarie, iii. 147.
4. Clerk Saunders, iii. 220.
5. Earl Richard, iii. 232.
6. The Lass of Lochroyan, iii. 253.
7. The Bonny Hynd, iii. 375.
8. O Gin My Love Were Yon Red Rose, iii. 382.
9. The Laird of Muirhead, iii. 412.

Some other pieces Scott had extracted he gave to Robert Jamieson, who visited him in the summer of 1800. Jamieson's *Popular Ballads and Songs* appeared in 1806, and contained from Herd's MS.:

1. Patie's Courtship, i. 309.
2. Captain Wedderburn's Courtship, ii. 154.
3. Lord Wa'yates and Auld Ingram, ii. 265.

¹ The number of unpublished pieces alone amounted to ninety.

² Some notes entered by Scott in the MS. will be subsequently given in their proper place.—Of the printed collection in two volumes Scott naturally made continuous use. He possessed the 1776 edition and Lawrie and Symington's reprint (1791). Cf. Mr. Henderson's notes to *Sir Patrick Spens* (ii. 218 ff.) and *Lord Thomas and Fair Annie* (iii. 311).

³ Of Mr. Henderson's edition.

Jamieson also praises the Edinburgh collection (1776),¹ and alters the texts just as Scott did.

In January 1803, Herd presented Constable with his own copy of the *Songs* and his MSS.,² which on March 27, 1858, were finally purchased for the British Museum.

Scott and the venerable David Herd remained close friends, and to the master's pen we owe an excellent characterisation which will serve by way of portrait. Scott's description was occasioned by a letter from W. S. Rose, who sent him a copy of *The Flowers of the Forest*, erroneously presuming that Scott did not possess Herd's collection. Scott thanked him on October 12, 1825,³ availing himself of the opportunity to write down some personal recollections of his old friend, then dead fifteen years :

"He was a grim old Antiquary of the real Scottish cast, all feu-parchment, snuff, and an occasional deep glass of whisky toddy; this wight was benempt David Herd, an accomptant by profession, by taste a collector of old songs and ballads. . . . He was a fine figure, with a real Scotch face of the hawk, but manly and intelligent, and a profusion of grey hair—a determined misogynist, and always stipulated for the absence of my womankind when

¹ Cf. vol. i. pp. xvi. 188, 326.

² *Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, vol. i. p. 22.

³ *Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott*, vol. ii. pp. 353, 354.

he came to see me, and the presence of Constable the bookseller. His hardy and antique mould of countenance and his venerable grizzled locks"—we quote Scott's *Introductory Remarks on Popular Poetry*¹—"procured him, amongst his acquaintance, the name of Graysteil. I could tell you many funny stories of Graysteil," the letter continues, "but as they chanced over a bottle of wine or a tumbler of toddy (which he rather affected) or a welsh rabbit and a tankard of ale, which he liked best of all, they require the atmosphere of a cigar and the amalgam of a *summat* comfortable."

In the humorous song, *The Bannatyne Club*, received with enthusiasm at the first dinner of this club on March 9, 1823, he devotes a line to the memory of his friend :

"honest Graysteil that was true to the core."²

A more beautiful and simple obituary could not have been devoted to him, nor by a better man.

The friendly relations between Scott and Herd conclude harmoniously the history of a quiet and laborious life. David Herd died in his lodgings at

¹ *Border Minstrelsy*, i. pp. 42, 43.—There is an allusion to Graysteil in the *Antiquary*. In chapter xxx. Jonathan Oldbuck makes the following memorandum: "Kelso convoy, —said to be a step and a half ower the threshold. Authority —Caxon. *Quære*—Whence derived? *Mem.* To write to Dr. Graysteil upon the subject."—(Border Edition, p. 333.)

² *Poetical Works*, 1848, p. 703, v. vii.

the south end of dismal Potterrow,¹ at the advanced age of seventy-eight years. His mortal remains found their resting-place a few steps from there, at the burying-ground of Buccleuch parish church (now almost totally neglected and forgotten), in the immediate neighbourhood of the graves of Mrs. Alice Cockburn, the songstress of the *Flowers of the Forest*, and of good blind Dr. Blacklock.

On the north wall of the churchyard friends placed a memorial tablet, the inscription of which is now scarcely legible. It runs :

“ 29 feet south from this stone are interred the remains of Mr *David Herd*, writer : a man of probity, of a kind and friendly disposition, of mild, tolerant principles, and of taste in ancient Scottish Literature. Not solicitous to shine, nor anxious to become rich, he lost few friends, and made few enemies. These qualities had their influence ; for, they averted many of the wants and evils of declining years. He died a true believer upon 10 June, 1810, aged [78].”

The *Scots Magazine* for August 1810 also published a laudatory obituary notice with a senile and philistine fling at the children of the new age :

“ [Died] lately, at Edinburgh, Mr David Herd,

¹ His address appears first in the 2nd Post-office Annual Directory for 1806. I am obliged for this communication to the kindness of Mr. John Glen.

writer, at the advanced age of 78. He was a most active investigator of Scottish Literature and Antiquities, and enjoyed the friendship or acquaintance of nearly all the eminent artists and men of letters who have flourished in Edinburgh within these fifty years. Runciman, the painter, was one of his most intimate friends ; and, with Ruddiman, Gilbert Stuart, Ferguson, and Robert Burns, he was well acquainted. His information regarding the history and biography of Scotland was extensive. Many of his remarks have appeared in periodical publications, and the notes appended to several very popular works are enriched by materials of his collecting. He was a man truly of the Old School, inoffensive, modest, and unambitious in an extraordinary degree, forming in all these respects a very striking contrast to the forward, puffing, and ostentatious disposition of the present age."

IV

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

REMARKS ON THE VALUE OF HERD'S COLLECTION

1. *Original Editions and Reprints of Herd's Collection of Songs and Ballads.*

(a) "The Ancient and Modern Scots Songs, Heroic Ballads, etc. Now first Collected into one Body. From the various Miscellanies wherein they for-

merly lay dispersed. Containing likewise, A great Number of Original Songs, from Manuscripts, never before published. Edinburgh: Printed by and for Martin & Wotherspoon. MDCCLXIX."¹

(b) "Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, etc. In two volumes. Volume the First. [Second]. Edinburgh: Printed by John Wotherspoon, for James Dickson and Charles Elliot, MDCCLXXVI." *On the second title-page the same with the addition after etc.:* "Collected From Memory, Tradition, and Ancient Authors. The Second Edition."

We know already from the Percy-Paton correspondence, that the editor originally merely intended to add a second volume to the first, and entertained no idea of rearranging the whole work for the second edition. This appears also from an interesting passage in the preface to the first edition, which shows besides: (1) that Herd's collection, like many others, was suggested by the enormous success of Percy's *Reliques*, and (2) that the MS. collection was existing and favourably progressing in 1769. I reprint the passage, which has been omitted in the more easily accessible second edition²:—

"The only collection upon our plan, consisting entirely of Scots songs, is the Orpheus Caledonius,

¹ Sold for 3s. See *The Scots Magazine* for March 1769, p. 155. It now fetches ten times as much.

² *Songs*,⁽¹⁾ pp. v, vi.

published by WILLIAM THOMSON in 1733;¹ but this is confined to a small number, with the music, and now become very scarce; for ALLAN RAMSAY's Tea-Table Miscellany cannot be termed *A complete Collection of Scots songs*; they are, as he himself entitles them,—*A choice Collection of Scots and English*.

"The valuable collection of PERCY has furnished some songs, and more perfect copies of several ballads, than those formerly printed; and when modern words could only be given to ancient tunes, these are, however (to speak *en Ecossois*), composed by *Poets* natives of North Britain.

"AFTER the manner of PERCY, it was at first intended to have prefixed notes to the more ancient and historical poems in this Collection; but the volume would have been thereby too much swelled: and as the Editor hath already some prospect of materials for a *second*, he is of opinion that these notes will come in with more propriety at the conclusion, where they may be by themselves perused."

The differences between the first and the second edition consist in (1) omissions; only one piece which appears in *Songs*⁽¹⁾ was not transferred to *Songs*⁽²⁾, viz. *The Heir of Linne*, pp. 227–34; (2) additions, falling under the two heads of (a) single verses; (b) entirely new pieces, amounting to the

¹ This is the second edition, in two volumes, 8vo. The first appeared in 1725, one vol. fol.

number of 112 (cp. the chapter on David Herd's MSS.); (3) the entire rearrangement of the second edition; (4) orthographical changes.

The success of Herd's collections being immediate, and both original editions soon becoming scarce, a collection in two volumes, based upon Herd's materials, appeared in 1791:

(c) "Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, etc. In two volumes. Edinburgh: Printed for Lawrie and Symington, 1791."

Here forty-one of Herd's pieces were replaced by modern compositions, many of them popular songs written by Burns. Herd's preface and most of his notes were also omitted, and the orthography again underwent considerable changes. "Altogether," says the editor of the Glasgow reprint, "the edition of 1791 can hardly be considered a reprint of *Herd*."

In 1805 there appears to have been some talk in Walter Scott's circle, that Scott himself intended to re-edit the Songs. On September 2, 1805, we find George Chalmers writing to A. G. Hunter:

"You talked of a new edition of Mr. D. Herd's Songs, to be edited by Mr. W. Scott. Is this almost ready for the public? I hope Mr. Scott will not *touch the text*."¹ We are not able, however, to ascertain how far there was any foundation for this rumour.

¹ *Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, vol. i. p. 414.

It was not till a century after the first original edition that a page for page reprint appeared, which in the next year was followed by a second :

(d) "Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, etc. collected by David Herd, Reprinted from the Edition of 1776, with an Appendix, containing the pieces substituted in the edition of 1791 for omissions from that of 1776, etc. In two volumes. Kerr & Richardson, Glasgow, 1869."

It contains a very short introductory *Note*, signed R.

(e) "Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, etc. Collected and Edited by David Herd. A Page for Page Reprint of the Edition of 1776. With Memoir and illustrative Notes by Sidney Gilpin, Editor of the Songs and Ballads of Cumberland. 2 vols. Edinburgh: William Paterson, 74, Princes Street. MDCCLXX." 185 copies on ordinary and 16 on large paper.

This edition is very well got up, but both the Memoir (pp. *viii.-*xiv.) and the illustrative notes at the end of both volumes are rather superficially written and now quite useless.¹

¹ At the end of the 1776 edition the following *Advertisement* is printed: "The Editor of the foregoing, proposes to compile a Collection of *Select English Songs*. In two Volumes." The collection never appeared, and there is nothing in Herd's MSS. to indicate that he ever thought of undertaking the work.

2. Herd's (?) Edition of Urquhart's "Tracts."

In 1774 there was published : *Tracts of the Learned and Celebrated Antiquarian Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty*. Edinburgh : printed and sold by Charles Herriot ; of which Maidment in the *Letters* 1829, p. xv, whilst justly disputing any claim of Paton to the book, says that it is by no means unlikely that Herd was the editor. This presumption becomes a certainty in Lowndes' *Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature*, 1834, vol. iv. p. 1851, probably on the authority of Richard Heber, and also in T. Seccombe's article on Urquhart in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. lviii. pp. 48 and 50. Mr. John Willcock in his monograph on *Sir Thomas Urquhart*,¹ p. 101 n., is not quite so affirmative.

We can only state that there is no definite proof of Herd's editorship. But that his interest in the work was great, and that he was certainly as well fitted for the task as any man in Edinburgh, is beyond doubt. However, the matter is of small importance, since the editor has added but very little to the book. A few sentences may be quoted from the Advertisement :

"The Editor has printed the following Tracts literally, from a copy printed in the Author's lifetime anno 1652, without presuming to alter the ortho-

¹ Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Edinburgh, 1899 ; a very valuable study.

graphy of the age in which they were wrote. He has compared the genealogy (compiled by Sir Thomas Urquhart) with the records kept by the Lord Lyon of Scotland, which go as far back as the reign of Alexander II.; and from that period finds it strictly true. A continuation of it is likewise added from the Author's death down to the present time, taken from the same records."¹

3. *Contributions to Magazines.*

We are afraid that it will be impossible to confirm the statement in the obituary note quoted above, that "many of his remarks have appeared in periodical publications, and the notes appended to several very popular works are enriched by materials of his collecting." The main difficulty, of course, is that Herd never signed anything with his full name, and the initials "D. H." were also used by Lord Hailes in a number of contributions to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. There are only two communications in Ruddiman's *Scots Magazine* which can be safely

¹ In an unpublished and undated letter (after 1774) to Paton, referring to T. Hearne's third edition of John Leland's *Itinerary*, Oxford, 1768-70, Herd remarks: "In the preface to vol. vi. [pp. vi.-vii.] there is a long & curious account of Thomas Urquhart, Laird and Sheriff of Cromarty and of his family and inscription at the castle of Cromarty.— This Thomas was great-great-great-great-gran[d]father of the famous Thomas, who compiled the curious genealogy—see it in Urquhart's *Tracts* at anno 1476 [Herd writes 1475] pa. 35."

attributed to Herd. Both of these appeared as late as 1802 :

(a) In January (p. 51): "Remarks on the author of *The Complaynt of Scotland*, suggested by John Leyden's edition of that work in 1801," signed D. H. This, together with Leyden's answer, has been published separately as :

"Critiques by Mr David Herd and others upon the new edition of 'The Complaynt of Scotland.' With Observations in answer by the Editor, the late Dr John Leyden. Edinburgh, 1829."

(b) In March (p. 216): "A note on Scott's *Glenfinlas* (first ed. of the *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. p. 391), with a copy of a crown-grant by James III, confirming to one Malice Doire the peaceable exercise and enjoyment of a relic of St Fillan," signed D. H., gratefully acknowledged by Scott in later editions of the *Minstrelsy*.¹

4. *Letters.*

(a) The *Paton Correspondence*, vol. iii. fol. 17a-41a, contains in all twenty-four letters by David Herd, out of which fifteen have been printed in the *Letters*, 1830, two in the *Letters*, 1829, pp. 13 n. and 14 n., and parts of one above, p. 71 n. The first of them bears the date of July 7, 1778, the last dated one that of

¹ See Mr. Henderson's edition, vol. iv. p. 156.

August 3, 1796. Nine undated ones follow. They all exhibit sound antiquarian knowledge and great interest in books in general and in literary curiosities in particular, together with an undoubted inclination to "adjourn to some strong-ale office in the evening,"¹ whilst of ballads and songs he tells us but little.

(b) Two letters and a short note, addressed to James Cummyng, I found amongst Cummyng's correspondence, now Division II, 81 and 82 of the David Laing MSS. One of them is given above, p. 50.

I am convinced that some more letters will turn up in time, when the bulky MS. collections of the second half of the eighteenth century have been properly sifted and ordered. Still Herd was certainly no great letter-writer, and we can hardly expect anything of striking interest. Although we had to mention these trifling matters for completeness' sake, it is of course only as the most faithful and trustworthy collector of songs and ballads that Herd will be remembered in the history of Scottish vernacular literature.

We may be allowed to finish this chapter by quoting a few passages out of the many which refer to his collection, and begin, rather unchronologically, with Allan Cunningham's excellent characterisation in his *Songs of Scotland*, vol. iv. p. 361 :

"To David Herd," he says, "we are indebted for

¹ *Letters*, 1830, p. 98.

our knowledge of many genuine native verses. The rough, the polished, the rude, the courtly, the pure, the gross, the imperfect, and the complete, were all welcome to honest and indiscriminating David—he loved them all, and he published them all.¹ He seemed to have an art of his own in finding curious old songs; he was not a poet, and could not create them; he was no wizard, and could not evoke them from the dust; yet he had the good fortune to find them, and the courage to publish them without mitigation or abatement. Whatever contained a vivid picture of old manners, whatever presented a lively image of other days, and whatever atoned for its freedom by its humour, or its indelicacy by its well-flavoured wit, was dear to the good old Scotchman.”

Joseph Ritson had been more critical two decades before, but his criticism is just, and it strikes the very keynote of everything which can be said either in praise or blame of Herd's work :

“To this [collection], though not so judiciously selected or arranged as it might have been, and containing many confessedly English songs, a few supposititious ballads, and several pieces unworthy of preservation, we are certainly indebted for a number of excellent and genuine compositions,

¹ This, of course, is one of Allan's poetical liberties.

never before printed, as the editor of the present collection is bound in gratitude to acknowledge."¹

This means praise of the very highest from a man who was, as Sir Walter Scott expresses it,

"As bitter as gall, and as sharp as a razor ;"

and, in fact, Ritson puts not less than forty-six pieces out of Herd's two volumes into his own collection. We also approve of his passing remark on the insufficiency of the glossary,² but this, as we have shown, was compiled by John Wotherspoon, on whom the blame must fall.

Alexander Campbell in his *Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland*, &c., 1798, p. 14, repeats Ritson's objections, and continues, "yet upon the whole, it is a work truly respectable, and the editor deserves, what the public have long since bestowed on him, the highest approbation—as a proof the book is scarcely to be met with, especially a genuine copy." The last words refer apparently to Lawrie and Symington's rather unfair production of 1791.

William Motherwell³ also praises the collection as one "of much merit, and one wherein many lyrical pieces have found a sanctuary. The principal faults in this compilation consist in its ancient and modern pieces being indiscriminately

¹ *Scottish Songs*, 1794, vol. i. p. lxxiv.

² *Ibid.*, p. vii.

³ *Minstrelsy: Ancient and Modern*, 1827, p. lxi.

mingled together; and that no reference is ever made to the authorities from which they are derived . . ." Chambers, Aytoun, Whitelaw, Child, Henderson, and others may be added to the number of those who have greatly acknowledged the value of David Herd's collection. To all of them it furnished important and reliable texts, and the very use they had to make of it is the best praise which can be bestowed on it; so that, after all, the word of Sir Walter Scott, most gentle of critics, holds good, that Herd's book was "the first classical collection of Scottish songs and ballads."¹

V

DESCRIPTION OF DAVID HERD'S MSS.²

A

MS. Additional 22, 311 (MS. I)

Folio (average size of leaves 30·5 : 18 cm. = 12 : 7·3 in.); fol. 139 and some fly-leaves at the beginning and the end; on fly-leaf 4a the signature *Arch^d Constable* and January 1803. The greater part was written by Herd himself, but besides entries by at least four other scribes are

¹ Introduction to the *Border Minstrelsy* (Henderson's edition), vol. i. p. 169.

² Cp. also H. L. D. Ward, *Catalogue of Romances in the British Museum*, vol. i. pp. 531-37.

easily discernible: (a) fol. 37a-42a: two versions of *Sir James the Rose* (marginal notes in Herd's hand); (b) fol. 89a-95b: *Clerk Sanders, Young Hunting, Lady Margery*: fol. 99a-105a: *Duncan, Kenneth*; (c) fol. 105b-112b: *Timber Stairs, Pease Straw, The Miller of Dee, Sir Hugh, My Father would have me to Wed, The Battle of Corichie, Frennett Hall, Kind Robin loo's me*; fol. 115a-117b: *Turnins-pike, Patie's Wedding*. This hand seems to be identical with hand (b) in MS. II. (d) fol. 136b, 137a: *Nicol o' Cod*. Herd's own entries date from two different periods, 'one prior to the edition of 1776 and one after its appearance. They begin with fol. 13a. But the matter contained on fol. 1-12 is too interesting to be omitted, and I shall therefore reproduce it at least in extracts.

[fol. 1a *The Titlepage*:] Materials for a | *Second* | ¹
Collection of | *Scots Songs* | And Ballads, etc. | 1776.¹

[fol. 2a] First: Additions to songs in the former
volumn: ²

1. *Fy, gar rub her o'er wi' strae* fol. 75.

in Allan Ramsay's Works, vol. [ii. p. 205].³

first line:

Look up to Pentland's tow'ring taps ⁴

¹ *Second* and 1776 in red ink, later additions.

² The first edition of Herd's collection, to which also the folio numbers on the right side refer.

³ Of Chalmers's edition, 1800.

⁴ *Songs*,⁽²⁾ ii. 42 and 227, Ramsay's clever imitation of Horace's *Vides ut alta stet nive candidum*.

2. *I'll ne'er love thee more*¹ fol. 102.

2^d part of this song in a collection of Scots Poems, printed by W. Ruddiman, Jun. 1766.²

first line :

My dear and only love take heed³

Both parts composed by J. Graham, Marquise of Montrose.⁴

3. *The Miller* fol. 135

addition at the end of the song :

In winter when the wind and rain, etc.⁵

¹ *Songs*,⁽²⁾ i. 236.

² *A Choice Collection of Scots Poems, Antient and Modern etc.* Edinburgh : Printed by Wal. Ruddiman, Junior, Forrester's-wynd, Lawn-market. M,DCC,LXVI. 12°.—The song referred to pp. 175–78.

³ *Songs*,⁽²⁾ i. 237.

⁴ The following note on the Marquis's compositions is on fol. 10b : "Besides the song in 2 parts before mentioned composed by the Marquise of Montrose, there are other 4 songs compos'd by him on his misfortunes, to be found in a collection of Scots poems, printed at Edinb. by Jas Watson 1711, part 3^d fol. 112 ff.

1st lines :

There's nothing in this world can prove [iii. 112].

Unhappy is the man [iii. 113].

Burst out my soul in main of tears [iii. 114].

Can little beasts to [sic] lions roar [iii. 115].

Herd's list is not quite complete. It omits, "Epitaph on King Charles I." and "On Himself, upon hearing what was his Sentence," *ibid.* 116.

⁵ *Songs*,⁽²⁾ ii. 71, last verse.

[fol. 2b.] 4. *The Grey Cock* fol. 324.
addition betwixt the 1st and 2nd verse.¹

 5. *Tranent Muir* fol. 272.
addition betwixt the 82^d and 83^d line.² [On this
verse Herd remarks]:

“This verce was wrote by Adam Skirvine, farmer
at Garvell Mains, on John Caddell of Prestonpans,
father of the present manager of the white-stone
works there.”³

[fol. 3a.] 6. *Wayward Wife* pa. 210.
To be added between 1st and 2nd verce :⁴

 7. *The Jolly Beggar* pa. 46.
The Chorus of each verce :

And we'll gang nae mair a roving, etc.⁵

¹ *Songs*,⁽²⁾ ii. 208, 9, verses 2 and 3.

² *Songs*,⁽²⁾ i. 111, verse 4.

³ Herd was the first to print this verse. The satirical ballad of *Tranent Muir* was very popular. It was printed as a broadside (to the tune of “Killiecranky”), and also in *The Charmer*, 1751, vol. ii. 349. Skirving's farm, Garleton, was about two miles from Haddington, on the road to Gosford. He died at the age of eighty-four in 1803. (D. Laing in *Stenhouse's Illustrations of the Lyric Poetry and Music of Scotland*, 1853, pp. 189 ff; cp. also *D. N. B.*)

⁴ *Songs*,⁽²⁾ ii. 120, vv. 2 and 3; even this version is not quite complete.

⁵ *Songs*,⁽²⁾ ii. 26; in *Songs*⁽¹⁾ the chorus was marked by Fa la la.

8. *Jenny dang the Weaver* pa. 104.

The Chorus :

Up stairs, down stairs¹[fol. 3b.] 9. *Rob's Jock or the Country Wedding* pa. 168

To be added six verses of 8 lines each from a copy of this song in the Collection of Scots poems printed by W. Ruddiman, Jun. 1766. These came in at different places of the song and it's to be considered, whether a reformed copy from both copyes should not be printed.²

[On fol. 5a-7a there is a list of ninety pieces contained in the MS. but not published in the edition of 1776.]

[fol. 7b.] One part of an additional volume of Scottish Songs and Ballads may be composed of

¹ In *Songs*,⁽²⁾ ii. 58 the chorus has not been added, apparently in consequence of Herd's only noting down one line.

² Ruddiman's *Choice Collection*, pp. 167-70 = *Songs*,⁽²⁾ ii. 88-92. Herd took the *Country Wedding* originally from Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, vol. i. (of the Glasgow reprint, 1876), pp. 174-76, signed Z. Ramsay again found it in the Bannatyne MS. fol. 137 (10 verses). Lord Hailes, who reprints it in his *Ancient Scottish Poems*, 1770, p. 158, says in his notes to it, p. 292: "This well-known poem, by frequent publication, has been much corrupted. Every publisher took the liberty of adding or altering just as his fancy led him." It appears from Herd's example, that this method was continued even after Lord Hailes' publication. (See Laing-Hazlitt, *Early Popular Poetry of Scotland and the Northern Border*, London, 1895, vol. ii. p. 24.)

Old Heroick Ballads, modern songs from the works of several Scots Gentlemen, and other miscellaneous songs to Scots tunes already printed and not in former collection, and may be found and class'd as follows, viz. :

[fol. 8a.] *Original Ballads from the Relicks of ancient Poetry and the Evergreen.*

[Herd's list contains six pieces, viz. : *Chevy Chase*,¹ ancient and modern version, *The Battle of Otterburn*,² *The Battle of Redsquair*,³ *Edward*⁴ and *Robin and Makyne*.]

N.—The originals in the following class may be added to this.

[fol. 8b.] 2nd class : *From the Charmer*⁵ and *Tea-Table Miscellany*.

[Twenty-two songs out of which only the last, *Watty and Madge*, a burlesque parody on *William and Margaret*, was printed in *Songs*,⁽²⁾ ii. 197.]

[fol. 9a.] 3rd class : *From The Gentle Shepherd*.

[Four of the songs in the *Gentle Shepherd* had appeared in *Songs*,⁽¹⁾ as the original words of the tunes they belong to : pp. 53, 160, 202, 216. These

¹ *Songs*,⁽²⁾ i. 54 (modern version).

² I. 153.

³ I. 49.

⁴ I. 63.

⁵ *The Charmer* : A Choice Collection of Songs, Scots and English. Edinburgh . . . for J. Yair. 1749 (the original edition in one volume), 1752, 1765 (two vols.). This collection remained very popular and was reprinted for J. Sibbald in 1782.

together with all the remaining songs (16), were included in *Songs*.⁽²⁾]

[fol. 9b.] 4th class: *From W^m Hamilton of Bangour's Works*.¹

5th class: *From Original Poems by Scots Gentlⁿ; in 2 vols., published in 1760*.²

[Nothing out of these two classes was printed in *Songs*.⁽²⁾]

[fol. 11a.] 6th class: In *Alexander Nicol's Poems*, edition printed at Edinb^r, 1766,³ there is a collection of 20 Scots songs from folio 21 to 46, being all new words, partly in the Scottish dialect,⁴ adapted to old tunes. [Follows a complete list of these 20 tunes.⁵ Two of them appear in Herd's MSS.: *Timber Stairs*, MS. i. 105b-106a, ii. 61a-b, and *The Pease Straw*, i. 106a-107a, ii. 61b, the latter also in *Songs*.⁽²⁾ ii. 238.]

[fol. 10b.] 7th class: In *Alexander Ross's Poems*,

¹ *Poems on Several Occasions*, by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esquire. Edinburgh, 1760.

² *A Collection of Original Poems*, by the Rev. Mr. Blacklock, and other Scotch Gentlemen. Edinburgh, 1760 and 1762.

³ *Poems on Several Subjects, both comical and serious*. In two Parts. By Alexander Nicol, Schoolmaster. Edinburgh, 1766.

⁴ dialogue MS.

⁵ The list and the note are also in Herd's MS. ii. fol. 74a. The songs mentioned contain scarcely one line which could pass for popular. Cp. *Timber Stairs* in our Texts, No. CXII.

edition printed at Aberdeen, 1768, titled: *The Fortunate Shepherdess*.¹ To this there is added . . . Scots songs. [Six songs enumerated, but not accepted for *Songs*.⁽²⁾ One of them, in a shorter and altered version, was already printed in *Songs*,⁽¹⁾ viz.: *Rock and wee Pickle Tom*, *Songs*,⁽¹⁾ 171, (2)ii. 92.]²

[fol. 10a.] 8th class: From an *old collection of Scots Songs* with the musick, published at Aberdeen by John Forbes abt the beginning of the reign of Charles II. (3d edition is in 1682.)³

and 9th: From *Original Ballads* that have been printed singly, but never published in any collection hitherto, viz.:

The Battle of Glenlivelh (fought by the earls of

¹ *The Fortunate Shepherdess*. A Pastoral Tale in three Cantos, in the Scottish Dialect. By Mr. Alexander Ross, Schoolmaster at Lochlee. To which is added a few Songs by the same Author. Aberdeen, 1768.

² Originally nineteen verses. The shorter version with five verses is said to have been made by Ross himself. (Op. Stenhouse, p. 391.) It appears in Johnson's *Museum*, vol. v. No. 439.

³ Usually quoted as Forbes's *Aberdeen Cantus*. See Texts i-iii and notes. The book was highly esteemed by the antiquaries. When Dr. John Leyden on his tour in the Highlands, 1800, came to Aberdeen, the first edition of it (1662) was one of the books he immediately inquired for—unsuccessfully. See his *Journal of the tour*, edited by James Sinton, Edinburgh, 1903, p. 240.

Huntly and Errol ag^t Argyle, October 5th, 1594).

first line :

Fræe Dunidier to Aberdeen ¹

The Gallant Grahams ²

first line :

Betrayed me ! how can this be ?

The Duke of Gordon's three daughters ³

The haughs of Cromdale ⁴

As I came in by Auchindown

John of Badenyon ⁵

When first I came to be a man

Bonny house of Airly ⁶

It fell on a day and a bonny summer's day

¹ See J. G. Dalyell, *Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century*, 1801, vol. i. pp. 136-52, and vol. ii. 347-56, *The Battell of Balrinnes*. A few verses are given by R. Jamieson in *Popular Ballads and Songs*, ii. 144.

² *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. vi. 590 ; cp. Child, vol. iv. p. 78.

³ Child, vol. iv. No. 237.

⁴ Ritson, *Scottish Songs*, vol. ii. 40 ; Child, iv. 78.

⁵ By John Skinner. It was printed on a single sheet in 1776 ; a copy of it is in the British Museum (1346, m. 7).

⁶ Child, vol. iv. No. 199 ; no copy of it prior to 1790 has hitherto been discovered.

The laird of Glenlee

My name's Jocky Millar, I care no who knows it

*Answer to the mariner's wife, or : Nae luck
about the house*¹

You sing of your goodman frae hame

*The auld man's mare's dead*²

[fol. 11b.] *Whistle on your thumb*

There was a knight was full of might

The answer :

He has ta'en a mantle about him

John Highlandman's remarks on Edinburgh

There's some like the cries of London

Bonny Kate of Edinburgh

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town

The lass of Gallowater

On Gallowater fair and clear

*Sandy o'er the lee*³

I winna mary ony man but Sandy o'er the lee

¹ As a single sheet in a collection of broadsides in the British Museum (11621. 10), printed by Fowler, Salisbury, 1785 (?); Johnson's *Museum*, VI. No. 595.

² Johnson's *Museum*, v. No. 485. Tune and words usually attributed to Patie Birnie of Kinghorn.

³ *Ibid.*, iii. No. 274.

We'll o'er the Clyd water to Charlie

Some wives and few lasses make stories and clashes

*Tullochgorum*¹

Come gi'es a sang the lady cry'd

*This is no me*²

There was a wee bit wifuckie

*Up i' the morning's no for me*³

Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south

[fol. 12a.] In collecting of the following MS. Songs &c., several of them will happen to be wrote down, that have no other merit excepting the tunes they are sung by to recomment them. Others, where they are written from memory, behoofe first to be taken down, before any judgement can be formed of them. It will therefore necessarily follow, if the collection shall afterwards happen to be thought worthy of the press, that several here insert[ed] must be left out, and those that are to be printed (after correcting the orthography to the suppos'd time of their composition &c.) may be classed in the following order :

1st Antient Scots Songs to their own proper tunes.

Fragments of D^o/.

¹ The song written by John Skinner ; a single sheet in the British Museum, 1346, m. 7 (1776).

² The song by Alexander Watson, tailor, Aberdeen.

³ See C.E. iii. p. 315.

- 2d. Original words of Old Scots Songs to known tunes.

Fragments of D°/.

- 3d. More modern Scots Songs not hitherto published.

Fragments of D°/.

B

MS. Additional 22, 312 (MS. II).

Folio (average size of leaves 31 : 19 ctm. = 12, 4 : 7, 5 in.); fol. 85, two fly leaves at the beginning. Mainly written by Herd himself, and, as MS. I, containing various entries later than 1776. *e.g.* : fol. 74b-75a the sketch of the two Pennycuiks (cp. pp. 58, 59) and fol. 76a-81b *The Sang of the Outlaw Murray*, sent to him by Andrew Plummer, Sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire, in January 1795. Again numerous leaves are written by other hands. These I take to be the original copies forwarded to him by his correspondents. (a) fol. 65a-66b : *The Bonny Hyn* ; (b) fol. 67a (verse 1-3) : *The Ley Rig* ; (c) fol. 68a : *The Day begins to peep* ; fol. 69a : *O now Marget* ; fol. 70a : *She heard him speak, but said Despair* ; (d) fol. 71a : *The Linking Ladie* ; (e) fol. 72a : *What's the Spring breathing Jessmin and Rose* ; (f) 83a-84b : *The Bonny Hyn* (Herd's paper, text identical with

fol. 65a-66b, but by a different hand); (g) fol. 85a-b: *There was a Lady Fair*, and *When I think on the World's Pelf*. Fol. 31 and 49 were misplaced by the binder. The volume is in a very fragmentary condition. It appears from the old pagination that the following pages are missing: 33-40 (after fol. 15b), 61-64 (after fol. 25b), 71-74 (after fol. 28b), 79-82 (after 30b), 95-96 (after fol. 36b), 105-120 (after fol. 40b), 123-126 (after fol. 41b), 131-156 (after fol. 43b), 159-160 (after fol. 44b), 173-174 (after fol. 50b), 185-186 (after fol. 55b), 197-212 (after fol. 60b), 215-218 (after fol. 61b). With fol. 64b the main body of the MS. breaks off. Of the rest only a slip of page 233 has been preserved.

It may be safely stated that the missing pages contained nothing that is not to be found in MS. I., of which MS. II. is only a second copy. They may have been lost in the printer's office.

TEXTS

TEXTS

A. THREE SONGS FROM J. FORBES'S ABERDEEN CANTUS

I

LUSTIE MAYE

I

O lustry Maye with Flora queen,
The balmy drops from Pheebus sheen
Prelusant beams before the day,
4 Before the day, the day;
By thee Diana groweth green,
Through gladness of this lustry May,
Through gladness of this lustry May.¹

II

8 Then Aurora, that is so bright,
To wofull hearts she ² casts great light
Right pleasantly before the day, &c.
And shows and shads forth of that light,
12 Through gladness of this lustry May,
Through gladness of this lustry May.

¹ The first verse of this song is cited in a book entitled *The Complaint of Scotland, &c.*, printed at St. Andrews in 1548; whereby it appears to have been a current old Scots song in the reign of James V. [D. H. *after verse v.*] ² he *MS*, S

III

Birds on their beughs¹ of every sort
 Sends forth their notes and makes great mirth
 On banks that blooms on every bray, &c. 16
 And fares and flies ov'r field and firth,
 Through gladness of this lusty May,
 Through gladness of this lusty May.

IV

All lovers' hearts that are in care, 20
 To their ladies they do repair,
 In fresh mornings before the day, &c.,
 And are in mirth ay more and more,
 Through gladness of this lusty May, 24
 Through gladness of this lusty May.

V

Of every moneth in the year
 To mirthfull May there is no peer,
 Her glistring garments are so gay, &c. 28
 Your lovers all make merry cheer,
 Through gladness of this lusty May,
 Through gladness of this lusty May.

¹ boughs S.

II

[ELORE LO]

I

In a garden so green in a May-morning,
 Heard I my lady pleen of paramours, complain
 Said she: "My love so sweet, come you not yet,
 not yet?"

- 4 Heght¹ you not to me to meet amongst the promised
 flow'rs?"

Elore, Eloré, Eloré, Eloré,
 I love my lusty love, Elore, lo!

II

"The light² up springeth, the dew down dingeth,

- 8 The sweet larks singeth their hours of prime,
 Phebus up spenteth,³ joy to rest wenteth, springeth
 So lost is mine intents, and gone's the time."
 Elore, Eloré, Eloré, Eloré,

- 12 I love my lusty love, Elore, lo!

III

"Danger my dead is, false fortune my feed is,
 And languor my leid is, but hope I dispair, bondage

¹ Hight *S* ² skyes *MS* ³ spenteth *S*

Disdain my desire is, so strangeness my fear is,
 Deceit out of all ware !—Adew, I fare !” 16
 Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore,
 I love my lusty love Elore, lo !

IV

Then to my ladie blyth did I my presence kyth,
 Saying : “ My bird, be glad : am I not yours ? ” 20
 So in my armes¹ two² did I the lustie jo,
 And kissed her times mo than night hath hours.
 Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore,
 I love my lusty love Elore, lo ! 24

V

“ Live in hope, ladie fair, and repel all dispair,
 Trust not that your true love shall you betray,
 When deceit and languor³ banisht is⁴ from your
 bowr,
 I'll be your paramour and shal you please. 28
 Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore,
 I love my lusty love Elore, lo !

VI

“ Favour and dutie unto your bright beautie
 Confirmed hath lawtie oblinded to truth, 32

¹ arms S ² too S ³ langor MS ⁴ is banisht S

FORBES'S ABERDEEN CANTUS 95

So that your soverance, heartelie but variance,
Mark in your memorance mercie and ruth kindness
Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore,

30 I love my lusty love Elore, lo !

VII

" Yet for your courtesie, banish all jealousy,
Love for love lustily do me restore,
Then with us lovers young true love shal rest
and reign,

40 Solace shall sweetly sing for evermore :
Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore,
I love my lusty love Elore, lo ! "

III

[WO WORTH THE TIME]

I

Wo worth the time and eke the place,
 That she was to me known,
 For since I did behold her face,
 My heart was never mine own, mine own, jo,
 mine own,
 My heart was never mine own ! 5

II

Sometimes I liv'd at libertie,
 But now I do not so,
 She hath my heart so faithfullie,
 That I can love no mo, no mo, jo, no mo,
 That I can love no mo. 10

III

To be refus'd of love, alas !
 All earthly things, adue !
 My mistris, she is merciless
 And will not on me rue, me rue, jo, me rue,
 And will not on me rue. 15

FORBES'S ABERDEEN CANTUS 97

IV

Now am I left all comfortless
And no remead can crave,
My pains they are remeadiless,
And all the wyte you have, you have, jo, blame
you have,
And all the wyte you have.

20

B. OLD POPULAR SONGS, AND FRAGMENTS OF POPULAR SONGS

IV

[O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE]

A

it O GIN my love were yon red rose,
 That grows upon the castle-wa',
 And I mysell a drap of dew
 Into her bony breast to fa': 4
 O there, beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night,
 Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest,
 driven Till flyed awa by Phoebus light. 8

B

[Chorus.]

O my love's bonny, bonny, bonny,
 My love's bonny and fair to see.¹

I

grain O if² my love was³ a pickle of wheat
 And growing upon yon lilly-white⁴ lee,
 And I myself a bonny sweet⁵ bird:
 Away with that pickle I⁶ wad flie. 6

¹ *Chorus in Mstr.* (III, 383):

O my love's bonny, bonny, bonny;
 My love's bonny and fair to see:
 Whene'er I look on her weel-far'd face,
 She looks and smiles again to me.

² gin ³ were ⁴ lily ⁵ wee ⁶ Awa' wi' that pickle o'
 wheat l

II

O if¹ my love was² a bonny red rose
 And growing³ upon some barren wa',⁴
 And I myself a drap of dew :
 10 Down in⁵ that red rose I would fa'.

III

O if¹ my love was² a coffer of gold,⁶
 And I the keeper of the key :
 Then I would open it when I lest,⁷ pleased
 14 And into⁸ that coffer I would be.

¹ gin ² were ³ That grows ⁴ the castle wa' ⁵ on
⁶ o' gowd ⁷ I wad open the kist whene'er I list ⁸ in. *All*
the variants from Mstr. Scott puts v. ii. before v. i.

V

THE LEY-RIGG

A

I

grass field	Will ye gang o'er ¹ the ley-rigg	
	Wi' me, my kind deary O, ²	
embrace	And cudle ³ there fu' ⁴ kindly,	
	Myne ain kind dearie O? ⁵	4

[Chorus :]⁶

roll	I'll row you east, I'll row you west,	
	I'll row you the way you like best,	
	And I'll row you o'er the ley-rig,	
	Mine ain kind deary O.	8

II

toy wan- tonly hide	At thornie dyke ⁷ and birken tree	
	We'll daff and ne'er be weary O,	
	They'll skug ⁸ ill een ⁹ frae you and me,	
	My ¹⁰ ain kind dearie O.	12

[Chorus :]

I'll row you east, I'll row you west &c.

¹ our II ² Where we hae oft been cheary O II, my ain kind d. O M ³ cuddle II, M ⁴ sae M ⁵ Wi' me, my k. d. O M ⁶ Chorus not in II and M ⁷ thornybush II ⁸ skoog II ⁹ ein II ¹⁰ mine M

III

Nae herd ¹ wi' kent or collie there long staff
 Shall e'er come near ² to fear ye O,
 16 But lav'rocks,³ singing ⁴ in the air,
 Shall woo like me their dearie O.

[Chorus :]

I'll row you east, I'll row you west &c.

IV

While others herd their ewes and lambs ⁵
 20 And toil for wardly ⁶ gear, my jo, worldly
 Upon the ley ⁷ my pleasure grows, grass field
 Wi' you, my kind dearie O.

[Chorus :]

I'll row you east, I'll row you west &c.

B

Tho' the night were ne'er sae dark,
 And I were ne'er sa ⁸ weary,
 I'd meet on the ley-rig
 4 My ain kind deary.

¹ herds II, M ² near omitted II, M ³ laverocks II
⁴ whistling II, M ⁵ lambs and ewes II, M ⁶ warld's II, M
⁷ leys II.—In II v. i. repeated after v. ii., which seems to indicate that it was meant for the chorus ⁸ so II.

VI

[WILL YE GO TO FLANDERS, MY MALLY ?]

I

Will ye go to the¹ Flanders, my Mallie² O ?

Will ye go to the¹ Flanders, my bonie
Mallie² O ?

There we'll get wine and brandy,

And sack and sugar-candy :

Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally O ?

5

II

Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally O ?

And see the chief commanders, my Mally O ?

You'll see the bullets fly,

And the soldiers how they die,³

And the ladies loudly cry, my Mally O !

10

¹ the not in S ² Mally S ³ ll. 3 and 4 as one line MSS, S.

VII

[I HAE LAYEN THREE HERRING A SA'T]

I

	I HAE layen three herring a sa't,—	laid
	Bonie lass, gin ye'll take me tell me now,	
	And I hae brow'n three pickles o' ma't—	
4	And I cannae cum ilka day to woo.	

[Chorus:]

	To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo,	sing mer-
	And I cannae cum ilka day to woo.	rily

II

	I hae a wee ca'f that wad fain be a cow,—	
8	Bonie lass, gin ye'll tak me tell me now,	
	I hae a wee gryce that wad fain be a sow—	young pig
	And I canna cum ilka day to woo.	

[Chorus:]

	To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo,
12	And I canna cum ilka day to woo.

* * * *

VIII

[BLINK OVER THE BURN, SWEET BETTIE]

In simmer I mawed my meadows,
 In harvest I shure my corn,
 In winter I married a widow :
 I wish I was free the morn ! 4
 Blink over the burn, sweet Bettie,
 Blink over the burn to me !
 O it is a thousand pities,
 But I was a widow ¹ for thee. 8

¹ *Chambers in Traditions of Edinburgh, vol. ii. p. 244, notes that the term widow-woman distinguishes vidua from the viduus, who, in Scotch phrase, is called a widow.*

IX

[I AM TO COURT A WIFE]

I

I AM to court a wife,
And I'll love her as my life,
But she is a young thing
4 And new come frae her minnie. mother

II

She's twice six, twice seven,¹
Twice twenty and eleven,
Alack, she's but a young thing,
8 And new come frae her minnie !

¹ and twice seven *II*.

X

[THE HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT]

I

	I ^r ever there was an ill wife i' the warld,	
lot	It was my hap to get her,	
	And by my hap and by my luck :	
without	I had been better but her.	4

II

	I wish I had been laid i' my grave,	
	When I got her to marriage,	
	For the very first night the strife began,	
tongue-lashing	And she gave ¹ me my carriage.	8

III

	I scour'd awa to Edinborow-town	
	And my cutty brown together,	
	And there I bought her a braw new gown :	
rode hard dock-tailed horse pretty cash	I'm sure it cost some siller.	12

¹ gae S

IV

Ilka ell o't was a crown,
'T was better than her marriage,
But because it was black, an' it was na brown,
16 For that I got my carriage.

V

When I saw naething her wad mend,
I took her to the forest,
The very first wood that I came to,
20 Green-holan was the nearest. holly

VI

There I paid her baith back and side,
Till a' her banes play'd clatter,
And a' the bairns gather'd round about,
24 Cry'd: "Fy, goodman, have at her!"

XI

[GUDE MORROW, FAIR MISTRESS]¹

* * * * *

I

GUDE morrow, fair mistress, the beginner o' strife,
 I took ye frae the begging and made ye my wife,
 It was your fair outside that first took my ee :
 But this sall be ² the last time my face ye sall
 see !

II

Fye on ye, ill woman, the bringer o' shame,
 The abuser o' love, the disgrace o' my name,
 The betrayer o' him that so trusted in thee :
 But this is the last time my face ye sall see ! 8

III

To the ground shall be razed these halls and
 these bours,
 Defil'd by your lusts and your wanton amours,
 I'll find out a lady of higher degree :
 And this is the last time my face ye shall see ! 12

¹ Title in MSS. : Fragment. Marginal note : To a very fine tune not in any collection. ² sall be] is Ritson and M.

XII

[FARE YE WEEL, MY AULD WIFE]

I

- AND ¹ fare ye weel, my auld wife,
 Sing bum, be bery,² bum,
 Fare ye weel, my auld wife,
 4 Sing bum, bum, bum,³
 Fare ye weel, my auld wife,
 The steerer up o' strunt ⁴ and strife, bad feeling
 The malt's aboon the meal the night ⁵ above
 8 Wi' some, some, some !⁶

II

- And ⁷ fare ye weel, my pyk-staff, shepherd's
 Sing bum, be bery,² bum, staff
 Fare ye weel, my pyke-staff,
 12 Sing bum, bum, bum,³
 Fare ye weel, my pyke-staff,
 Wi' you nae mair my wife I'll baff : strike
 The malt's aboon the meal the night ⁵
 16 Wi' some, some, some !⁶

¹ O M ² bi bery M ³ bum only once M ⁴ sturt M

⁵ A proverbial expression: "I shall get drunk to-night," s. Jamieson, s. v. "mault," Kelly, *Scottish Proverbs*, 1818, p. 202. ". . . If the maut gets abune the meal with you, it is time for me to take myself away."—Scott's *Redgauntlet* (Border Edition), pp. 379-80 ⁶ some only once M ⁷ An M.

XIII

[FAIRLY SHOT OF HER¹]

I MARRIED a wife with a good commendation,
 notorious But now she's as peeck ² to a' the whole nation ;
 Hearken and hear, and I will tell ye a note of
 her,
 rid Now she is dead, and I'm fairly shot of her. 4

[*Chorus* :]

Fairly, fairly, fairly shut of her,
 Now she is dead I will dance on the top of
 her,
 Well's me now I am fairly shut of her,
 Fairly &c. 8

¹ over l. 1: Scraps of Fragments I and II ² puck II.

XIV

[MY WIFE'S A WANTON WEE THING]

My wife's a wanton wee thing,

My wife's a wanton wee thing,

My wife's a wanton wee thing,

4 She'll never¹ be guided by me !

She play'd the loon e'er² she was married,

strumpet

She play'd the loon e'er she was married,

She play'd the loon e'er she was married,

8 She'll do it again e'er she die !

* * * * * *

¹ She winna *M*

² or lines 4-8 *M*.

XV

[O THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED]

O THAT I had ne'er been married,
 I wad nevir had nae care,
 Now I've gotten wife and bairns
 They¹ cry "crowdie" evermair. 4

thick oat-
 meal gruel

[*Chorus:*]

Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
 Three times² crowdie in a day:
 Gin ye crowdie ony may,³
 Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away! 8

¹ An' they *M*

² time *II*

³ mair *M*.

XVI

[EFFIE M'NAB]

I

O *saw* ye Effie M'Nab the day ?
 Saw ye Effie M'Nab the day ?
 She's down in the yaird,¹ kitchen
garden
 She's kissing the laird,
 5 She ² winnie ³ cum hame the day, the day.

II

O see to Effie M'Nab as she goes !
 See to Effie M'Nab as she goes !
 With her corked-heel shoen high-heeled
 And her cockets aboon : gaiters
 10 O see to Effie M'Nab as she goes !

¹ *yard II* ² *She's I and II* ³ *winna II.*

XVII

[AS I CAME IN BY FISHERROW]

TUNE: *Jenny dang the Weaver.*

I

As I came in by Fisherrow ¹
 Mussleburgh was near me :
 I threw off ² my mussle-pock
 And courted wi' my deary. 4

II

stayed known alter	O had her apron bidden doun, The kirk wad ne'er a ³ kend it, But since the word's gane thro' the toun, My dear, I canna mend it 8
------------------------------	---

III

stool of re- pentance	But ye maun mount the cutty-stool, And I moun mount the pillar, And that's the way that poor folks do, Because they hae nae sillar. 12
--------------------------	---

[Chorus:]

the pillory	Up stairs, doun stairs, Timber-stairs fears me, I thought it lang to ly my lane, When I'm sae near my dearie ! 16
-------------	--

¹ Fisherraw S, Fisherrow is a suburb of Musselburgh ² aff S
³ ha S.

XVIII

[AS I CAME UP YON BONY WATERSIDE]

I

As I came up¹ yon bony² waterside
 And down³ yon shilling-hill O,
 There I did spy⁴ a bony bony lass,
 4 A⁵ lass I loo'd right well O.

the shell-
 ing mill
 for corn

II

I asked her if she could play,
 But the lassie had nae skill O,
 And yet she was nae a' to blame,
 8 She put it in my will O.

III

Then she fell o'er and sae did I,
 And so we made a reel O :
 Whene'er that bony lass comes again,
 12 She shall hae her malt ground weel⁶ O !

[Chorus:]

The mill mill O, and the kill kill O,
 And [the coggin o' Peggy's wheel O,
 The sack and the sieve, and a' she did leave,
 16 And danced the miller's reel O.]

kiln
 stopping

¹ down *B*[urns] (Ch. W. IV, p. 391) ² omitted by *B* ³ by *B* ⁴ I spied *B* ⁵ And a lass *B* ⁶ well *MSS.*; the words in brackets are taken from *B*, not in the *MSS.*

XIX

[LOGAN WATER AND LOGAN BRAES]

LOGAN water and Logan braes—
 clothes I helped a bonie ¹ lassie on wi' her claiiths,
 First wi' her stockings and then wi' her shoon,
 jilted me And she gave me the glaiks when a' was done. 4
 known But had I kend what I ken now,
 I should have bang'd her belly fou,'
 Her belly fou' and her apron up
 And a shew'd ² her the way to Logan kirk. 8

¹ bonnie *S* ² hae sh. *S* *Two four-line verses in S.*

XX

HAD I THE WYTE?

HAD I the wyte ? had I the wyte ? blame
Had I the wyte ? She bad me,
And ay she gied me cheese and bread
To kiss her when she bad me,
For she was stewart in the house,
And I was footman-ladie,
And ay she gied me cheese and bread ¹
To kiss her, when she bad me.

¹ *Marginal note (Sir W. Scott's): For the two last lines read*

And when I could na do't again:
Silly loon she ca'd me. *I.*

XXI

[GREEN GROWS THE RASHES O]

[*Chorus :*]

GREEN grows the rashes O,
Green grows the rashes O,
The feather-bed is no sae saft,
As a bed amang the rashes [O]. 4

I

We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
The parson kist the fidler's wife,
And he cou'd na preach for thinking o't. 8

[*Chorus :*]

Green grows &c.

II

The down-bed, the feather-bed,
The bed amang the rashes O,
Yet a' the beds is no¹ sae saft, 12
As the bellies o' the lasses O !

¹ na S.

XXII

GIN THE KIRK WAD LET ME BE

I

I ~~am~~ a poor, silly, auld man
And hirpling o'er a tree, crippling
Yet fain, fain kiss wad I,
4 Gin the kirk wad let me be.

II

Gin a' my duds were aff rags
And a' hail claes on, clothes
O, I could kiss a young lass,
8 As weel as can ¹ ony man !

¹ can not in S.

XXIII

[LOGIE OF BUCHAN]

I

dug O LOGIE of Buchan, o Logie the laird,
 They hae ta'en awa Jamie that delv'd¹ i' the
 yard,
 Who play'd on the pipe an² the viol sae sma',
 They hae ta'en awa Jamie, the flower o' 4
 them a'.

[Chorus:]

He said:³ "Think na lang, lassie, tho' I
 gang⁴ awa;"
 He said:⁵ "Think na lang, lassie, tho' I
 gang⁴ awa,
 For⁶ the summer is coming,⁷ cauld⁸ winter's
 awa,
 And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them 8
 a'!"

¹ wrought *M* ² wi' *MS* ³ He said] O *M* ⁴ be *M* ⁵ He
 said] Au' *M* ⁶ For not in *M* ⁷ come *M* ⁸ and the *M*

II

- Sandy¹ has ousen, has gear² and has³ kye,
 A house and a hadden and siller⁴ forby,
 But I'd take mine ain lad⁵ wi' his staff in his⁶
 hand,
 12 Before I'd take him⁷ wi' his⁸ houses and
 land.

oxen ; cows
 holding ;
 besides

[*Chorus* :]

He said : " Think na lang, lassie, &c.

III

- My daddy looks⁹ sulky, my minny looks⁹
 sour,
 They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor ;¹⁰
 16 Tho' I loe them as weel as a daughter shou'd
 do,
 They are no half sae dear to me, Jamie, as
 you.¹¹

[*Chorus* :]

He said : " Think na lang, lassie, &c.

¹ O Sandy *M, B*[*uchan*] ² has gear] and siller *M* ³ has
 omitted *M* ⁴ a' things *M* ⁵ But I wad hae Jamie *M, B*
⁶ bonnet in 's *M* ⁷ take him] hae Sandy *M, B* ⁸ his not
 in *M* ⁹ was *M* ¹⁰ They gloom'd on my Jamie because he
 was poor *M*

¹¹ But daddie and minnie altho' that they be,
 There's nane o' them like my Jamie to me *B, M*

IV

spinning
stool

I¹ sit on my creepie² and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel,³ 20
He had but ae⁴ saxpence—he⁵ brak it in twa,
And he⁶ gied⁷ me the ha'f o't, when he went⁸
awa.

[*Chorus* :]

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na
awa!

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na 24
awa!

Summer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
And ye'll come and see me in spite o'
them a'.⁹

¹ I'll *M* ² sunkie *M* ³ And sing o' my Jamie wha loes
me sae weel *M* ⁴ He took a white saxpence *M* ⁵ he] and
M, B ⁶ he not in *M, B* ⁷ gae *M* ⁸ gaed *M, B*

⁹ Sayin, think upon't, lassie, when I am awa,
An' think upon't, lassie, when I am awa,
The simmer is come, and the winter's awa,
And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'. *M*.

XXIV

[MY SANDY]

[Chorus.]

MY Sandy O, my Sandy O,
 My bonie, bonie Sandy O,
 Tho' the love that I owe
 To thee I dare nae shew,
 5 Yet I love my love in secret,
 My Sandy O!

My Sandy gied to me a ring,
 Was a' beset wi' diamonds¹ fine,
 But I gied to² him a far better thing:
 10 I gied him³ my heart to keep⁴ in pledge for⁵
 his ring.⁶

¹ diamants *I* ² to omitted *M* ³ him not in *M* ⁴ to keep
 not in *M* ⁵ o' *M* ⁶ line 4 in two lines *MSS.*

XXV

RANTIN, ROVIN LAD

I

My love was born in Aberdeen,
 The boniest lad that e'er was seen,
 O he is forced from¹ me to gae
 O'er the hills and far away!

4

[Chorus:]

O he's a ranting, roving ladie!
 O he's a brisk and bonie ladie!
 Betide what will, I'll get me ready
 And follow the lad wi' the Highland plaidy.

8

II

distaff;
 fear
 crumpled-
 horned

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,
 My gude gray mare and hacket cow,
 To buy my love a tartan plaid,
 Because he is a roving blade.

12

[Chorus:]

O he's a ranting, roving ladie!
 O he's a brisk and bonie ladie!
 Betide what will, I'll get me ready
 To follow that² lad wi' the Highland plaidy.

16

¹ frae S² the S.

XXVI

HOW CAN I BE BLYTH AND GLAD

o its own tune, not in any collection: slow, tender, pensive.

I

How can I be blyth or glad,
Or in my mind contented be,
When the bony, bony¹ lad, that I loo'd² best,
Is banish'd from my company?

II

Tho'³ he is banish'd for my sake,
I his true love will still remain,
But o that I was, and I wish that⁴ I was,
In the chamber, where my love⁵ is in!

III

I dare nae come to my true love,
I dare nae either sport or play,
For their evil, evil tongues are going sae⁶ gell, harshly
That I must kiss and go my way.

¹ bonny, bonny *S* ² loed *S* ³ Though *S* ⁴ that omitted *S*
my true love *S* ⁶ so *S*

IV

Kissing is but a foolish fancy,
 It brings two lovers into sin :
 But o that I was, and I wish that¹ I was
 In the chamber, where my love is in ! 16

V

My true love is streight and tall,
 I had nae will to say him nay,
 For with his false, but sweet deluding tongue
 He stole my very heart away.² 20

¹ that omitted *S* ; cp. *Songs*,² II, 15, v. I.:

“ Some say that kissing’s a sin,
 But I say that winna stand,” &c.

² after v. V: I have heard several other stanzas of this,
 but cannot now recover them. *MS.*

XXVII

[JOHNY WAS THE LAD]

I

JOHNY¹ was the lad of the men I saw,
That gain'd my esteem, my best wishes a',
His manly worth and easy mein carriage
4 Were quietly my wonder baith morn and e'en.

II

But now he's awa² and very far frae hame,
And sair, sair I fear I'll ne're see him again,
But I will weary heaven to keep him in its care,
s For o, he is good, and good men are rare !

¹ Johnny II² away II.

XXVIII

[HEH HOW, JOHNY LAD]

A

I

should HEH how, Johnny lad,¹ ye're no sae kind's
 ye sud ha been,
 Heh how,² etc.³
 teased ; Sae weel's ye might hae touzled me and
 tasted ; sweetly pried my mow bedeen,
 again and Heh how, etc.

4

II

plough My father he was at the pleugh, my mither
 she was at the mill,
 brother My billie he was at the moss, and no ane
 near our sport to spill,
 nobody The fint a body was therein, ye need na
 desisted fley'd for being seen :⁴
 from fear Heh how, etc.

8

Four-line v. in S and M ; ¹ my Johnie lad *always M* ² Gin
 known ; your voice I had na kent, I cou'd na eithly trow my een *M*
 even trust ³ *refrain always given in full S, M* ⁴ there was nae fear of
 being seen *M.* *added after v. II. :*

all alone Wad ony lad wha lo'ed her weel, hae left his bonny
 lass her lane,
 weep To sigh and greet ilk langsome hour, and think her
 sweetest minutes gane,
 O, had ye been a wooer leal, we shu'd hae met wi'
 hearts mair keen,
 Hey how my Johnie lad, ye're no sae kind's ye sud
 hae been *M*

III

- | | | |
|----|--|---------|
| | But I man hae anither jo, wha's love gangs | lover |
| | never out o' mind, | |
| | And winna let the mamens pass, whan to | moments |
| | a lass he can be kind : | |
| | Then gang yere ways to blinking Bess, | ogling |
| | nae mair for Johny sal she green, | pine |
| 12 | Heh how, etc. | |

B

- O our Johnny's no sae kind,
 As I thought he wad a¹ been,
 He's no ha'f sae kind to me,
 4 As I thought he wad a been !
 He turn'd about his back to me,
 When I gaed to his bed yestreen
 O our Johnny's no² sae kind,
 8 As I thought he wad a been !

¹ hae II ² nae II.

XXIX

[LET HIM GANG]

I

It was on a Sunday
 My love and I did meet,
 Which caused me on Monday
 To sigh and to weep— 4
 O to weep is a folly,
 Is a folly to me :
 since Sen he'll be mine nae langer,
 Let him gang—farewell he ! 8

[Chorus :]

Let him gang, let him gang,
 Let him sink, let him swim,
 If he'l be my love no longer,
 Let him gang—farewell him ! 12

II

Let him drink to Rosemary,
 And I to the Thyme,
 Let him drink to his love
 And I unto mine ; 16

For my mind shall never alter
And vary to and fro,
I will bear a true affection
To the young lad I know.

[*Chorus :*]

Let him gang, let him gang,
Let him sink or let him swim,
If he'l be my love no longer,
Let him gang—farewell him !

XXX

I'LL CHEAR UP MY HEART

I

As I was a-walking¹ ae May-morning²
 The fiders³ and youngsters were making their
 game,

And there⁴ I saw⁵ my faithless lover,⁶
 And a' my sorrows returned again.⁷
 Well, since he is gone,⁸ now joy⁹ gang¹⁰ wi'
 him,

make It's never be he that¹¹ shall gar me complain,
 I'll chear up my heart, and I will get anither,¹²
 I'll never lay a' my love upon ane!¹³

*Printed in four-line verses S*¹ wand'ring *M*² midsummer
 e'enin *M*³ pipers *M*⁴ Amang them *M*⁵ spyed *M*⁶ faith-
 less fause luvver *M*⁷ Which bled a' the wounds o' my
 dolour again *M*⁸ since he has left me *M*⁹ now omitted *S*;
 may pleasure *M*¹⁰ gae *M*¹¹ that omitted *S*¹² another *S*
¹³ ll. 6-8:

I may be distress'd but I winna complain :
 I'll flatter my fancy I may get anither,
 My heart it shall never be broken for ane. *M*

ll. 5-8 the same in all verses M

II

- I could na get sleepin yestreen : for weeping,²
 The tears ran³ down like showers o' rain,⁴
 An I had na got⁵ greeting, my heart wad a would
 broken, have
 12 And⁶ o, but love's⁷ a tormenting pain !
 But since he is gane, may joy gae wi' him,
 It's never be he, that shall gar me complain, make
 I'll chear up my heart, and I will get anither :⁸
 16 I'll never lay a' my love upon ane !

III

- When I gade into my mither's new house, went
 I took my wheel, and I⁹ sat down to spin :
 'Twas there I first began my thrift,
 20 And a' the woers came linking in.¹⁰ tripping
 It was geer he was seeking, but geer he'll na dowry
 get,
 And it's never be he that shall gar me complain,
 For I'll chear up my heart, and I'll soon
 get anither :⁸
 24 I'll never lay a' my love upon ane !

¹ till dawin *M* ² greetin *M* ³ trick'd *M* ⁴ like the hail
 and the rain *M* ⁵ An' had na I got *S*; had I na got *M* ⁶ For
M ⁷ but love's] luv forsaiken's *M* ⁸ another *S* ⁹ I omitted
S ¹⁰ instead of *U* 1-4 in v. III. *M* has :

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller.
 I dinna envy him the gains he can win :
 I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow,
 Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.

XXXI

[FALSE LUVE]

* * * *

I

FALS luvè ! and hae ye played me this ¹
 In the simmer, mid the flowers ?
 I sall repay ye back agein ²
 4 In the winter, mid the showers !

II

Bot again, dear luvè, and again, dear luvè,
 Will ye not turn again ?
 As ye look to ither women,
 * Sall I to ither men.

* * * *

¹ *Herd remarks in the margin* : Tune not in any collection
 and This seems to be made from Desdemona's song in
 Othello. ² again S.

XXXII

[WHEN I GAED TO THE MILL]

I

	WHEN I gaed to the mill my lane,	by myself
	For ¹ to ground my malt,	
	The miller-ladie kist me,	
4	I thought it was nae fau't.	
	What tho' ² the ladie kist me,	
	When I was at the mill?	
	A kiss is but a touch,	
8	And a touch can do nae ³ ill!	

II

	O I lue ⁴ the miller-ladie,	love
	And my ladie lues me,	
	He has sick a blyth look,	such
12	And a bonie, blinking ee!	
	What tho' ² the ladie kist me,	
	When I was at the mill?	
	A kiss is but a touch,	
16	And a touch can do nae ³ ill.	

¹ A' for *M* ² though *S* ³ na *S* ⁴ loo *S M*.

XXXIII

[AS I GAED TO THE WELL]

I

As I gaed to the well at e'en,
As ony¹ honest auld woman will do,
The carl then he follow't me,
As auld carles will do.

[*Chorus* :]

He woo'd me and loo'd me,
A wally, how he woo'd me !
But yet I winna tell to you,
How the carl woo'd me.

II

As I sat at my wheel at e'en,
As ony¹ honest auld woman shou'd do,
The carl he came in to me,
As auld carles will do.

[*Chorus* :]

He woo'd me and loo'd me &c.

¹ any S

III

As I gae'd to my bed at e'en,
As ony ¹ other honest auld woman wou'd do,
16 The carl then he came to me,
As auld carles will do.

[*Chorus* :]

He woo'd me and loo'd me &c.

¹ any *S.*

XXXIV

KIST THE STREEN

ON THE LATE DUKE OF ARGYLE¹

A

I

O as I was kist yestreen !
 O as I was kist yestreen !
 I'll never forget till the day that I die,
 Sae mony braw kisses his Grace ga'e me. 4

II

alone My father was sleeping, my mither was out,
 And I was my lane, and in came the duke,
 I'll never forget till the day that I die,
 Sae mony braw kisses his Grace ga'e me. 8

III

Kist the streen, kist the streen
 Up the Gallowgate, down the green :²
 I'll never forget till the day that I die,
 Sae mony braw kisses his Grace ga'e me. 12

¹ Of Hamilton W. S. [*Walter Scott, on the margin*] I ² "Up the Gallowgate, down the Green" was the favourite promenade of Glasgow lads and lasses.

B

Kiss ye, Jean, kiss ye, Jean,
Never let an auld man kiss ye, Jean !
An auld man's nae man till a young quean :
4 Never let an auld man kiss ye, Jean !

XXXV

DAINTY DAVIE ¹

[Chorus:]

blessings
on ; head

O LEEZE me on your curly pow,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
Leeze me on your curly pow,
Mine ain dainty Davie.

4

I

boards
intricacies

It was in and through the window broads,
And all ² the tirliewirlies o'd :
The sweetest kiss that e'er I got
Was from ³ my dainty Davie.

5

[Chorus:]

O leeze me on your curly pow &c.

¹ The following song (as well as the preceding) [*viz.* *Mass David Williamson* No. XCII] was made upon *Mass David Williamson* on his getting with child the *Lady Cherrytree's* daughter, while the soldiers were searching the house to apprehend him for a rebel [D. H.]. ² a' S ³ frae S

II

It was down amang my daddy's pease, father's
And underneath the cherry-trees :¹
12 O there he kist me as he pleas'd,
For he was mine ain dear Davie.

[*Chorus :*]

O leeze me on your curly pow &c.

When he was chas'd by a dragoon,
16 Into my bed he was laid down,
I thought him wordy o' his room,
And he's ay my dainty Davie.

[*Chorus :*]

O leeze me on your curly pow &c.

¹ *An allusion to the name of the lady.*

2 cullour I.

XXXVII

[OH AY SIN SYNE, MINNIE]

[*Chorus* :]

Oh ay sin syne, minnie,

always

Oh ay sin syne, minnie,

since then

O my back, and o my sides :

I'v a sair wyme, minnie !

belly

I

There came a chapman to the house,

pedlar

And wow but he was kind, minnie !

oh

He gied to me his maidenhead,

I wat he gat nae mine, minnie.

know

II

Is there any sack into this house,

Or any claret-wine, minnie ?

Is there anything into this house,

Will cure a sair wyme, minnie ?

XXXVIII

[STILL CAULD, AY CAULD]

[*Chorus* :]

STILL cauld, ay cauld,
 Still cauld, cauld am I,
 A' the lads about the town
 cannot Canno keep the cauld frae me. 4

I

He bought to me a pair of shoon,
 hold And a' to ha'd the cauld frae me,
 He bad me dance till they were done,
 And that wad keep the cauld frae me. 8

II

He bought to me a pair of gloves,
 And a' to ha'd the cauld frae me,
 stretch ; He bad me streek them on my loofs,
 hands And that wad keep the cauld frae me. 12

XXXIX

MY LOVE IS LONG A-GROWING¹

I

SHE looked o'er the castle-wa',
 She saw three lords play at the ba':
 "O the youngest is the flower of a',
 4 But my love is lang o' growing.

II

"O father, gin ye think it fit,
 We'll set him to the college yet,
 And tye a ribbon round his hat,
 8 And, father, I'll gang wi' him!"

* * * *

¹ *Marginal note*: A very fine tune not in any collection MSS.

XL

[NEWS, LASSES !]

I

" News, lasses, news !
Gude news I hae to tell :
There's a boat fu' o' young men
Come to our town to sell !"

4

II

will not go
" Mither," quo' she, " father," quo' she,
" Do what ye can,
For to my bed I winna gae,
Till I get a man !"

8

XLI

[O DEAR MOTHER]

I

"O DEAR mother,¹ what shall I do?
 O dear mother,¹ what shall I do?"²
 3 "Daft thing, doild thing, do as I do!" mad;
 stupid

II

"Gin I be black, I winna³ be lo'ed,
 An gin I be fair, I winna³ be good⁴:
 6 O dear mother what shall I do?"

¹ minny *M* ² line once more repeated *M* ³ canna *M* ⁴ after
this added: If I be lordly, the lads will look by me *M*.

XLII

I'LL MAKE YE BE FAIN TO FOLLOW¹

I

soldier As late by a soger² I chanced to pass,
 I heard him courting³ a bonie young lass,
 honey "My hinnie, my life, my dearest," quoth he,
 "I'll make ye be fain to follow me!"⁴

II

com-panions "Gin I should follow thee,⁴ a poor soger lad,
 Ilk ane o' my commers⁵ wad say⁶ I was mad,
 For battles I never shall long to see:
 I'll never be fain to follow thee."⁸

III

"To follow me I think ye may be glad,
 A part of my supper, a part o' my bed,
 A part o' my bed and to lye wi' me:⁷
 I'll make ye [be] fain to follow me!"⁸¹²

¹ follow me *II* ² sodger *II* ³ a courtin *M* ⁴ you *II M*
⁵ cummers *II M* ⁶ think *M* ⁷ bed wherever it be *M*
⁸ Pencil note by Sir Walter Scott (probably based upon *M*):—

between

Atween St. Johnston's and Dundee

I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.

The following verse completes the song in M:—

Come try my knapsack on your back,
 Along the king's high-gate we'll pack,
 Between Saint Johnston and bony Dundee,
 I'll mak you be fain to follow me.

XLIII

[LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT]

I

"O LASSIE, art thou¹ sleeping yet,
 Or are you¹ waking, I wou'd wit? know
 For love has bound me hand and foot,
 4 And I wou'd fain be in, jo.

[Chorus:]

O let me in this ae night, this ae,
 ae, ae night,
 O let me in this ae night, and I'll
 ne'er² come back again, jo.

II

"The morn it is the term-day,
 8 I maun³ away, I canna stay :
 O pity me, before I gae,
 And rise and let me in, jo !

[Chorus:]

O let &c.

¹ are ye *M* ² no *M* ³ corrected instead of will *MS*

III

both ; wet

The night it is baith cauld and weat,
 The morn it will be snaw and sleet,
 My shoen are frozen to my feet
 Wi' standing on the plain, jo.¹ 12

[Chorus:]

O let &c. 16

IV

belly

I am the laird of windy-wa's,
 I come na here without a cause,
 And I hae gotten mony fa's
 Upon a naked wame o!"² 20

[Chorus:]

O let &c.

V

taking his
 turn of
 the night
 watch

"My father's wa'king on the street,
 My mither the chamber-keys does keep,
 My chamber-door does chirp and cheep, 24
 And I dare nae let you in, jo."

[Chorus:]

"O gae your way this ae night, [&c.]
 For I dare nae let you in, jo!"

¹ In standing here my lane, jo. *M*

² In coming thro' the plain, jo. *M*

VI

28 " But I'll come stealing softly in
 And cannily make little dinn,
 And then the gate to you I'll find,
 If you'l but direct me in, jo." ¹

[*Chorus* :]

32 O let, &c.

VII

" Cast aff the shoon frae aff your feet,²
 Cast back the door up to the weet, splash-
 Syne into my bed you may creep board
 36 And do the thing you ken, jo."

[*Chorus* :]

" O well's me on this ae night, &c.
 That ere I let you in, jo."

¹ My fittstep-tread there's nane can ken footstep
 For the sughin wind and rain, jo. *M* sounding
² Cast up the door unto the weet,
 Cast aff your shoon frae aff your feet,
 Syne to my chamber ye may creep,
 But ye mauna do't again, jo.

Chorus :

O leeze me on this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night !
 The joys we've had this ae night
 Your chamber-wa's within, jo ! *M*

VIII

She let him in sae cannily,
 She let him in sae privily, 40
 She let him in sae cannily,
 To do the thing ye ken, jo.

[*Chorus:*]

O well's me on &c.

IX

But ere a' was done and a' was said, 44
 Out fell the bottom of the bed,
 The lassie lost her maidenhead,
 And her mither heard the din, jo.

[*Chorus:*]

O the devil take this ae night, this 48
 ae, ae, ae night,
 O the devil take this ae night, that
 ere I let ye in, jo! ¹

¹ verses viii and ix omitted *M*.

XLIV

BIRKS OF ABERGELDIE

I

- " BONIE lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonie lassie, will ye go
 4 To the birks o' Abergeldie ?
 Ye shall get a gown o' silk,
 A gown o' silk, a gown o' silk,
 Ye shall get a gown o' silk
 8 And coat of killiemankie." ¹

woollen
stuff

II

- " Na, kind sir, I dare nae gang,
 I dare nae gang, I dare nae gang,
 Na, kind sir, I dare nae gang,
 12 My minnie she'll be angry.
 Sair, sair wad she flyte,²
 Wad she flyte, wad she flyte,
 Sair, sair wad she flyte
 16 And sair wad she ban me ! "

sorely ;
scold

curse

¹ calimancoe II, S

² wad she flyte *once more* S.

XLV

FRAGMENT

* * * *

I

beyond "O my bonie,¹ bonie¹ May,
Will ye not rue upon me?
A sound, sound sleep I'll never get,
Untill I lie² ayon³ thee. 4

II

calved I'll gi'e ye four-and-twenty good milk-kye,
Wer⁴ a' caft in ae year, May,
And a bonie⁵ bull to gang them by,
That blude-red is his hair, May!" 8

III

"I hae nae houses, I hae nae land,
I hae nae gowd or fee, sir,
I am o'er low to be your bryde,
Your loon I'll never be, sir!" 12

* * * *

¹ bonny S ² lye S ³ ayont S ⁴ were S ⁵ bonnie S.

XLVI

KIND-HEARTED NANSY¹

I

"I'll go to the greenwood,"
 Quo' Nansy, quo' Nansy,
 "I'll go to the greenwood,"
 4 Quo' kind-hearted Nansy.

II

"O what an I come after you?"
 Quo' Wilsy, quo' Wilsy,
 "O what an I come after you?"
 8 Quo' sla, courdly² Wilsy.

sly; mock-
 polite

III

"And what gif ye come back again?"
 Quo' Nansy, quo' Nansy,
 "And what gif ye come back again?"
 12 Quo' kind-hearted Nansy.

IV

"But what gif I shou'd lay thee doun?"
 Quo' Wilsy,³ quo' Wilsy,
 "What gif I shou'd lay the[e] doun?"
 16 Quo' sla, courdly Wilsy.

¹ Nancy *always* S ² cow'rdly *always* S ³ Wilsy *always* S

V

"And what gif I can rise again?"

Quo' Nansy, quo' Nansy,

"And what gif I can rise again?"

Quo' kind-hearted Nansy.

20

VI

child

"O but what if I get you wi' baern?"¹

Quo' Willsy, quo' Willsy,

"O but what if I get you wi' bairn?"

Quo' sla, courdly Wilsy.

24

VII

"If ye² can get it, I can bear't,"

Quo' Nansy, quo' Nansy,

"If ye² can get it, I can bear't,"

Quo' kind-hearted Nansy.

28

VIII

where will ;
for it

"Whar'l we get a cradle til'd?"³

Quo' Wilsy, quo' Wilsy,

"Whar l we get a cradle til'd?"³

Quo' sla, courdly Wilsy.

32

IX

"There's plenty o' ⁴ wood in Noraway,"⁵

Quo' Nansy, quo' Nansy,

"There's plenty o' ⁴ wood in Noraway,"⁵

Quo' kind-hearted Nansy.

36

¹ bairn S ² you S ³ till't S ⁴ o' omitted MS ⁵ Norway S

X

"Whar'l we get a cradle-belt?"
 Quo' Wilsy, quo' Wilsy,
 "Whar'l we get a cradle-belt?"
 Quo' sla, courdly Wilsy.

XI

"Your garters and mine,"
 Quo' Nansy, quo' Nansy,
 "Your garters and mine,"
 Quo' kind-hearted Nansy.

XII

"Then where'l¹ I tye my beastie to?"
 Quo' Willsy, quo' Willsy,
 "Then where'l¹ I tye my beastie to?"
 Quo' sla, courdly Wilsy.

XIII

"Ty him to my meikle² tae,"
 Quo' Nansy, quo' Nansy,
 "Ty him to my mukle tae,"
 Quo' kind-hearted Nansy.

great toe

XIV

"O what gif he should run awa?"
 Quo' Willsy, quo' Willsy,
 "O what gif he shou'd run awa?"
 Quo' sla, courdly Wilsy.

¹ whar'l S² muckle S

xv

"Deil gae wi' you, steed and a'!"

Quo' Nansy, quo' Nansy,

"Deil gae wi' you, steed and a'!"

Quo' kind-hearted Nansy.

NICOL O' COD

"WHAN'LL we be marry'd,
 My ain dear Nicol o' Cod?"

"We'll be marry'd o' Monday,
 An' is na the reason gude?"

"Will we be marry'd nae sooner,
 My own dear Nicol o' Cod?"

"Wad ye be marry'd o' Sunday?
 I think the auld runt be gane mad."

"Whae'll we hae at the wadding, My own dear Nicol o' Cod?"	whom will ; wedding
"We'll hae father and mother, An' is na the reason gude?"	
"Will we na hae nae mae, My ain dear Nicol o' Cod?"	no more
"Wad ye hae a' the hail warld? I think the auld runt be gane mad."	whole

III

"What'll we hae to the wadding,
 My ain dear Nicol o' Cod?"
 "We'll hae cheese and bread,
 An' is na the reason gude?" 30
 "Will we na hae nae mae,
 My ain dear Nicol o' Cod?"
 "Wad ye hae sack and canary?
 I think the auld runt be gane mad." 34

IV

"Whan'll we gang to our bed,
 My ain dear Nicol o' Cod?"
 "We'll gang whan other folk gang,
 An' is nae the reason gude?" 38
 "Will we na gang nae sooner,
 My ain dear Nicol o' Cod?"
 "Wad ye gang at the sunseting?
 I think the auld runt be gane mad." 32

V

"What will we do i' our bed,
 My ain dear Nicol o' Cod?"
 "We will kiss and clap,
 An' is nae the reason gude?" 36
 "Will we na do nae mae,
 My ain dear Nicol o' Cod?"
 "Wad ye do't a' the night o'er?
 I think the auld runt be gane mad." 40

XLVIII
RECKLE MAHUDIE

I

MITHER

WHARE¹ will we get a wife to you,
My auld son Reckle Mahudie ?

SON

What but Maggie ayont the burn ;
4 She'l make a wife right gudie.

beyond
satis-
factory

M[ITHER]

I fear she'l be but a sober wife,
My auld son Reckle Mahudie.

S[ON]

I believe you'd hae me seek a king's dochter,
8 But foul fa' me if I dudie !

evil befall
me ; do it

II

[MITHER]

O what'l ye hae to your wadden-feast,
My auld son Reckle Mahudie ?

marriage-
feast

[SON]

A pint of brose and a good sa't herring ;
12 It'l make a feast right gudie.

oatmeal
gruel

¹ Where S

[MITHER]

I fear it'll be but a sober feast,
My auld son Reckle Mahudie,

[SON]

boiled

I believe you'd hae me hae baith sodden
and roast,
But foul fa' me if I dudie !

16

III

[MITHER]

whom will

• O wha'l ye hae at your wadden,
My auld son Reckle Mahudie ?

[SON]

Wha but Maggie an' mysell ?
It'l make a wadden right gudie.

20

[MITHER]

I fear it'll be but a sober wadden,
My auld son Reckle Mahudie !

[SON]

folk

I believe you'd hae me hae an host of
fouk,
But foul fa' me gin I dudie !

24

XLIX

[THE SHEPHERD AND HIS WIFE]

A

I

- THE shepherd's wife cries o'er the lee : ¹ ² grass-field
 "Come hame will ye, come hame will ye?"
 The shepherd's wife cries o'er the lee :
 4 "Come hame will ye again e'en, jo?" evening

II

- "What ³ will ye gie me to my supper,
 Gin I come hame, gin I come hame? .
 What will ye gie me to my supper,
 8 Gin I come hame again e'en, jo?"

III

- "Ye's get a panfu' ⁴ plumpin parrage, panful of
 And butter in them, and butter in them, well-boiled
 Ye's get a panfu' ⁴ plumpin parrage, porridge
 12 An ⁵ ye'll come hame again e'en, jo!"

¹ knowe *M* ² *U.* 2 and 4: Will ye come hame *M* ³ O what
M ⁴ panfu' of *S*, o' *M* ⁵ Gin *S*, *M*

IV

worth

"Ha, ha, how! It's¹ naething that dow,
I winna come hame, and² I canna come
hame!

Ha, ha, how! It's¹ naething that dow,
I winna come hame again e'en, jo!"

16

The two first verses are to be sung here, and after :

v³

boiled

"Ye's get a cock well totled i' the pot,⁴
An ye'll come hame, &c.
Ye's get a cock well totled i' the pot,⁴
An ye'll come hame again e'en, jo!

20

The fourth⁵ verse for the chorus : "Ha, ha, &c.

VI

"Ye's get a hen well boiled i' the pan,⁶
An ye'll, &c.
Ye's get a hen well boiled i' the pan,⁶
An⁷ ye'll come hame again e'en, jo!

24

[Chorus:]

"Ha, ha, &c.

¹ that's *M* ² and omitted *M* ³ verse v omitted *M* ⁴ pat *S*
⁵ third *MS*, *S* ⁶ A reekin fat hen, weel fryth'd i' the pan *M*
⁷ Gin *M*

VII

- “ A well made bed and a pair of clean sheets,
 An ¹ ye'll come hame, an ye'll come hame,
 23 A well made bed and a pair of clean sheets,
 An ¹ ye'll come hame again e'en, jo !

[Chorus :]

Ha, ha, &c.

VIII ²

- “ A pair of white legs and a good cogg-wame, bowl-
 32 An ye'll come hame, an ye'll come hame, shaped
 A pair of white legs and a good cogg-wame,
 An ye'll come hame again e'en, jo ! ” ³

IX

- “ Ha, ha, how ! that's something that dow,
 36 I will come hame, I will come hame !
 Ha, ha, how ! that's something that dow,
 I'll haste me ⁴ hame again e'en, jo ! ” ⁵

¹ Gin *S* ² for verse viii *M* has the following substitute :—

A luvng wife in lily white linens,
 Gin ye'll come hame, gin ye'll come hame,
 A luvng wife in lily white linens,
 Gin ye'll come hame again een, jo. *M*

³ An ye'll come hame twice *MS* ⁴ I will come home *M* ⁴ after
 verse ix : The two first verses of this song are to be sung
 before the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th verses as before the
 3rd, and the 4th after them by way of chorus. *MS.*

B

I

THE shepherd-lassie cries o'er the hill :¹

" Will ye cum hame, will ye cum hame ? "

The shepherd-lassie cries o'er the hill :

" Will ye cum hame² at e'en, joe ? "

4

II

" What will ye gie me to my supper,

To my supper, to my supper ?

What will ye gie me to my supper,

If I cum hame at e'en, joe ? "

6

¹ over line 1 in a different hand : The herd's wife ca'd o'er
the know I ² hame omitted in I.

L

[FRAGMENT]

I

"Now take a cud in ilka hand	cudgel
And bace her up and down, man,	beat
And she'll be an o' the best wives,	one
That ever took the town, man!"	
.	

II

And Jammie's turn'd him round about,	
He's done a manly feat :	
"Get up, get up, ye dirty slut,	worthless
And gie to me my meat!"	woman

III

"Say't o'er again, say't o'er again,	
Ye thief, that I may hear ye !	
I'se gar ye ¹ dance upon a peat,	make it hot
Gin I sall cum but near ye !" ¹	for you

¹ you II.

LI

[BOYSAC]

I

THE prettiest laird in a' the wast ¹
 And that was Bonnymoon,
 And Teukston was courageous,
 Cry'd for a wanton quean, 4
 And Boysac he was tendir ²
 And might na bide nae weir, ³
 And yet he came courageously
 Without or dread or fear. 8

war

[Chorus:]

O Boysac, gin ye die,
 O Boysac, gin ye die,
 O I's ⁴ put on your winding-sheet,
 Fine hollan it shal ⁵ be. ⁶ 12

II

I'd rather hae Redcastle,
 And a red rose in his hand,
 Before I'd hae ye, Boysac,
 Wi' thretty ploughs of land. 16

[Chorus:]

O Boysac, gin ye die, &c. ⁷

¹ west S ² tender S ³ wear II, S ⁴ I'se II, S ⁵ shall II, S ⁶ corrected instead of And whirl't o'er your e'en I
⁷ chorus in full in II and S.

LII

WALIFU' FA' THE CAT

A

I

	As I came down bony Tweedside	
	I heard and I wist nae what,	knew not
	I heard ae wife say to another : ¹	
4	"O walaway ² fa' the cat !	alas

II

	"O walaway ² fa' the cat,	
	For she has bred muckle wanease,	much ;
	She has opened the amry door,	trouble ;
8	And has eaten up a' our bit cheese !	cupboard

III

	"She's ³ eaten up all ⁴ the bit cheese,	
	O' the bannocks she's no left a mote,	cakes ;
	She has dung the hen off ⁵ her eggs,	particle
12	And she's drown'd in the sowin'-boat.	driven
		barrel for
		preparing
		groats

¹ anither S ² waly fu' S ³ She has S ⁴ a' S ⁵ aff S

IV

"O walaway¹ fa' the cat !

knew

box with
sloping lid ;
mantel-
shelf

I kend she wad never do grace,

She has pist i' the backet of sa't,

And has dung the bit fish aff the brace. 16

V

"She has dung the bit fish aff the brace,

earthen
pickling-
pot
poison

And it's fal'n i' the master-can,²

And now it has sick a stink,

It'l pizen the silly goodman." 20

¹ waly fu' S

² maister-can &

B

[WALLIFOU FA' THE CAT

I

small

few

THERE was a bonny wie ladie,

Was keeping a bonny whine sheep,

There was a bonny wie lassie,

Was wading the water sae deep, 4

Was wading the water sae deep,

And a little above her knee,

The ladie cries unto the lassie :

"Come down Tweedside to me !" 8

II

	And when I gade down Tweedside,	came
	I heard, I dinna ken what,	
	I heard ae wife say t'anither :	
12	" Wallifou fa' the cat !	alas
	Wallifou fa' the cat,	
	She's bred the house an wanease,	trouble
	She's open'd the am'ry door	cupboard
16	And eaten up a' the cheese.	

III

	"She's eaten up a' the cheese,	
	O' the kebbuk she's no left a bit,	cheese
	She's dung down the bit skate on the	
	brace,	
20	And it is fa'en in the sowen-kit ;	tub for
	'Tis out o' the sowen-kit	preparing
	And 'tis into the maister-kan,	groats
	It will be sae fiery sa't,	
24	'Twill poison our goodman."]	

LIII

[DONALD COWPER]

	DONALD ¹ COWPER and his man	
	They've gane to the fair, ²	
	They've gane to court a bonie lass, ³	
not one	But fint a ma was there. ⁴	4
	But he has gotten an auld wife, ⁵	
crippling	And she's come hirpling hame, ⁶	
stool with sides	And she's fa'n o'er the buffet-stool	
rump-bone	And brake her rumple-bane. ⁷	8

[Chorus:]

Sing⁸ hey Donald, how Donald,
 Hey Donald Cowper!
 He's gane awa to court⁹ a wife,
 And he's come hame without her. 12

¹ O Donald *M* ² Held to a Highland fair, man *M* ³ And
 a' to seek *M* ⁴ a ane was there, man *M* ⁵ At length he got
 a carlin gray *M* ⁶ hame, man ⁷ rumple-bane, man ⁸ Sing
 omitted *M* ⁹ seek *M*.

LIV

[SYMON BRODIE]

I

- SYMON BRODIE had a cow,
 The cow was lost, and he cou'd na find her,
 When he had done what man could do,
 4 The cow came hame and her¹ tail behind
 her.

[Chorus:]

- Honest, auld Symon Brodie,
 Stupid, auld, doited bodie,
 I'll awa to the north-countree
 8 And see my ain dear Symon Brodie !

* * *

confused

II

- Symon Brodie had a wife,
 And wow but she was braw and bony !
 She took the dish-clout aff the bink,
 12 And prin'd it to her cockernony.

[Chorus:]

Honest, auld Symon Brodie, &c.

* * *

¹ the S.

handsome
 dish-towel;
 plate-rack
 pinned;
 hair gath-
 ered in a
 band

LV

[TIBBIE FOWLER]

I

TIBBY FOWLER o' the glen,
 There's o'er mony wooing at her,
 She has lovers nine or ten,¹
 There's o'er mony wooing at her! 4

[Chorus:]

Wooing at her, kissing² at her,
 Clapping³ at her, cannae get her:
 Shame fa' her filthy snout,
 There's o'er mony wooing at her!⁴ 8

nose

II

Gin a lass war ne'er sae black,⁵
 If she hae the penny siller⁶
 Set her upo' Tintock-tap:⁷
 The wind'll blow the lads till 'er.⁸ 12

abundance
of cash

¹ *Instead of this l. 1 repeated M* ² *pu'in M* ³ *courtin M*
⁴ *ll. 3 and 4 of the Chorus:—*

money

Filthy elf, it's for her pelf
 That a' the lads are wooin at her *M*

⁵ *Be a lassie e'er sae black M* ⁶ *An' she hae the name o' siller M* ⁷ *the Tinto Hill co. Lanark* ⁸ *will blaw a man till her M*

III

Gin a lass war ne'er sae fair,¹
 If² she want the penny siller,
 She may sit seven years and mair,
 16 Afore a man'l come till 'er.³

¹ Be a lassie e'er sae fair *M* ² An *M* ³ *U.* 3 and 4 :—
 A fie may fell her in the air.
 Before a man be even till her *M*.

LVI

LUMPS O' PUDDINGS

I

stole
children ;
enough
crept

My daddy he stealt ¹ the minister's cow,
And a' we weans gat puddings anew,
The dirt crap out as the meat gaed in,
And wow, sick puddings as we gat then ! 4

pieces
stuck ;
almost

*Sick lumps of puddings, sick dads o' bread,
They stack in my throat and maist were my dead !*

II

As I gaed by the minister's yard,
I spied the minister kissing his maid ; 8
Gin ye winnae believe, cum here and see :
Sick a braw new coat the minister gied me !
Sick lumps o' puddings, &c.

¹ steal'd S.

LVII

GREEN SLEEVES

I

GREEN sleeves and pudden-pyes,
 Come tell me where my true love lyes,
 And I'll¹ be wi' her ere she rise :
 4 Fidle a' the gither ! together

II

Hey ho ! and about she goes,
 She's milk in her breasts, she's none in
 her toes,
 She's a hole in her a—, you may put in
 your nose,
 8 'Sing : hey, boys, up go we !²

III

Green sleeves and yellow lace,
 Maids, maids, come, marry apace !
 The batchleors are in a pitiful case
 12 To fidle a' the gither.

¹ I'll I ² the tune Hey boys, up go we was well known already in the 17th century, cp. Chappell, vol. I, pp. 204-8.

LVIII

[THERE GAED A FAIR MAIDEN¹]

I

THERE gaed a fair maiden out to walk
In a morning of July ;
She was fair, bonie, sweet and young,
But met wi' a lad unruly. 4

II

He took her by the lily-white hand,
He swore he lov'd² her truly :
The man forgot, but the maid thought on—
O it was in the month of July ! s

¹ *Title: Up in the Morning early MSS and S* ² *loo'd S.*

LIX

[WILLIE HE'S A BONIE LAD]

I

4 WILLIE he's a bonie lad,
And Willie he's a braw,
And what will a' the lasses do,
When Willie gangs awa?

II

8 Black Bess she sat ¹ i' the nook,
And she said nought at a',
For well she kend she had his heart,
Before he gaed awa.

corner-seat

¹ sate II.

LX

[THEY'RE A' NODDING]

I

broth	Cats likes milk and dogs likes ¹ broo, Lads likes lasses and lasses lads too : And they'r ² a' nodding, nid nid nodding, 3 They'r a' nodding at our house at hame.
-------	--

II

corner-seat know it	Kate sits i' the nuik supping her broo, Deil take Kate, if she does not knou't too : 6 And they'r ³ a' nodding, &c.
------------------------	---

¹ like *I*² they *II*³ they *I*.

LXI

AND when they came by Gorgie Mills,
 They licked a' the mouter,
 The bannocks lay about there ¹
 4 Like bandoliers and powder. ground
corn
cakes

[*Chorus* :]

Awa, Whigs, awa !
 Awa, Whigs, awa !
 Ye're but a pack o' lazy loons,
 8 Ye'll do nae good ava. ² at all

¹ their / ² at a' II.

LXII

THREE sheep-skins and the wrong side o' them
 outward ¹—
 He's a thief and she's a loon that ca'd my wife low person
 a drunkard.
 She is not a drunkard, but she's a pretty dancer,
 4 She has a tongue intill her head to gie a mettle sharp
 answer. ²

¹ outmost MSS ² line 4 not in II.

LXIII

know not if THERE came a fidler out of France,
 I wat nae giff ye kend him,
 And he did yon wi' our good wife :
 Geld him, lasses, geld him ! 4

LXIV

kissed WE'RE a' kist sleeping,
 We're a' kist sleeping !
 now not Na fint a word o' that was true,
 For I was wide waking. 4

LXV

grand-
mother I HAE often heard my grannam say—
 And she was a good auld wife O—
 That the kissing o' a bonie¹ lass
 Wad raise the dead to life O. 4

¹ bonny II.

LXVI

sea-crab
toes ; pick WILL ye gang to Fife,¹ lassie ?
 Will ye gang to Fife,¹ lassie ?
 Ye's get partan-taes to pike,
 And ye sall be my wife, lassie ! 4

¹ Fyfe II.

LXVII

KEEP the country, bonie lassie,
 Keep the country, keep the country,
 Keep the country, bonie lassie,
 4 Lads will a' gie gowd for ye ! gold
 Gowd for ye, bonie lassie,
 Gowd for ye, gowd for ye,
 Keep the country, bonie lassie,
 8 Lads will a' gie gowd for ye !

LXVIII

I WILL k^íss your wife, carl, man
 Wife carl, wife carl,
 I will kiss your wife, carl,
 4 Just afore your een,
 And ye dare nae for your life, carl,
 Life carl, life carl,
 And ye dare na for your life, carl,
 8 Say it's ill deen. done

LXIX

I CAN drink and no be drunk,
 I can fight and no be slain,
 I can kiss a bony ¹ lass,
 4 And ay ² be welcom back again.

¹ bonny // ² ay] I II.

LXX

wrong OUR John is ay in the right o't,
 Ay in the right o't, ay in the right o't,
 Our John is ay in the right o't,
 And I am i' the wrang mysell. 4

LXXI

breeches I'LL hae Johny's ² gray ³ breeks ¹
 For a' the ill he's done me yet,
 And I'll hae Johny's gray breeks
 For a' the ill he's done me yet, 4
 He's done me ill and against my will,
 knows And a' the country kens o' that:
 Yet I'll hae Johny's gray breeks
 For a' the ill he's done me yet! 5

¹ Over line 1 (in W. Scott's hand): I'll clout Johnie's gray
 breeks I ² Johnny's II ³ grey II.

LXXII

alas O HONE! O hone! I am most uneasy,
 since Sen I hae lost my blooming daisy;
 He's gane to Ireland, lang time he'll tarry,
 An Irish lass, I fear, he'll marry. 6

LXXIII

CAN ye ¹ leave me so, ladie,
 Can ye leave me so ?
 Can ye leave me comfortless,
 And take anither joe ?

¹ you II.

LXXIV

I'LL hae a piper, a piper, a piper,
 I'll hae a piper to be my goodman ! husband

LXXV

Fy, gar pluck and pu', cause to
 Fy, gar pu' the lilly ! pull
 Tell my daddy now,
 I'll hae nane but Willy !

LXXVI

WHISTLE, and I'll cum to ye, my lad !
 Whistle, and I'll cum to ye, my lad !
 Gin father and mither and a' should gae mad :
 Whistle, and I'll cum to ye, my lad !

C. NURSERY SONGS; POPULAR RHYMES

LXXVII

KING COULL

I

OLD ¹ king Cowl was a jolly old soul,
 And a jolly old soul was he,
 Old king Coul he had a brown bowl,²
 And they brought him ³ in ⁴ fiddlers three, 4
 And every fiddler was a very good fiddler,
 And a very good fiddler was he.⁵
 Fidell-didell, fidell-didell with ⁶ the fiddlers
 three:
 And ⁷ there's no a lass in all ⁸ Scotland 8
 Compared to ⁹ our sweet Margarie.¹⁰

(The second verse is: pipers three. After repeating the first four lines:)

Ha-didell, how-didell with the pipers,
 Fidell-didell, fidell-didell with the fiddlers
 three etc.

¹ Our auld *always* *M* ² fill'd a jolly brown bowl *M* ³ And
 he ca'd for his *M* ⁴ in *omitted* *M* ⁵ ll. 5 and 6 *not in M*
⁶ quo' *always* *M* ⁷ and *omitted* *M* ⁸ a' *S* ⁹ Like our *M*
¹⁰ Marjorie *S, M*

- 12 (Verge 3rd :) . . harpers three
Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle with¹ the
harpers,
Ha-didell etc.
Fidell-didell etc.
- [4th:] . . . trumpeters three.
- 16 Twerre-rang,² twerre-rang with [the] trumpeters.
- [5th:] . . . drummers three.
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub with the drummers,
Twerre-rang, twerre-rang with [the] trumpeters,
- 20 Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle with [the]
harpers,
Ha-didell, how-didell with the pipers,
Fidell-didell, fidell-didell with the fiddlers three:
And there's no a lass in a' Scotland
- 24 Compared to our³ sweet Margarie.

¹ went S ² Twarra-rang S, M ³ our with pencil over scored
old M.

LXXVIII

[WHEN I WAS A WEE THING¹]TUNE: *John Anderson, my Joe.*

I

	WHEN I was a wee thing	
	And just like an elf,	
	A' ² the meat that e'er I gat	
	I laid upon the shelf.	4
young rats	The rottens and the mice	
	They fell into a strife,	
would not	They wadnae let my meat alane,	
	Till I gat a wife.	8

II

	And when I gat a wife	
	She wadnae bide therein,	
wheel	Till I gat a hurl-barrow	
	To hurl her out and in:	12
	The hurle-barrow brake,	
	My wife she gat a fa',	
	And the foul fa' the hurle-barrow,	
	Cripple wife and a'.	16

¹ *The song is printed in S in 6 four-line verses*² All S

III

	She wadnae eat nae bacon,	
	She wadnae eat nae beef,	
	She wadnae eat nae lang-kale	coleworts
20	For fying o' her teeth,	soiling
	But she wad eat the bonie bird	
	That sits upon the tree;	
	Gang down the burn, Davie love,	
24	And I sall follow thee! ¹	

¹ Cp. R. Crawford's *Down the Burn, Davie* (*Songs*,⁽²⁾ i. pp. 204-9), v. 1, lines 7, 8. MS note *Herd's after r. III*: vide old words to this tune in Peirce's collection, vol. [II.] p. 107 [110-11 of the first edition.]

LXXIX

THE DREG-SONG

rode	I RADE to London yesterday	
crooked	On a cruket hay-cock.	
	Hay-cock, quo' the scale to the eel,	
turn up	Cock nae I my tail weel ?	4
	Tail weel, or if hare	
	Hunt the dog frae the deer,	
melancholy	Hunt the dog frae the deil-drum—	
	Kend ye nae John ¹ Young ?	5
-	John Young and John Auld	
bowels	Strove about the moniefald.	
	Jenny Jimp and Jenny Jeus	
light danc- ing shoes	Bought a pair of jimp-deus	
	Wi' nineteen stand of feet ;	
foot soldier	Kend ye nae white breck ?	14
lancer	White breck and steel-pike	
	Kiss't the lass behind the dyke,	
gave birth to baby	And she whalpet a bairnie.	
	Hey hou, Harry, Harry,	
crossed against the current	Monie a boat skail'd the ferry !	19
	Monie a boat, monie a ship !	
	Tell me a true note,	

¹ Johnny, S

- True note, true song !
 I've dreg'd o'erlong,
 24 O'er lang, o'er late !
 Quo' the haddock to the scate,
 Quo' the scate to the eel :
 Cock nae I my tail weel ?
 Tail weel, and gin's better,
 30 It's written in a letter.
 Andrew Murray said to Meg :
 How monie hens hae you wi' egg ?
 Steek the door and thraw the crook, shut ; bar
 33 Grape you and I's look. feel about
 Put in your finger in her dock hinder end
 And see gin she lais thereout.
 She lais thereout days ane,
 Sae dis he days twa, does
 Sae ¹ dis he days three,
 Sae dis he days four ;
 40 Quo' the carl o' Aberdour.
 Aberdour, Aberdeen,
 Gray claith to the green,
 Gray claith to the sands,
 44 Trip it, trip it thro' the ² lands.
 Thro' lands, or if hare
 Hunt the dog frae the deer,
 Hunt the deer frae the dog,
 48 Waken, waken, Willie Tod !
 Willie Tod, Willie Tay,
 Clekit in the month of May hatched

¹ Say S ² the omitted MS

April	Month of May and Averile, Good skill o' reasons,	
hooks and eyes	Tentlins and fentlins. Yeery, ory, alie ! Weel row'd five men, As weel your ten. The oysters are a gentle kin, They winna tak unless you sing.	53
heap	Come buy my oisters aff the bing, To serve the shirreif and the king, And the commons o' the land, And the commons o' the sea, Hey <i>benedicete</i> ! and that's good Latin.	53

LXXX

THE NURSE'S SONG

I

How dan, dilly dow,
How den dan,
Weel were your minny, mother
An ye were a man !

II

Ye wad hunt and hauk hawk
And ha'd her o' game, hold
And water your dady's horse
I' the mill-dam.

III

How dan, dilly dow,
How dan flow'rs,
Ye's ly i' your bed
Till ele'en ¹ hours.

¹ eleven S

IV

	If at ele'en hours	
desire	Ye ¹ list to rise,	
	Ye's ha ² your dinner	
dressed	Dight in a new guise.	16

V

	La'rick's legs	
larks	And titlins' ³ toes	
titlarks	And a' sick daintys	
	My manie shall hae. ⁴ D[a] C[apo]. ⁵	20

¹ you *S* ² hae *S* ³ titlens *S* ⁴ vv. iv and v as one four-line stanza *MS*, *S* ⁵ here probably v. i is to be repeated *S*.

LXXXI

[THE WREN]

[TUNE :] *Lennox's love to Blantyre*¹

I

	THE wren scho lyes in care's bed,	she
	In care's bed, in care's bed,	
	The wren scho lyes in care's bed,	
4	In mickle dule and pyne O,	woe; pining
	Quhen in cam Robbin Redbreist,	
	Redbreist, Redbreist,	
	Quhen in cam' Robbin Redbreist	
8	Wi' succar-saps and wyn O.	pap sweet- ened with sugar

II

	"Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this,
	Taste o' this, taste o' this,
	Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this ?
12	It's succar-saps and wyn O."
	"Na, ne'er a drap, Robin,
	Robin, Robin,
	Na, ne'er a drap, Robin,
16	Gin it was ne'er so fyn O."

* * * * *

¹ *The words Lennox's love to Blantyre not in Herd's hand. The title in S and M is: The Wren; or Lennox's Love to Blantyre* ² *On the margin: hiatus valde defend[us]. MS*

III

where is ;
gave

" And quhere's the ring that I gied ye,
That I gied ye, that I gied ye ?

And quhere's the ring that I gied ye,

short-
tempered
woman
soldier

Ye little cutty quyn¹ O ? "

"

" I gied it till a soger,

A soger, a soger,

I gied it till a soger,

A kynd sweet-heart o' myn O." ²

"

¹ queen S ² In Chambers's *Popular Rhymes Wren answers*:-

titmouse

" I gied it till an ox-ee,

An ox-ee, an ox-ee ;

I gied it till an ox-ee,

A true sweitheart o' mine, O " (p. 187).

LXXXII

[ROBIN REDBREAST'S TESTAMENT]

I

"Gude day now, bonny Robin,
 How lang hae ¹ ye been here?"
 "O I've ² been bird about this bush
 This mair than twenty year.

II

"But now I am the sickest bird,
 That ever sat on brier,
 And I wad mak my testament,
 Gudeman, if ye wad hear.

III

"Gar tak this bonny neb o' mine, beak
 That picks upon the corn,
 And gie't to the Duke of Hamilton
 To be a hunting-horn.

IV

"Gar tak these bonny feathers o' mine,
 The feathers o' my neb,
 And gie ³ to the Lady o' Hamilton
 To fill a feather-bed.

¹ have *S* ² I have *S* ³ gie it *S*

V

" Gar tak this gude right leg o' mine
 And mend the brig o' Tay :
 It will be a post and pillar gude,
 It'l neither bow nor bay.¹

bridge
 yield nor
 bend

20

VI

" And tak this ither² leg o' mine
 And mend the brig o' Weir :
 It will be a post and piller gude,
 It'l neither bow nor steer.

yield nor
 move out
 of position

24

VII

" Gar tak these bonny feathers o' mine,
 The feathers o' my tail,
 And gie to the lads o' Hamilton,
 To be a barn-flail.

23

VIII

" And tak these bonny feathers o' mine,
 The feathers o' my breast,
 And gie to ony bonny lad,
 That'll bring to me a priest."

22

¹ See Murray's *N.E.D.* s.v. bey ; illegible in *MS*, a blank in *S*, gae in *Chambers's Popular Rhymes*, p. 38 ² other *S*.

IX

Now in there cam my lady Wren
 With mony a sigh and groan :
 " O what care I for a' the lads,
 38 If my wee lad be gone ! "

X

Then Robin turned him round about,
 E'en like a little king :
 " Go, pack ye out at my chamber-door,
 40 Ye little cutty quean ! "

short-
 tempered
 woman

LXXXIII

[THE HUNTING OF THE WREN]

I

"Will ye go to the wood?" quo' Fozie Mozie,
"Will ye go to the wood?" quo' Johnie Rednozie,
"Will ye go to the wood?" quo' Foslin' ene,
"Will ye go to the wood?" quo' brither and kin. 4

II

"What to do there?" quo' Fozie Mozie,
"What to do there?" quo' Johnie Rednozie,
"What to do there?" quo' Foslin' ene,
"What to do there?" quo' brither and kin. 8

III

"To slay the wren," quo' Fozie Mozie,
"To slay the wren," quo' Johnie Rednozie,
"To slay the wren," quo' Foslin' ene,
"To slay the wren," quo' brither and kin. 12

IV

"What way will we get her hame?" quo' Fozie
Mozie,
"What way will we get her hame?" quo' Johnie
Rednozie,
"What way will we get her hame?" quo' Foslin'
ene,
16 "What way will we get her hame?" quo' brither
and kin.

V

"We'l hyre carts and horse," quo' Fozie Mozie,
"We'l hyre carts and horse," quo' Johnie Red-
nozie,
"We'l hyre carts and horse," quo' Foslin' ene,
20 "We'l hyre carts and horse," quo' brither and
kin.

VI

"What way will we get her in?" quo' Fozie
Mozie,
"What way will we get her in?" quo' Johnie
Rednozie,
"What way will we get her in?" quo' Foslin'
ene,
24 "What way will we get her in?" quo' brither
and kin.

VII

door-posts "We'l drive down the door-cheeks," quo' Fozie
Mozie,
"We'l drive down the door-cheeks," quo' Johnie
Rednozie,
"We'l drive down the door-cheeks," quo' Foslin'
ene,
"We'l drive down the door-cheeks," quo' brither s
and kin.

VIII

"I'll hae a wing," quo' Fozie Mozie,
"I'll hae anither,"¹ quo' Johnie Rednozie,
"I'll hae a leg," quo' Foslin' ene,
"And I'll hae anither," quo' brither and kin. ~~—~~

¹ another *MS.*

LXXXIV

THE TOD¹

I

THERE dwells a tod on yonder craig,	fox ; rock
And he's a tod of might a,	
He lives as well on his purchess, ²	depre-
As ony ³ laird or knight a.	dations

II

John Armstrang said unto the tod :	
" An ye come near my sheep a,	
The first time that I meet with ⁴ you,	
It's I will gar ye greet a ! "	cry

III

The tod said to John Armstrang again :	
" Ye dare na be sae bauld a,	bold
For'n I hear ony mair o' your din,	for if ; noise
I'll worry a' the sheep o' your fauld a ! "	fold

IV

The tod he hies him to his craig,	goes hither
And there sits he fu' crouss a,	perfectly
And for Johnny Armstrang and a' his tykes	contented
He does not care a lous a.	collie dogs

¹ *Original gloss, pencil*: a fox, *MS* ² purchess *S* ³ only *S*

LXXXV

yeast

BARM, OR CUSHEN-DANCE ¹

I'LL trip upon trenchers, I'll dance upon dishes,
 My mither sent me for barm, for barm !
 And thro' the kirk yard I met wi' the laird,
 The silly poor body could do me no harm, 4
 But down i' the park I met with the clerk,
 And he gied ² me my barm, my barm !

¹ or cushen-dance not in S ² gaed S.

LXXXVI

TUNE: *Rakes of Mallo*

I

"SANDY," quo' he, "lend me your mill,"
 "Sandy," quo' he, "lend me your mill,"
 "Sandy," quo' he, "lend me your mill,"
 "Lend me your mill," quo' Sandy. 4

II

Sandy lent the man his mill,
 And the man got a loan of Sandy's mill,
 And the mill that was lent was Sandy's
 mill,
 And the mill belong'd to Sandy. 8

THERE was two¹ craws sat on a stane,
Fal de ral, &c.,
Ane flew awa and there remain'd ane,
Fal de ral, &c.,
The other seeing his neibour² gane,
Fal de ral, &c.,
Then he flew awa and there was nane,
Fal de ral, &c.

¹ *twa II* ² *niigbour II.*

“Auld wife, auld wife, will you go a-shearing?”

“Speak a little louder, sir, I’m unka dull o’¹ very hearing.”

“Auld wife, auld wife, shall I come and kiss ye?”

“I think I hear some better, sir, the Lord in heaven bless² ye!”

¹ a hearing *I* ² bliss *II*.

LXXXIX

devil's

SOME say the deel's ¹ dead,
 The deel's dead, the deel's dead,
 Some say the deel's dead
 And buried in Kirka'dy, ² 4
 And some say he's risen agen ³
 He's risen agen, he's risen agen,
 And some say he's risen and run
 Awa wi' the Highland ladie ! ⁴ 5

¹ deil always II ² Kirkcaldy, town in Fifeshire ³ again
 three times II ⁴ . . risen again, and danced the Highland
 laddie *Chambers's Popular Rhymes*, p. 383.

XC

SOME say that care kill'd the cat
 And fell'd her and made her to die,
 But I will do better than that,
 For the never a care will have I.

XCI

CUMSLIE stands on Cumsle hill,
 The water it runs by Cumsle mill,
 The mill and the kiln stands bonnylie :
 And up with the Whippers of Cumsle !

There's Cumsle lasses and Cumsle lads

* * *

XCII

MASS DAVID WILLIAMSON

MASS David Williamson,
 Chosen of twenty,
 Gaed up to the pulpit
 And sang *Killicrankie*,¹
 Saw ye e'er, heard ye e'er,
 Sickan a soudie ?
 Bannocks o' bear-meal,
 Cakes o' croudie !

such a stir
 barley meal
 oatmeal

Marginal note in pencil (Walter Scott's): When the said
 Ober fled before the Philistines.

D. MODERN SONGS IN THE POPULAR STYLE; BROADSIDES

XCIII

DUNCAN GRAY

I

	CAN ye play me Duncan Gray?	
	High, hey the girdin o't,	
	O'er the hills and far away?	
	High, hey &c.	4
	Duncan he came here to woo	
drunk	On a day when we were fou', ¹	
vomit	And Meg she swore that she wou'd spew,	
	If he gaed her the girdin o't.	8

II

	But Duncan he came here again,	
	High, hey &c.	
	And a' was out but Meg her lane,	
	High, &c.	12
one end,	He kiss'd her but, he kiss'd her ben,	
other end	He bang'd a thing against her wame,	
of the	But trouth I now forgot its name,	
house	But I trow she got the girdin o't.	16

¹ Cp. The Wowing of Jock and Jynny (*Bannatyne MS* fol. 137) in *Laing's Early Popular Poetry of Scotland and the Northern Border*, Hazlitt's edition, 1895, vol. ii. p. 25, v. 1 - lines 1-2 :—

Robeyns Jock came to wow our Jynny,
On our feist-evin when we were fow &c.

III

She took him to the cellar than,
 High, hey &c.
 To see if he cou'd do't again,
 High, &c.
 He kiss'd her twice, he kiss'd her thrice,
 Till deil amair the thing wou'd rise, any more
 Altho' she cry'd out baith her eyes
 To get the lang girdin o't.

IV

Then Duncan took her for his wife,
 High, &c.
 To be the comfort of his life,
 High, &c.
 But she scolds away both night & day,
 Without that Duncan still wou'd play,
 And ay she cries: "Fy, Duncan Gray,
 Come, gae me the girdin o't!"

V

He bought his wife a peck of malt,
 High, hey &c.
 And bade her brew good swats o' that, new ale
 &c.
 She brew'd it thick, she mask'd it thin, mashed
 She threw the tap, but nane wou'd run, turned
 Till Duncan he slept¹ in his pin, alipped
 And then she got the girdin o't.

¹ alipt *S.*

XCIV

KIND ROBIN LOO'S ME

I

	ROBIN is my only joe,	
	Robin ¹ has the art to loe,	
	So to his suit I mean to bow,	
know	Because I ken he loo's me ;	4
	Happy, happy was the show'r,	
	That led me to his birken bower,	
birch-tree	Whare first of love I fand the power,	
found	And kend that Robin loo'd me.	8

II

	They'l ² speak o' napkins, speak o' rings,	
	Speak of gloves and kissing-strings,	
	And name a thousand bonny things,	
	And ca' them signs he loves ³ me :	12
	But I'd preferr a smack of Rob,	
	Sporting on the velvet fog,	
	To gifts as lang's a plaiden wobb,	
	Because I ken he loes me.	

cravats
strings
tied under
the chin

moes
woollen
web

¹ For Robin *M* ² They *S* ³ of love *J*

III

He's tall and sonsy, frank and free, handsome
 Loo'd by a' and dear to me,
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
 Because my Robin loves me.
 My titty Mary sayd to me, sister
 Our courtship but a joke wad be,
 And I, or lang, be made to see
 That Robin didna love me.

IV

But little kens she what has been
 Me and my honest Rob between,
 And in his wooing, o so keen,
 Kin' Robin is that loo's me !
 Then fly ye lazy hours away,
 And hasten on the happy day,
 When : join your hands ! ¹ Mess John shall the
 say, minister
 And mak him mine that loo's me.

V

Till then let every chance unite
 To weigh our love and fix delight,
 And I'll look down on such wi' spite,
 Wha doubt that Robin loo's me,
 O hey, Robin, quo' she,
 O hey, Robin, quo' she,
 O hey, Robin, quo' she,
 Kind Robin loo's me !

Join'd our hands MS, S, M ; the emendation is by Chambers.

XCV

BYDE YE YET

I

cheerful

GIN I had a wee house and a canty wee fire,

A bony wee wife¹ to praise and admire,kitchen-
garden

A bony wee yardie aside a wee burn :

complain ;
mourn

Farweil to the bodies that yamer and murn ! 4

[Chorus :]

be patient

And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,

happen

Ye little ken what may betide me² yet,

Some bony wee bodie may be my lot,

And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking on't.³ 8

II

full

When I gang afield and come hame at e'en,

baby

I'll get my wee wife fou neat and fou clean,

And a bony wee bairny upon her knee,

That will cry : " Papa " or " Daddy " to me. 12

[Chorus :]

And bide ye yet, &c.

¹ wife S² you S, ye M³ o't S, M

III

And if there should happen ever to be
A difference atween my wee wife and me,
In hearty good humour, altho' she be teaz'd,
I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleas'd.

[*Chorus :*]

And bide ye yet, &c.

XCVI

[O WOW, MARGET]

I

O wow, Marget, are ye in?

had to run I nae sooner heard it, but I boot¹ to rin

street Down the gate to tell ye, down the gate to tell
ye,

Down the gate to tell ye: we'l² no be left our skin! 4

II

For o, dear woman, o dear! o dear!

The like o' this was never heard since Marr's³
year:

The French and the 'Mericaains they will a' be
here,

And we will a' be murdered,⁴ o dear, dear! 8

III

And o wow, woman, I doubt, I doubt,

They will bring in black popery a' round about,

And sad desolation,⁵ and sad desolation,

And sad desolation in a' the kerks⁶ about. 12

¹ bet II ² we will II ³ Mar's II *The Earl of Mar commanded the Highlanders against Argyle in the battle of Sheriffmuir on the 13th November 1715.* ⁴ murther'd II ⁵ disolation II ⁶ kirks II

IV

But well did I ken, that a' was nae right,
 For I dream'd o' red and green the whole last
 night,
 And twa cats fighting, and twa cats fighting,
 18 And twa cats fighting : I wakened wi' a fright.

V

But hae ye na mind in this very ¹ floor
 How we rigg'd out ourselves ² for the Shirriffmoor, dressed
 Wi' stanes in our aprons, wi' stanes in our aprons,
 20 Wi' stanes in our aprons : we did them skaith, harm
 I'm sure !

VI

O bide a wi, Marget, I think I hear a gun—
 Hout awa, woman, 'twas but me breaking wind !
 I'm blyth whan it wins awa, blyth whan it wins is set free
 awa,
 24 Blyth whan it wins awa wi' sae little din. noise

VII

O farewell, woman, for I man ³ go rin, must
 I wonder gif our nighbour Elspa be in,
 And auld Raby Barber and auld Raby Barber, Robert
 28 And auld Raby Barber, and I man tell him !

¹ verry II ² oursells II ³ mann II.

XCVII

[ROBIN'S COURTSHIP]

I

How lang have I a batchelor been
 This twa and twenty year,
 How oft¹ have I a-wooing gane,
 Tho' I came never near ! 4

II

For Nannie she says she winna hae me,
 I look sae like a clown,
 But, by my sooth, I'm as good as hersel,
 vex Sae I's ne'er fash my thum !² 8

III

spring She says, if I could loup and dance,
 As Tam the miller can,
 Or cut a caper like the taylor :
 She wad like me than. 12

IV

foolish By my word, it's daffin to lie,
 My joints was³ ne're so nimble,
 The tailor he has naething to mind
 But his bodkin, shears and thimble.— 16

¹ aft S ² thumb S ³ were S

V

- “ And how do you do, my little wi Nan,
 My lamb and slibrikin mouse? sleek little
 And how does your father and mother do,
 20 And a' the good fok ¹ i' the house? folk

VI

- “ I think na ² shame to shaw my shapen, appear
 I'se warrant ye'l guess my errand: personally
 Ye ³ maun gang wi' me, my fair maid !” must
 24 “ To marry you, sir, I warrand.

VII

- “ But *maun* ⁴ belongs to the king himsel,
 But no to a country-clown,
 Ye might have said: ‘ Wi' your leave, fair maid,’
 28 And letten your *maun* alone.” ⁵

VIII

- “ O see but how she mocks me now,
 She scoffs me and does scorn;
 The man that marries you, fair maid,
 32 Man rise right soon i' the morn ! must

IX

- “ But fare ye weel ⁶ and e'en's ye ⁷ like, even as
 For I can get anither !” ⁸
 He lap on his horse at the back o' the dyke jumped ;
 36 And gae hame to tell his mither. wall

¹ folks *S* ² nae *S* ³ you *S* ⁴ maun corrected for must
MS ⁵ alane *S* ⁶ well *S* ⁷ you *S* ⁸ another *MS*

X

would not

When Nan saw that, she wad na wait,
 But she has ta'en the tailor,
 For when a lass gets the lad she likes
 'Tis better far than siller.

40

XI

lost

knoll

tore; oried

knocked;
skull

But when he heard that Nanse was tint,
 As he sat on yon know,
 He ruggit his hair, he blubber'd and grat,
 And to a stane daddit his pow.

41

XII

mouth

lad

mad

His mither came out and wi' the dishclout
 She daddit about his mow:
 "The deel's i' the chield, I think he's gane
 daft:
 Get up, ye blubbering sow!"

42

XCVIII

JOHNNY JOHNSTON

I

O JOHNNY JOHNSTON was my love,
 But wha wad e'er hae thought it o' him?
 He's left me for a tocher'd lass,
 A dirty slut, unwordy o' him.

dowered
 unworthy

II

But to the bridale I sall gang,
 Altho' I'm sure I was nae bidden,
 I care nae, tho' they a' should cry:
 "Hech see, sirs, yonder comes the dirdam!"

marriage-
 feast
 invited

slighted
 female(!)

III

When I came to the bridale-house
 Wow but the slut had little 'havins!
 For ay she rave and rugged at
 And licked a' the creechy gravins.

behaviour
 tore
 earthen
 plates

IV

A gentleman that sat neest me,
 Was spearing wha was't that was aught her?
 "Indeed, sir, I think shame to tell,
 She's sick a silly bodie's daughter."

next
 whose child
 is she

V

aimed The bride she minted wi' a bane
threatened And grin'd at me, because I said it,
to throw She said, says she: "Say that again,
recall it And I'se gar you mak ae thing twa o't!"¹ 28

.

VI

surely say I trow then, when the bride saw this
She bad my love come for to please me:
dance He came and bad me chuse my spring,
And said, says he: "What's this that grieves 24
 you?"

VII

know "I'm neither griev'd nor sad," says I,
And that I'll let you ken to ease you,
I'll dance, sae will I, gin² I like,
And ye's tire first, sir, I'se assure you!" 28

VIII

uproar But when the bedding came at e'en,
sore Wow, but the house was in a steary!
The bride was frighted sair for fear
That I wad tak awa her deary. 28

IX

stared My bonny love gaed³ slow to bed,
He kiss'd her, but 'twas for the fashion,
And syne he glowr'd at my white skin,
And syne he sigh'd and rued the bargain. 28

¹ After verse v room for four lines, and note in the margin:
four lines wanting MS ² gif S ³ gae S.

XCIX

THE DAINTY DOWNBY¹

I

THERE'S a farmer near hard by,
Sent out his daughter to keep the ky, cows
Sent out his daughter to keep the ky,
In the green of the dainty Downby.

II

This lassie, being of a noble mind,
She went to the garden to pu' a pickle thyme, little
She went to the garden to pu' a pickle thyme,
In the garden of the dainty Downby.

III

Little did she ken that the laird was at hame,
Little did she ken that the laird was at hame,
Little did she ken that the laird was at hame,
The laird of the dainty Downby.

IV

He has tane her by the milk-white hand, taken
He has tane her by the grass-greene sleeve,
He has made her to be at his command
In the green of the dainty Downby.

¹ *Under the title:* This song is sung to a very fine old
cots tune not hitherto published in any collection of Scots
music. MS

V

"O go home,¹ go home, and tell your father
this,
Go home, go home and tell your father this,
Go home, go home and tell your father this,
What ye've gotten in the dainty Downby!" 20

VI

The father is to this young laird gone,
For to pay some rents that he was owing,
For to pay some rents that he was owing
To the laird of the dainty Downby. 24

VII

"O how is your daughter Marg'ret?" he said,
"O how is your daughter Marg'ret?" he said,
"O how is your daughter Marg'ret," he said,
"Since she was in the dainty Downby?" 28

VIII

go bid

"Gae, gar her come and speak to me,
Gae, gar her come and speak to me,
Gae, gar her come right speedily
To me in the dainty Downby!" 32

IX

When this lassie before the² young laird came,
Her lover baith grew pale and wan:
"O Marg'ret, Marg'ret, you've lain with a man,
Since you was in the dainty Downby!" 36

¹ hame *always* S² this S.

X

“O, kind sir, you may well understand
Since you made me be at your command,
You made me for to be at your command,
40 And wo to your dainty Downby !”

XI

“O Marg’ret, Marg’ret, gif I be the man,
If I be the man that has done ye the wrang,
I shall be the man that will raise you again,
44 Since you was in the dainty Downby.”

XII

Then he has call’d upon his vassalles all,
He has call’d on them baith great and small,
Then he has made her there before them all
48 The lady of the dainty Downby.

C

[PATE'S AND MAGGIE'S COURTSHIP]

A

I

PATIE came in frae the dale
 Dryvin his wathers afor him,
 He spyed bony Meg o' the vale,
 smothered Wha's beauty had lyk to hae smored him: 4
 "O Meggie, O dinna ye ken
 You an I's going to be married?
 I had rather a broken my banes,
 such a one Or sickinna match had miscarried!" 5

II

"Patie, o wha tell'd ye that—
 ill supplied O' news I think they've been scanty—
 soon That I sould a married sae shoon,
 impudent Or yet sould a been sae flanty? 12

C

PATE'S AND MAGGIE'S COURTSHIP]

B

I

As Patie came up frae the glen
 Drivin his wedders before him,
 He met bony Meg ganging hame,
 Her beauty was like for to smore him :
 "O din you ¹ ken, bony Meg,
 That you and I's gain ² to be married ?
 I rather had broken my leg,
 Before sic a bargain miscarried !"

II

"Na, Patie, o wha's teld you that—
 I think of news they've been scanty,—
 That I should be married so soon,
 Or yet should have been so flanty ? ³

¹ dinna ye *S* ² gaen *S* ³ flantly *S*
P

A

shall not	I shanna be married the year,	
	Tho' I were courted be twenty,	
ask	Sae, Patie, ye need na to speir,	
well I wot	For weel a wat, I dinna want ye ! "	18

III

hesitate	" Meggie, what gars ye to tant ?	
farm	Altho' that I hae na a mailin,	
furnishing	The lad that hae's gear will ne'er want	
for either	Nor nether a half nor a hale ane.	20
	My father has an auld meare,	
	An yours hae's a cow and a filly,	
	An we'll no want plenty o' gear,	
spiteful	So, ¹ Meggie, be na sae ill-willy ! "	21

IV

	" Well, Patie, I dinna ken,	
ask	Unless ye wad speir at my daddy,	
well	For we're weel-bodden'd there ben,	
provided ;	An I canna say but I am reddy.	22
indoors	We hae walth o' yarn an clews,	
balls of	To mak one a cot and a jimpy,	
thread	An plaidding well scoured for trews :	
coat; bodice	If ye get it I sanna scrimp ye."	23
woollen		
cloth		
shall not ;		
scant		

¹ Tho' MS

B

I winna be married the year,
 Suppose I were courted by twenty,
 Sae, Patie, you need nae mair spier,¹
 For weel a wat I dinna want ye!"

III

"Now, Maggie, what makes you² sae sweer?³ slow
 Is't 'cause that I henna a maille?⁴ have not;
 The lad that has plenty o' geer farm
 Need ne'er want a half or a haill ane. whole
 My dad has a good grey mare,
 And yours has twa cows and a filly,
 And that will be plenty o' geer,
 Sae, Maggie, be no sae ill-willy!"

IV

"Indeed, Patie, I dinna ken,
 But first you⁵ maun speir⁶ at my dady,⁶
 You'r as well born as Ben,
 And I canna say but I am⁶ ready.
 Ther'se plenty o' yearn⁷ in clues,
 To make me a coat and a jimpy,
 And plaiden enough to be trews:
 Gif ye get it, I shanna scrimp ye."

¹ mair S ² maks ye S ³ ye S ⁴ speir S ⁵ daddy S
⁷ yearn S

A

v

good befall	"Fair fa' ye, Meggie, for that! I's e'en let a smackie gae wi' ye! May my neck be as lang as my leg, If I be an ill husband unto ye!"	36
clothes	Haste ye, mak reddy your claiths,	
dress	An busk ye gin this day fifteen days, An tell yer father the news,	
son-in-law	That I'm his gudson in great kindness."	40

VI

wren tiding over; weather way	Meggie, as blyth as a wran Bodding a blast o' ill wather, An a' the get singing she ran, To tell the news till her father. But ay the auld man cryed:	44
by says bargain	"He'l nae be o' that mind or Sunday!" "Ther'[s] nae fear o' that," saes Meg, "For I gat a kiss to the bounty."	48

VII

hooked	"An what was the matter o' that? It was naething out o' his pocket; I wish the news was true, That we had him fairly heucket,	52
--------	--	----

B

v

“ Now fair fa’ ye, my boney Meg,
I’s let a wee smacky fa’ on ye :
May my neck be as lang as my leg,
38 If I be an ill husband unto ye !
Sae gang your way hame ee’ now, just now
Mak ready gin this day fifteen days,
And tell your father the news,
40 That I’ll be his son in great kindness.”

A

For Patie's very good lad
 An wather's has little frae twenty,
 And monny gud trifles beside :
 He's nae to fling at gin he wants ye ! " 56

VIII

little while	In a we whyle after that,	
house	Wha cam to the bigging but Patie,	
	Weel drest in a bra new coat,	
	And wow, but he thought himself pretty !	60
	His bonnet was little frae new	
loop ; loop-	An in it a loup and a sletty,	
hole	A ribbon drawn thro' it sae blue,	
dangle ;	To bab at the neck o' the cotty.	64
coat		

IX

stride	Patie cam in wi' a strain,	
house	Says : " Peace be in the bigging ! "	
come to the	" Y're welcome ! " co' William, " com ben,	
other end	Or I wis it may rive frae the rigging !	68
tear away ;	Cum in yer ways, Pate, an' sit down,	
ridge of	An tell's a' your news in a hurry, .	
roof	An, Meggie, gae ye i' the time,	
milk-	Put on the pat wi' the purry ! " 72	
porridge		

B

VI

It was nae lang after that,
 Wha came to our bigging but Patie,
 Well drest in a bra new coat,
 44 And wow, but he thought himsel¹ pretty!
 His bannet was little frae new,
 In it was a loup and a slitty,
 To tye in a ribbon sae blue,
 48 To bab on² the neck of his coaty.

VII

Then Patie came in wi' a stend,
 Said: "Peace be here to the bigging!"
 "You're welcome!" quo' William, "cum³ a ben,
 52 Or I wish it may rive frae the riggin!
 Now draw in your seat and sit down,
 And tell's a' your news in a hurry,
 And haste you,⁴ Meg, and be done,
 56 And hing on the pan wi' the berry!"

springing
step

¹ himself *S* ² at *S* ³ come *S* ⁴ ye *S*.

A

x

	Says Pate: "My news is but sma':	
last night	Yestreen I was wi' his Honnor,	
	An taen the lands o' Blaema	
bond	An set mysell under a bonnar;	76
	An now my errant's to you,	
till it	For Meggy to help me to laber't,	
afraid;	But I am fear'd we'll need yir best cow,	
belongings	Because that our hadding's but sober."	80

XI

through	Says William: "To hurl ye throw,	
	I's be at the cost o' the brydal,	
throat	We's cut the hass o' the ew,	
lateris	That maist a died o' the sid-ill.	84
dolor	An that'll be plenty o' bree,	
broth	Sae lang as our wa's is na reested,	
wells;	And I think that the niburs an we	
run dry	Be that [be] nae [that] ill feasted."	88
neighbours		

XII

	Says Pate: "That'l do weel,	
broth	An I'll gie them brose i' the mornin	
colewort	O' kail that was made yestreen:	
	I lyk them ay best i' the forenoon."	92

B

VIII

Quo' Patie: "My news is nae thrang:	not stirring
Yestreen I was wi' his Honour,	
I've taen three riggs of bra land,	an acre of
And hae bound mysell under a bonour;	arable land
And now my errand to you	bond
Is for Meggy to help me to labour,	
I think you maun gee's ¹ the best cow,	give us
Because that our hadden's but sober."	

IX

"Weel, now to help you throw, ²	
I'll be at the cost of the briddal,	
I's cut the craig of the ewe	throat
That had amaist deid of the side-ill.	
And that'll be plenty of bree,	soup
Sae lang as our well is nae reisted,	
To all the good neighbours and we,	
And I think we'll be no that ill-feasted."	

X

Quo' Patie: "O that 'ill do weel,
 And I'll gi'e you brose in the morning
 O' kaill that was made yestreen,
 For I like them best in the forenoon."—

¹ gie's *S* ² through *S*

A

Blind Robin, the pyper, did play,
An a' body danc't that was within,
An ay the niburs and they
He'd the wi stouppie a-fillin.

held ; pint ;
refilling

96

B

Sae Tam, the piper, did play,
 And ilka ane danc'd that was willing,
 And a' the laive they ranked through, rest of the
 And they held the stoupy ay filling. party

XI

The auld wives sate ¹ and they chew'd,
 And when that the carles grew nappy, men ; tipsy
 They danced as well as they dow'd, could
 Wi' a crack o' their thumbs and a flappie.² shuffle
 The lad that wore the white band,
 I think they ca'd ² him Jammie Mather,
 And he took the bride by the hand,
 And cry'd to play up Maggie Lauther.⁴

sat S

² can'd S

kappie S [*The signal to change the movement in the dance,
 the dancers snap their fingers and shuffle their feet.*]

Lauder S.

CI

[THE BAGRIE O'T]

I

WHEN I think on the world's pelf,
 And how little I have to myself,
 I sigh, when I see my threedbair coat
 And sing: fowl faa the geer and the bagree
 o't!

ill; trash

II

For Jocke that was wont to hold the plow,
 Is now laird of lands and biggings a' new,
 An he that was the laird is scares worth a
 groat:
 And sing: fowl faa the geer and the bagry
 o't!

houses
scarce

III

And Jeny that was wont to muck the bier,
 Is now clade up in rich attier,
 And she that was the lady in ane old frees
 coat—
 And fowl faa the geer &c.

cleanse;
cow-house
frieze

11

IV

There ar non accownted nowadays,
 But those that are rich in worly ways, worldly
 And he that wants money is cownted but a
 sott, fool
 16 And sing : fowl faa the geer &c.

V

But that shall never trowble me,
 My minde shall keep my fancy free,
 And whill I have a penny I'll call for a pot,
 20 And sing : fowl faa the geer &c.

FINIS.

CII

A

[THE DAY BEGINS TO PEEP]

I

THE day begins to peep,
 And the birds sings sweet and cheary,
 must; cry But I man rise and greet,
 And think upon my deary. 4

II

I ne'er can sleep a wink,
 Tho' ne'er so wet and weary,
 But ly and cry and think
 Upon my absent deary. 8

III

rest When a' the lave's at rest,
 Or merry, blyth and cheary,
 My heart's wi' greif opprest,
 mournful I am dowie, dull and wearie. 12

IV

It was but yesterday—¹
 O how can I be cheary?—
 foretell That yon wise wife did spae,
 I ne'er would see my dearie. 16

¹ yisterday II

V

And yestreen I dream'd a dream,
That I was blyth and chearic
Upon a bonny green,
And cracking wi' my dearie.

chatting

VI

Syne I thought¹ a ghaist appear'd,
Its looks sae grim wad fear ye,
Syn e in aneeth the year'd
It vanish't wi' my dearie.

Then:
ghostunder the
soil

VII

I have sy been dowie since,
I am dull and wae and irie,
For I dream'd it mair nor anee,
That I had tint my dearie.

mournful

easily
startled

lost

VIII

The ravens round me crow'd,
Wi' cry sae wild and dreary,
The death-watch chiks loud, loud,
Sic omens makes me irie.

clicks

such

IX

The cock craw'd thrice yestreen,
Nae wonder I am irie,
On the can'le a spale² was seen:
The gude preserve³ my dearie!

though I² spail II; [when the tallow on a burning candle
in the form of a chip, this is considered as ominous of
d].³ prserve II.

B

wet

O wat, wat—O wat and weary !

Sleep I can get nane

For thinking on my deary.

wake

A' the night I wak,¹

4

A' the day² I weary,

Sleep I can get nane

For thinking on my dearie.

8

¹ wake //² night //

CIII

[UP IN THE MORNING EARLY]

[Chorus:]

UP i' the morning, up i' the morning,
 Up i' the morning early,
 Up i' the morning's no for me,
 And I canna get up so early!

I

Ye men that has your wives in bed,
 It's needless to bid you rise early,
 Ye may kiss them and clap them, nae mair's to
 be said,
 Nae matter you do not rise early.

II

But we young lads that hae lasses to prie	taste
And gets but a smack of them rarely :	
Take care that Geordie Swine does not see,	the
12 Nae matter you do not rise early.	minister

III

But if nine months should produce a live mouth,	
And the loun get wit of the fairly,	fellow
Then Geordy comes to us, and wi' a great rout	bellowing
16 You maun greet three Sundays sairly.	

IV

stool of
repentance
the
minister

Then up the creepy you maun steal
And pray to Mass John for to spare you,
But he'll look at ye as gin ye were the deil,
In the twilight or morning early. "

CIV

THE WINTER IT IS PAST

I

THE winter it is past and the summer's come at
 last,
 And the small birds sing on every tree ;
 The hearts of these are glad while mine is very
 sad,
 While my true love is absent from me.

II

I wou'd na think it strange the wide world far to
 range,
 If I cou'd obtain my delight,¹
 But here in Cupid's chain I'm obliged to remain
 And in tears for to spend the whole night.

III

The ribbons I will ² wear and I'll comb down my
 hair,
 And I'll dress in the velvet so green,
 Straightway I will repair to the Curicle of Cal-
 dair ³
 And there I'll hear tidings from him.

¹ heart's delight *R[oxburyke Ballads]* ² A livery *ITL R*
³ Carragh of Kildare *R*

IV

With patience I¹ did wait till he ran for the plate,
 Thinking young Johnston for to see,
 But Fortune prov'd unkind to this sweetheart of
 mine,
 And he's gone to the Logans² from me. 16

V

All youth that are in love and cannot it remove,
 You pity'd are for to be;
 Experience makes me know that your hearts are
 full of woe,
 Since it fared once so with me.³ 20

VI

O my love is like the sun in the firmament doth
 run,
 That is always both constant and true,
 But yours is like moon that wanders up and down:
 Every⁴ month it is new. 24

VII

But farewell my joy and heart, since you and I
 must part;
 Ye're the fairest of all I do see,⁵
 I never do design to alter my mind,
 Altho' you'r below my degree.⁶ 28

¹ she *R* ² to Lurgan [*in* Armagh] *R* ³ Since my true love
 is absent from me *R* ⁴ And in e. *R* ⁵ f. that e'er I did see
R ⁶ after v. vii: The musick of the preceding song may be
 found in Oswald's Collection of Scots tunes, [book X, p. 9]
 and is very fine.

CV

LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF MY MOURNING

I

BENEATH a green willow's sad ominous shade
 A simple sweet youth extended was laid,
 They asked what ail'd him, when sighing he said :
 4 " O love is the cause of my mourning !

II

" Long lov'd I a lady, fair, gentle and gay,
 And thought myself loved for many a day,
 But now she is married, is married away :
 8 And love is the cause of my mourning !¹

III

" And when deck'd as a bride to the kirk she did
 go,
 With bridemen and maidens, with pomp and with
 show,
 She smil'd in appearance, she smil'd, but was woe:
 12 O love is the cause of my mourning !

¹ *asterisks after vv. ii. and iii. S.*

IV

"And when I had seen my love taken to bed,
And when they all kissed the bridegroom and
bride,
Heavens! thought I, and must he then lye by
her side?
O love is the cause of my mourning!" 14

V

"Now dig me, companions, a grave dark and
deep,
Lay a stone at my head and a turf at my feet,
And O, I'll lye down, and I'll take a long sleep,
Nor waken for ever and ever!" 20

CVI

AS I CAME IN BY EDINBURGH TOWN]

I

As I came in by Edinburgh town,
And in by the banks of the city O,
And there I heard a young man cry,
And was nae that great pity O?

[Chorus :]

And still he cry'd his Nannie O,
His weelfar'd, comely Nannie O,
And a' the warld shall never know
The love that I bear to my Nannie O!

well
featured

II

For I'd rather hae Nannie in her smock,
Because she's blythe and bonny O,
Before I'd hae Jean with 500 mark
Besides a' she cou'd gie me O.

[Chorus :]

And still &c.

III

Go saddle to me the black, the black,
 The broun was ne'er so bonny O,
 And I'll gae thro' yon misty muir, "

And see gin I meet my Nannie O.

[*Chorus* :.]

And still &c.

IV

O gather weel and fill your criel,
 And all for the love of my Nannie O : "

A man that loes his mistress weell,
 Dear, vow, but he thinks her bonny O !

[*Chorus* :.]

And still &c.

E. SONGS BY KNOWN AUTHORS

CVII

HALLOW FAIR

[ROBERT FERGUSSON]

TUNE: *Ffy, let us a' to the brydal do.*

I

THERE's fouth of braw Jockies and Jennys	plenty
Comes well busked into the fair,	dressed
With ribbons on their cockernonies	coiled hair
And fouth of ¹ fine flour in their hair.	
Maggie ² she was sae well busked,	
That Willie was ty'd to his bride ;	
The pounie was ne'er better whisked	pony
Wi' cudgell that hang frae his side.	
Sing farell, &c.	

II

But Maggie was wondrous jealous	
To see Willie busked sae braw,	
And Sawney he sat in the alehouse	
And hard at the liquor did caw.	call

¹ o' S, M ² Oh Maggie M

There was Geordy, that well lood¹ his lassie,
 He took the pint-stoup in his arms, 15
 And hugg'd it and said: "Trouth, they're saucy,
 That loos na a good father's bairn!"
 Sing farell, &c.

III

There was Wattie, the muirland ladie,
 colt That rides on the bonny grey coult, 20
 hireling With sword by his side like a cadie,
 cattle To drive in the sheep and the knoult.
 His doublet sae well² it did fit him,
 It scarsely came down to midd-thigh,
 powdered With hair pouter'd, hatt and a feather, 25
 And housing att courpon and tee.³
 Sing farell, &c.

IV

bellowed But Bruckie play'd boo to⁴ Baussie,
 And aff scoured the coult like the win':
 causeway Poor Wattie he fell in the causie, 30
 bruised; And birs'd a' the bains in his skin,
 bones His pistolls fell out of the hulsters,
 smirched And were a' bedaubed wi' dirt,
 The foks⁵ they came round him in clusters,
 laughed Some leugh and cry'd: "Lad was you hurt?" 35
 Sing farrell, &c.

¹ lov'd *S*, *M* ² weel *S*, *M* ³ The horse-furniture at the
 crupper and the nose and head [*Grosart*]. ⁴ to the *S* ⁵ folks *S*

V

But coult wad let naebody stir ¹ him,	
He was ay sae wanton and skeech,	skittish
The packman's stands he o'erturn'd them,	
And gard a' the Jocks stand abeech	made ;
Wi' sniring behind and before him,	stand off
For sick is the mettle of brutes ;	snorting
Poor Wallie, and wae's me for him,	
Was fain to gang hame in his boots.	
Sing farrell, &c.	

VI

Now it was late in the ev'ning,	
And boughting-time was drawing near,	folding-
The lasses had stench'd their greening	time
With fouth of braw aples and beer :	satisfied ;
There was Lillie and Tibbie and Sibbie,	yearning
And Ceicy on the spinnell could spin,	plenty
Stood glowring at signs and glass-winnocks,	
But deil a ane bade them gang ² in.	spindle
Sing farell, &c.	staring ;
	windows

VII

God guide's ! saw you ever the like o' it ?	
See yonder's a bonny black swan,	
It glowrs as't wad fain be at us,	
What's yon that it hads in its hand ?	holds

¹ steer *S, M*² come *S, M*

stupid fool "Awa, daft gouk," crys Wattie,
 heap "They're a' but a rickle of sticks. 66
 See there is Bill, Jock and auld Hackie,
 And younder's Mess John and auld Nick!"
 Sing farell, &c.

VIII

present Quoth Maggie: "Come buy us our fairing!"
 ailyly And Wattie right sleely cou'd tell: 68
 village "I think thou're the flower of the claughing,
 In trouth, now I'se gie you mysell!"
 But wha wou'd hae thought it o' him,
 That ere¹ he had rippl'd the lint?
 Sae proud was he o' his Maggie, 70
 Tho' she did baith scalie and squint.²
 Sing farell, &c.

¹ e'er *S* ² scalie and squint are synonymous, but are often used as one epithet.

CVIII

TWEEDSIDE¹

[LORD YESTER]

I

WHEN Meiggy ² and me were acquaint	
I carried my noddle fu' hie :	head
Nae lintwhite on a' the gay plain,	linnet
Nor goudspink sae bony as she !	goldfinch
I whistled, I piped and I sang,	
I woo'd, but I came nae great speed,	
Therefore I man wander abroad	must
And lay my banes over the Tweed.	

II

To Meiggy ³ my love I did tell,	
Sa't tears did my passion express,	
Alas ! for I loo'd her o'er well,	
And the women loo sic a man less.	such
Her heart it was frozen and ca'ld, ⁴	
Her pride had my ruin decreed,	
Therefore I will wander abroad	
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.	

Original of Tweedside *MS* ² Meiggy *S* ³ Meggy *S*,
gy *MS* ⁴ could *S*.

CIX

SONG WROTE BY MR. JAMES KERR OF
KILDRUMMY

ON BEING DESIRED TO MARRY A RICH OLD WOMAN

TUNE: *Tweedside*

I

My father would have me to wed
 A woman decrepit and old :
 There'll ¹ come nane like her to my bed,
 Tho' she had a tun fu' of gold. 4

II

I value nae riches at a',
 There's ² ae thing I look to above :
 Although my poor fortune be sma',
 Yet I'll hae the lassie I love. 8

III

A' sordid low ends I do hate,
 True love maun be free and unforc'd,
 Though poverty shou'd be my fate :
 I'll ne'er from my choice be divorc'd ! 12

¹ They'll *MS*² There's *MS*

CX

PITCAITHLY GREEN

[THE EARL OF KINNOULL]

I

ONE morning as I walk'd
In high time of the year,
When sporting nymphs do frisk about
To drink the water clear :

II

Amongst the rest I spy'd a nymph,
Whose beauty did excell
The crowds of nymphs that now resort
At fam'd Pitcaithly well.

III

With dying looks I viewed her,
I could not shun but say :
" Pray, make me your physician !"
She blusht and said me nay.

IV

I asked her to take a walk,
 She fear'd we would be seen—
 "We'l take a walk through woods and groves
 In our Pitcaithly Green." 16

V

Our striveing much at last
 Kind Nature took my part,
 We walk['d] by [Earn']s pleasant streams,
 Till Jeanie won my heart. 20

VI

"Were I sole monarch of the globe,
 I'd give it all to thee,
 For all the maids about the well
 My Jeanie bears the gree." 24

VII

When I come home at night,
 Refresh't with country air,
 Each courts his mistress up and down,
 And I my Jeanie fair. 28

VIII

We danc'd right kind upon the green
 And all so merrily,
 Pitcaithly wells invite you all:
 Come here, brave company!— 32

IX

When I go to my bed at night
With Love and Care opprest,
My Jeanie's image still prevents
And robs me of my rest.

X

If I were but so blest
As freely call thee mine,
I'd treat you in my father's house
With country-cheer that's fine.

XI

And if there be no downy beds,
We'll chuse a place unseen,
Where the young swains do often shape
Their nymphs a gown of green.

CXI

THE TURNIMSPIKE

[DOUGAL GRAHAM]

I

HERSEL pe Highland shentleman,
 Pe auld as Pothwel brig,¹ man,
 And mony alterations seen
 Aman ² the Lawland whig, man. ⁴
 fal, &c.

II

First when her to the Lawlands came
 himself Nainsel ³ was driving cows, man,
 'There was nae laws about him's nerse,⁴
 breeches About the preeks or trouse, man. ⁵

III

Nainsel ⁵ did wear the philabeg,⁶
 kilt The plaid prick't ⁷ on her shouder,
 pinned The gude claymore hang pe her pelt,
 De ⁸ pistol sharg'd wi' powder. ¹²

¹ prig *S* ² Amang *S* ³ Nainsell *S* ⁴ narse *S* ⁵ Nainsell
S ⁶ philapeg *S* ⁷ prik't *S* ⁸ The *S*

IV

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
 Wherewith man's nerse¹ is locket,²
 Ohon that ere she saw the day,
 For a' her houghs be³ brogit!⁴ pricked

V

Everything in de⁵ Highlands now
 Be⁶ turn'd⁷ to alteration,
 The soger⁸ dwell⁹ at our door-sheek,¹⁰ entrance
 And dat's¹¹ de¹² great vexation.

VI

Scotland be turn'd¹³ a Ningland now, England
 And laws pring on de cager,¹⁴ exciseman
 Nainsel wad durk him for his¹⁵ deeds, stab with
 But oh! she fear¹⁶ de soger. the dirk

VII

Another law comes¹⁷ after dat,¹⁸
 Me never saw de like, man,
 They mak a lang road on the crund, ground
 And ca' him Turnsumpike,¹⁹ man. turnpike

arse *S*² be lockit *S*³ pe *S*⁴ prokit *S*⁵ The *S*⁶ Pe
 turn't *S*⁸ sodger *S*⁹ dwell *S*¹⁰ door cheek *S*¹¹ that's
 te *S*¹³ turn't *S*¹⁴ cadger *S*¹⁵ hur *S*¹⁶ fears *S*
 ne *S*¹⁸ that *S*¹⁹ turnsumpike *S*

VIII

And wow she pe a ponny road
 Like Louden corn-rigs, man,
 Where twa carts may gang on her,
 And no break ¹ other's legs, man. 33

IX

cheaper
going

They sharge a penny for ilka hors,
 (In troth, they'l be na ² sheaper,)
 For nought but gaeng ³ upo' the crund,
 And they gie me a paper. 36

X

The tak the horse than pe the head,
 And there they make them stand, man,
 I teld ⁴ them that I seen the day,
 They had na sic command, man. 40

XI

must

Nae doubt ⁵ nainsel man ⁶ draw his purse
 And pay them what him's like, man,
 I'll see a shudgment on his store,
 That filthy turnsumpike, ⁷ man. 44

XII

But I'll away ⁸ to the Highland hills,
 Where ⁹ ne're a ane sall turn her,
 And no come near your turnsumpike, ⁷
 Unless it pe to purn her. 48
 fal, &c.

¹ break S ² nae S ³ gaen S ⁴ tell'd S; v. X omitted M
⁵ doubts S ⁶ nainsell maun S ⁷ turnimspike S ⁸ awa S
⁹ Where S.

CXII

TIMBER STAIRS

[ALEXANDER NICOL]

I

O PEGGY, dinna say me na,
But grant to me the treasure
Of love's return; it's unka bra,
When ilka thing yields pleasure.
Nae pleasure is like love's return,
Dear Peggy, grant it to me!
Nae mair wi' coy slighting spurn,
Whan I my love do shew thee.

very pretty

II

The forrest-birds example shew,
My handsome, bonny lassie,
That lovers shou'd na single go:
Therefore be na mair sawcy,
But yield unto my fond desire,
My dearest, charming jewel,
And quench the flame of Cupid's fire
That burns me up like feuell!

III

Thy face so beautifull and gay
 Engageth me to love thee,
 Thou'rt sweeter than the flowers in May,
 There's ¹ nane I'll prize above thee. 20
 Thy wit shin'd so into my eyes
 Aboon a' human creatures,
 That Cupid caught me as a prize,
 Beholding thy fine features. 21

above

IV

The ways of virtue, Peggy, trust
 I will observe fu' brawly,
 I'll shun the staps of Venus' lust,
 Whan ithers wi' them dallie. 22
 Up stairs, down stairs,²
 Timber stairs fear me :
 I pray you, drap your foolish fears,
 Dear Peggy, and come near me ! 23

right fully
steps

¹ Therse *MS* ² down stairs *twice* Nicol.

F. ENGLISH AND IRISH SONGS

CXIII

SONG MADE ON THE SIGN OF
MR. THOS. TOD

TOWN CLERK OF MUSSLEBURGH

ere is painted thereon a fox running away with a goose
with this motto : *Oportet vivere.*

I

Wou'd¹ you have law for writer's dues?
To Mussleburgh repair O,
The town-clark's sign there plainly shews,
That ev'ry thing is fair O.

II

A fox picks up a goose—she cries :
“Why, sure, Sir, this is theiving!”
In good Law-Latin he replies :
“We vermin must have living!”

¹ would *II.*

CXIV

THE MILLER OF DEE

I

THERE was a jolly miller once,
 Liv'd on the water of Dee,
 He wrought, he sung¹ frae morn to night,
 No lark more blyth than he, 4
 And thus² the burden of his song³
 For ever us'd to be :
 " I care for naeboddy,⁴ no, not I,
 Since nobody cares for me ! 8

II

" I live by my mill, God bless her !
 She's kindred, child and wife,⁵
 I would not change my station 12
 For any other in life.
 No lawyer, surgeon or doctor
 E'er had a groat from me—
 I care for nobody, no, not I,
 If nobody cares for me ! " 16

¹ and sang *S* ² this *S* ³ sang *S* ⁴ nobody *S* ⁵ lines 1
 and 2 quoted by Scott in *The Monastery* (Border Edition, p.
 158): "as the old song says,

I live by my mill, God bless her,
 She's parent, child, and wife."

III

When spring begins his merry career,
Oh how his heart grows gay !
No summer's drought alarms his fears,
No winter's sad decay.
No foresight mars the miller's joy,
Who'se wont to sing and say :
" Let others toil from day to day,
I live from day to day ! "

IV

Thus like the miller bold and free .
Let us rejoice and sing :
The days of youth are made for glee,
And time is on the wing !
This song shall pass from me to thee
Along this jovial ring,
Let heart and voice and all agree
To say : " Long live the king ! "

CXV

AS I WALK'T BY MYSELF

TUNE: *Green Sleeves*

As I walk't by myself, I said to myself,
And myself said again to me :
" Look well to thyself, take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee ! " 4
Then I answer'd to myself and said to myself
With the selfsame repartee :
" Look well to thyself, or not to thyself :
It's the selfsame thing to me ! " 8

CXVI

MERRY SHERWOOD

I

As blyth as the linnet sings in the green wood,
 So blyth we'll wake, we'll wake the morn,
 And through the wide forest of merry Sherwood
 4 We'll wind the bugal bugal horn. bugle

II

Brave Scarlet and John, who were never¹ subdu'd,
 Gave each his hand his hand sae bold :
 "We are caught in² the forest of merry Sherwood!
 8 What say my hearts, my hearts of gold?"

III

Our arrows shall drink of the fallow deer's blood,
 We'll³ hunt them o're, we'll³ hunt them o're the
 plain,
 And through the wide forest of merry Sherwood
 12 Ffast, ffast shall flye shall fly invaine.⁴

¹ could ne'er be *BQ[ackbird]* ² And we'll range through *B*
³ Will *MS* ⁴ no shaft shall fly in vain *Bl*

IV

The sheriff attempts to take bold Robin Hood,

Bold Robin disdains disdains to fly :

"Let him come when he will, we'll in merry
Sherwood

Vanquish,¹ vanquish, boys, or die !"

16

¹ Let him come when he will, in merry Sherwood
We'll vanquish &c. *Bl.*

CXVII

[WHAT'S THE SPRING BREATHING
JESSMIN AND ROSE]

TUNE : *Tweedside*

I

WHAT's the spring breathing jessmin and rose,
Or the summer with all its gay train,
Or the plenty of autumn to those
4 Who have barter'd their freedom for gain ?

[*Chorus* :]

Let the love of our king's legal right
To the love of our country succeed,
Let friendship and honour unite
8 And flourish on both sides the Tweed !

II

No sweetness the senses can chear,
That corruption and bribery do blind,
No calmness that gloom ever clear,
12 For Honour's the sun of the mind !

[*Chorus* :]

Let the love, &c.

III

Let virtue distinguish the brave,
Place ritches in lowest degree,
Think him poorest who can be a slave, 16
And richest who dares to be free.

[*Chorus* :]

Let the love, &c.

IV

Let us think how our ancestors rose,
Let us think how our ancestors fell ! 20
'Tis the rights they defended, 'tis those
They bought wi' their blood we do sell.

[*Chorus* :]

Let the love, &c.

CXVIII

KING JAMES the 7th LAMENTATION

I

I MARRIED an Italian Queen ¹
My greatness which confounded,
Her father's poor estate's well known,
Four score of miles surround it.

II

With monks and friars and lazy priests ²
And popish conjurations
They pull'd me down, I lost a crown
And three brave, warlike nations.³

¹ *marginal note (in pencil): adajo* ² *preists I* ³ *after verse*
∴ *cetera desunt II.*

CXIX

TUNE: *The Bonnie Black Laddie*,¹ by the Princess Sobieskie [sic].

* * *

WITH *roses* and lillies I'll pillow his head,
Of the down of the *thistle* I'll make him a bed,
And the string of the *harp* I will gently lead
And ease and sweet slumber my ladie. 4

¹ room for four lines above l. 1; note on margin: I can't recollect the first verse.

CXX

1. [PEGGY]

I

PEGGY and I will make the cheese,
We'll kiss [each] other by degrees,
Seveen bora, seveen bo,
Seveen bora, seveen bo!

II

Mild and modest, fair in feature,
Rare to find so fine a creature,
Seveen bora, &c.

III

Pretty Peggy, handsome Pug,
Go behind, ye saucy rogue!
Seveen bora, &c.

IV

I have as much love in store
As are apples in Portmore!
Seveen bora, seveen bo,
Seveen bora, seveen bo!

CXXII

ROBIN ADAIR

I

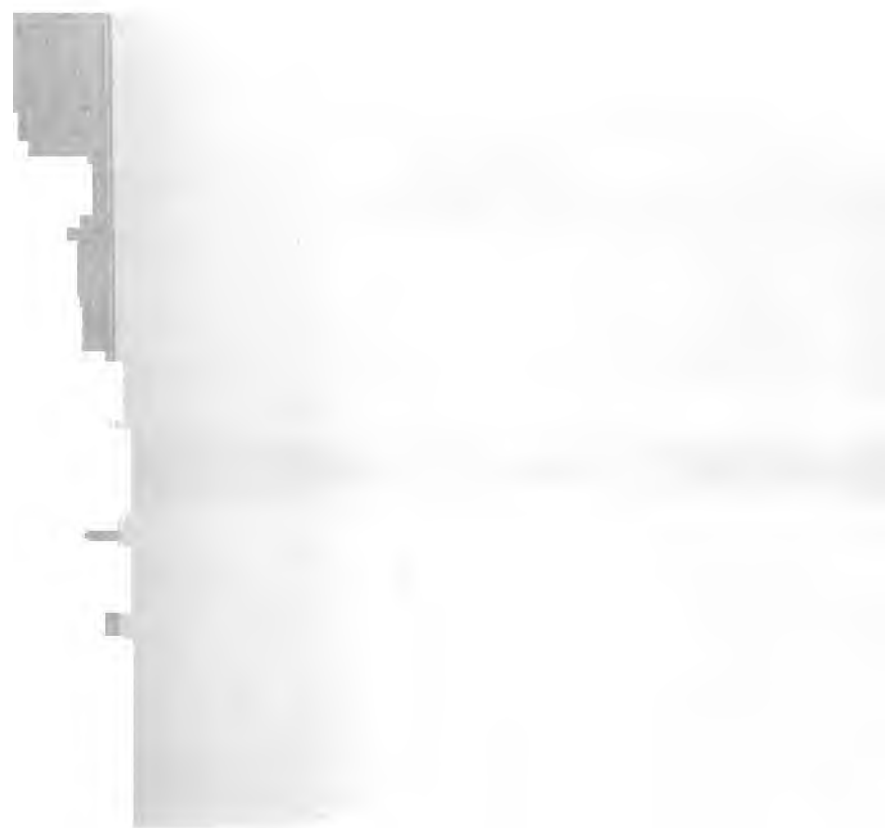
You'RE welcome to Paxton, Robin Adair!
 You're welcome to Paxton, Robin Adair!
 How does Dick Woolrich do?
 Ay, and Will M'Carril¹ too?
 5 I wish they'd come along with you, Robin Adair!

II

I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair!
 I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair!
 I will drink wine with you,
 Ay, and good rack punch too— hot-rum
 10 By my shoul I'll get drunk with you, Robin Adair! soul

.

¹ M'Carill //



NOTES



NOTES

SONGS I-III were copied from the 3rd edition of the *Cantus, Songs, and Fancies, to severall Muscicall Parts . . . With a brief Introduction to Musick, as it is taught into the Musick-School of Aberdeen &c. . . .* Aberdeen, printed by John Forbes. 1682. First edition 1662, second 1666, the first collection of secular music printed in Scotland. For an exact description of the three editions see Stenhouse, pp. xxxiv-xli. Their value is discussed in Dauney's *Preliminary Dissertation to the Ancient Scottish Melodies*, pp. 20-24 and 28-32; they do not contain a single Scottish melody.

The three songs are the 2nd, 4th, and 29th respectively in the *Cantus*.

I

LUSTIE MAYE

MS. I, 45 a-b; *Songs*² II, 212-213.

The poem, which is contained in the Bannatyne MS., was printed as early as 1608 by Chepman and Myllar. The version in the *Cantus* is modernised. In its original shape it is now easily accessible in James Cranstoun's *Poems of Alexander Scott*, *Scottish Text Society* 1896, App. A, and in Henderson's *Little Book of Scottish Verse*, p. 34. cf. also Ritson, *Scottish Songs*, vol. I, pp. xli-xliii.

II

ELORE LO

MS. I, 46 a-b; *Songs*² I, 308-309.

III

WO WORTH THE TIME

MS. I, 47a; *Songs*¹ I, 309-310.

Two more ancient and somewhat different copies of this apparently very popular poem are in the *Buik of the veris honourable womane Margarat Robertsoune, Relict of vmq̃t Alexander Steuart of Bonskeid*. Anno Domini 1630; copied by P. Buchan in his MS. II, fol. 258a and 263b-264a.¹ Another I found in a song-book in the Edinburgh Advocates' Library (5. 2. 14) dated 1639 (cf. *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen und Literaturen*, vol. cxi, p. 172, n). With the exception of *joyes for things* in v. iii, l. 2, this is verbatim the same as the version in the *Cantus*.

¹ British Museum, Additional MSS. 29408 and 29409; his extracts from Margaret Robertson's MS. on fol. 256a-269b. In his Introduction to the *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*, 1828, Buchan says: "My best acknowledgments are . . . due to John Richardson, Esq. of Pitfour, Pitfour Castle, Perthshire, for the loan of a curious and interesting old MS. volume of Poems. On the first page of this MS. is written—'This Buik perteens to a verie honourable womane, Margarat Robertsoune, relict of vmquhile Alexander Steuart of Bonskeid, Anno Domini, 1630.' I am informed she belonged to the Lude family, and the Poems are those referred to by General Stewart of Garth" &c. (p. xv).

This General Stewart is David Stewart, who published *Sketches of the Character, Manners and Present State of the Highlanders of Scotland*, &c., 2 vols. Edinburgh, for Archibald Constable and Co., 1822. He quotes the MS. as a proof of the high standard of culture in the Highlands in the seventeenth century: "There is a manuscript volume preserved in the family of Stewart of Urrard, of 260 pages, of poems, songs, and short tracts, in the Scotch language, written, as is stated on the first page, by Margaret Robertson, daughter of George Robertson of Fascally, and wife of

IV

O GIN MY LOVE WAS YON RED ROSE

A. ll. 1-4 MS. I, 18b, the whole verse MS. II, 54b ; *Songs*² II, 4, Johnson's *Museum* VI, No. 594 ; as verse ii in Burns's *O wero my Love* (see C.E. III, 279, 493).

B. A more complete and probably more ancient version of the song ; MS. I, 137b ; C.E. III, 494, Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* III, pp. 382-83 as *From Mr. Herd's MS* (not verbally and with different arrangement of verses), v. ii in Dick, p. 401.

The tune in the *Museum* is taken from Gow's *Fourth Collection of Reels &c.*, 1800, and is the composition of Alexander Campbell. Stenhouse's remark (p. 509) that only the first four lines are genuine, that is old, is correct ; already in Herd a recast had to replace part of the original ; ll. 5-8 contain scarcely a single expression or idea congruent with the spirit of folk-song.

V

THE LEY-RIGG

A. MS. I, 128b, II, 67a ; the Chorus in C.E. III, 497.

The tune *Lea-Rig* was taken from Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion* book VIII. p. 20 for Johnson's *Museum* vol. i, No. 49. The text there connected with it is

Alexander Stewart of Bonskeid, dated 1643. [!] It is written in a beautiful hand, and with such correctness, that it might be sent to the press." (vol. II, App. p. xxix).

Only two of the pieces contained in it were published by Buchan, viz. : *It is a vonder to see how this world does goe* (p. xvii) and *James Heruie* (p. xviii).

frequently attributed to Robert Fergusson.¹ Burns reproduces a verse supposed to be older than the version in the *Museum* (cf. C.E. III, 497); still the possibility remains that this version of Burns's was composed under the influence of another similar song.

B. MS. I, 60a, II, 51b; C.E. III, 498.

The four-line fragment is the centre of Burns's *Lea-Rig* (C.E. III, 284), where he with little alteration uses it as the second half of v. ii; lines 3 and 4 recur also as refrain of the two other verses. The two versions of the text in Herd's MSS. differ considerably from each other. MS. II is more closely related to the text in the *Museum* than MS. I. It is very probable that Herd got one or even both versions from Fergusson. Still I do not believe the *Lea-Rig* to be a creation of Fergusson's, who probably only transmitted it.

Buchan told Motherwell that the original of *Lea-Rig* was a song called *The Wars-horse*.² His great-grand-mother had sung it. In fact this song is no more than a modern vamp.³ As a source of *Lea-Rig* it is out of the question.

VI

WILL YE GO TO FLANDERS MY MALLY

MS. I, 56a, II, 48a; *Songs*² II, 223; Ritson
Scotish Songs I, 48 (with the tune).

¹ Cf. Burns's note to *My ain kind dearie O*, Ch. W. IV, 381; Stenhouse, p. 53; A. B. Grosart, *The Works of R. Fergusson*, pp. 63-64.

² Buchan's MS. I, 115b; Motherwell's *Burns* III, 53.

³ The author of the readable essay on *Fergusson and Burns* in the *Renfrewshire Magazine* of December 1846 is of a different opinion, cf. *The Works of R. Fergusson*, p. 64.

VII

I HAE LAYEN THREE HERRING A SA'UT

MS. I, 17a, II, 53b; *Songs*² II, 225-226; a recast by James Tytler in Johnson's *Museum* III, No. 244; thence copied by Ritson, *Scottish Songs* I, 184-185.

For the history of the text see Chappell's Introduction to the broadside *The Countryman's Delight* (*Roxburghe Ballads* III, 590-92). The line *I cannot come every day to woo* was known as early as the time of Henry VIII. as a refrain to a wooing-song of somewhat the same gist as the piece in Herd. Both refrain lines are already combined in *A Wooing Song of a Yeoman of Kent's Son* in the *Melismata, Musical Phansies, fitting the Court, Citie and Country Humours*. London 1611:

I have house and land in Kent,
And if you'l love me, love me now;
Two-pence halfe-peny is my rent—
I cannot come every day to woo, &c.

The question whether these broadsides originated on Scottish soil cannot now be decided.

VIII

BLINK OVER THE BURN, SWEET BETTIE

MS. I, 57b, II, 49a; *Songs*² II, 224; Ritson, *Scottish Songs* I, 43, with the tune copied from Johnson's *Museum* I, No. 51; thence Chambers, *Songs prior to Burns*, p. 285, and *Scottish Songs*, p. 379.

The air was first published in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725. In his notes to the *Museum Burns* mentions two more old verses beginning: *Blink over the burn, sweet Bettie* (see Ch. W. IV, 382), which are

also reproduced by Stenhouse (p. 55). There is no further similarity in the contents.

IX

I AM TO COURT A WIFE

MS. I, 52b, II, 45a; see also Dick, p. 410.

X

THE HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT

MS. I, 44b; *Songs*,² II, 219-20; R. Jamieson, *Popular Ballads and Songs* I, 329. cp. our note to No. XCVII.

XI

GUDE MORROW, FAIR MISTRESS

MS. I, 27a; *Songs*,² II, 5-6; Ritson, I, 107-108;
Johnson's *Museum*, V, No. 487.

Stenhouse (p. 428) reports that the original air was communicated to Mr. Clarke by a gentleman who sang the song with much pathos and feeling. Mr. Glen thinks it may not be a Scottish one, as the melody has much Irish character (p. 210). The powerful text is more like a ballad than a song strictly speaking, and C. K. Sharpe considers the fragment to be part of an English ballad, *The Duchess of Newcastle's Lament*, which I have not been able to identify. He quotes:

There is not a taylor in all London town
Can shape Newcastle's fair lady a gown,
Her belly's turn'd big and her face pale and wan;
She's fallen with child to her own servant man.

* * * * *

Thou worst of all women, thou emblem of strife,
I took thee a servant and made thee my wife, &c.

(Stenhouse, p. *461).

XII

FARE YE WEEL, MY AULD WIFE

MS. I, 55a, II, 47a; *Songs*² II, 221-222; Johnson's *Museum* IV, No. 354.

The tune whether original or not is *Alister* from Walsh's *Caledonian Country Dances*, book III; or *Sir John Malcolm* in Bremner's *Scots Reels or Country Dances* (Glen, p. 172).

XIII

FAIRLY SHOT OF HER

MS. I, 60a, II, 51a.

Under the title *Fairly Shot on Her*, Cromek, in his *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, pp. 88-89, gives three verses without mentioning his source. Instead he regales the ladies with a sugared envoy. A different text with the tune, probably Irish, is in Johnson's *Museum*, VI, No. 557 (see Glen, p. 230). Stenhouse (p. 485) says the old song received additions and corrections from the pen of Mr. John Anderson, engraver of music in Edinburgh, who served his apprenticeship with Johnson. In Herd's fragment part of the old song prior to Anderson is preserved.

XIV

MY WIFE'S A WANTON WEE THING

MS. I, 56b, II, 48b; *Songs*² II, 230; complete first in Johnson's *Museum* III, No. 217, thence *Songs prior to Burns*, 201, *Scottish Songs*, 334, &c.

The tune first appears in Henry Playford's *Original Scotch Tunes* 1700, called *Bride Next*, and also in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book VI (Glen, p. 131).

Burns recast the piece and from a song of domestic strife changed it to one of love and faith :

She is a winsome wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine ! (C.E. III, 285, 498.)

XV

O THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED

MS. I, 53b, II, 44b ; Chambers's *Nursery Rhymes*, p. 29 ; with an additional verse by Burns in Johnson's *Museum*, VI, No. 593 (C.E. III, 206, 446).

See Burns's letter to Mrs. Dunlop, December 15th, 1793 (Ch. W. IV, p. 67). In an hour of mental depression the poet remembers the simple old rhyme over which the lines of his letter cast a tragic shadow. Mr. Dick has found the tune in the Atkinson MS. (Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1694-5), where it is entitled *Three Crowds in a day*.

XVI

EFFIE M'NAB

MS. I, 57b, II, 49a ; C.E. III, 375.

The source of Burns's *Eppie Macnab* (C.E. III, 101). The tune was published in Oswald's *Second Collection of Curious Scots Tunes*, 1742, p. 46, and in his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book VI. (Glen, p. 167).

XVII

AS I CAME IN BY FISHERROW

MS. I, 97a ; *Songs*² II, 181.

The text which usually accompanies the tune *Jenny dang the weaver* is Ramsay's *O mither dear, I'gin to fear*.

With this text it appears in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*² (1733) and in Johnson's *Museum* II, No. 127. Ramsay's v. iii is practically identical with vv. ii and iii of the old text. Only the standpoint of the relater has changed; the scandalous fate of the sinning pair, Eppy and Tam (the Christian names are Ramsay's), is a warning example held up before her mother by a hot-blooded *belle*—with great success. The loving couple are instantly united, Mass John remains untroubled and the chaste sentiments of the virtuous public unoffended.

XVIII

AS I CAME UP YON BONY WATERSIDE

MS. I, 50a, II, 56b.

From Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* a poem *The Mill, Mill O* passed into the great song-collections (e.g. Johnson's *Museum* III, No. 242). It was meant to deliver the angelic tune from the diabolic words, but the result was indifferent, and the aforesaid virtuous public found Ramsay's verses still "partaking too much of the rude simplicity of the olden times" (Stenhouse, p. 226). It was reserved to Burns's genius to remove the last stumbling-block with his song *When Wild War's Deadly Blast* (C.E. III, 212).

The old chorus, slightly altered, and the word shilling-hill have been preserved in Ramsay's v. iv. Burns gives one verse and the chorus as a specimen of the original, "or at least a song evidently prior to Ramsay's" (Ch. W. IV, pp. 390-91). There is also a complete version in *The Merry Muses*, out of which one verse is quoted in C.E. III, p. 451.

The tune was first printed in the *Orpheus Caledonius*,¹ 1725.

XIX

LOGAN WATER AND LOGAN BRAES

MS. I, 59b; *Songs*² II, 230.

Stenhouse saw the tune *Logan Water* in the, for us, somewhat mysterious manuscript-book of music, belonging to a Mrs. Crookat (1709). Both words and tune are undoubtedly Scottish (s. C.E. III, pp. 484-86, Glen, p. 50). James Thomson furnished a decent text, and with it the melody appears in the *Orpheus Caledonius*,² 1733, and in Johnson's *Museum*, I, No. 42:

For ever, Fortune, will thou prove, &c.

Another copy of the old words is in *The Merry Muses*.

XX

HAD I THE WYTE?

MS. I, 61a, II. 52b; C.E. III, 411.

The fragment suggested Burns's *Had I the Wyte* (C.E. III, 149-51) and a less delicate piece in *The Merry Muses*. The following derivative is in Buchan's MS. I, fol. 171b:

HAD I THE WYTE, SHE BADE ME?

I

	First when I came to Aberdeen
frolicsome	I was a wanton laddie,
	And in my merry wanton freaks
	I got a bonny babie.
blame	Had I the wyte, had I the wyte?
	Had I the wyte? she bade me.
mouth ;	She kiss'd my mou', and clapp'd my head,
patted	Ca'd me her bonny laddie.

II

When she was cook about the house
 And I was kitchen laddie,
 [—Aye] she gae me bread an' cheese
 To kiss her when she bade me.
 Had I the wyte &c.

III

Wha cou'd refuse a girl sae sweet,
 To do the thing she bade me?
 She took me in her arms twa,
 Ca'd me her dearest laddie.
 Had I the wyte &c.

It is obviously influenced by Burns's version.

The name of the tune was formerly *Come kiss wi' me, come clap wi' me* (Stenhouse, p. 325). It appears under the title *Had I the Wate she bad me* in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book VII, and with Burns's words in Johnson's *Museum* V, No. 415.

XXI

GREEN GROWS THE RASHES O

MS. I, 58a, II, 50a; *Songs*² II, 224–25.

A more complete version of the old words is, according to C.E. I, 415, in the *Merry Muses*. v. i does not suit the rest of the text and occurs, as a matter of fact, quite frequently without it, e.g. in *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, p. 16, as *Song of the Piper and the Fiddler's Wife*:

We're all dry with drinking on't,
 We're all dry with drinking on't;
 The piper kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
 And I can't sleep for thinking on't.

T

(See also Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes of England*⁶ No. CCCCLIV, and Northall, *English Folk-Rhymes*, p. 295. Burns himself has used the verse independently. It forms v. iii of his famous song *My Love, she's but a Lassie yet*, C.E. III, 51-52).

The tune is commonly supposed to be of great antiquity. There is, however, no earlier printed copy extant than one in Walsh's *Caledonian Country Dances* (date unknown, circa 1740) and in Johnson's *Twelve Country Dances*, 1749, under the name *Foot's Vagaries* (Glen, p. 82). It appears in Johnson's *Museum*, I, No. 77, with Burns's words.

XXII

GIN THE KIRK WAD LET ME BE

MS. I, 57a, II, 48b; *Songs*² II, 224.

In Buchan's MS. I, 170a there is the following piece with a silly chorus:—

AN THE KIRK WAD LAT ME BE

Hey trafuddle, trafuddle,
And hey trafuddle, trafyk;
I cou'd kiss a young lassie
Down at the back o' a dyke.

rag
clothes

Gin a' my duddies war off,
An' a' my hale claes on,
I cou'd kiss a young lassie
As well as a gentleman.

church

An the kirk wad let me be,
An the kirk wad let me be,
I wou'd court wi' the lasses,
An the kirk wad let me be!

Burns in his notes to Johnson's *Museum* records the traditions connected with the song in the western parts of Scotland. Their daring recitation saved a covenanting minister out of the hands of the soldiery in search of him, who swore "he was a damned honest fellow, and that it was impossible he could belong to those hellish conventicles." The first stanza, says Burns, a little altered, was a favourite kind of dramatic interlude acted at country weddings, in the south-west parts of the kingdom. A young fellow dressed up like an old beggar enters the wedding-house and sings :—

O I am a silly auld man,
My name it is auld Glenae, &c.

He is asked to drink and to dance, does both, is understood to get drunk, falls on the floor, "yet still in all his riot, nay, in his rolling and tumbling on the floor, with one or other drunken motion of his body, he beats time to the music, till at last he is supposed to be carried out *dead drunk*." (Ch. W. IV. 394.)

The tune is generally sung to *The Blithsome Bridal* (Johnson's *Museum*, I, No. 58). In *Walsh's Caledonian Country Dances* it occurs under the title *Silly Old Man* (Glen, pp. 75-76).

XXIII

LOGIE OF BUCHAN

MS. I, 119a-b.

This is the earliest extant copy of the song. Another, given with the music in Stenhouse, pp. 337-38, is closely related to it. It was retouched by Burns for Johnson's *Museum* (IV, No. 358). Those variations in our foot-notes marked B appear also in the version published by Buchan in his *Gleanings of Scotch, English, and Irish scarce old Ballads, &c.*, 1825, pp. 175-76. The

authorship of *Logie of Buchan* has with much probability been assigned to one George Halket, schoolmaster and Jacobite writer (d. 1756 in Tyrie, Aberdeenshire). However, I quite agree with Mr. Henderson, who says that none of his authenticated pieces display any similar poetic merit (*A Little Book of Scottish Verse*, p. 186). About Halket see Buchan, l.c. pp. 211-15, where also a verse of the "original Logie of Buchan," whatever this may be, is printed :—

O woe to Kinmundie, Kinmundie the laird,
Wha's taen awa' Jamie that delv'd in the yard,
Wha play'd on the pipe and the viol sae sma',
Kinmundy's taen Jamie, the flower o' them a'.

XXIV

MY SANDY

MS. I, 53a, II, 45b; C.E. III, 335.

To this noble specimen of popular song Burns added four beautiful lines and slightly altered the rhythm of the old verses. In this shape it appeared in Johnson's *Museum*, III, No. 204: *I love my Love in secret* (see C.E. III, 41). The tune seems to have been very popular. It occurs in many collections, first in Henry Playford's *Original Scotch Tunes*, 1700.—In a Kirkcudbright version of the ballad of *Hind Horn* there is a distinct reminiscence of this song :—

She gave him a gay gold ring,
Hey lillelu and how lo lan,
But he gave her a far better thing,
With my hey down and a hey diddle downie.

(Child I, 503.)

It seems scarcely worth mentioning that some poor, long-winded stuff entitled *My Sandy*, O may be found in Peter Buchan's MS. I.

XXV

RANTIN, ROVIN LAD

MS. I, 28b, II, 44b; *Songs*² II, 179–80.

The basis of Burns's *The White Cockade* (C.E. III, 68, 353). The tune, says Mr. Glen, p. 150, made its first appearance in print under the title of *The Ranting Highlandman*, in Aird's *Selection of Scotch, English, Irish and Foreign Airs*, 1782. With Burns's words it is included in Johnson's *Museum*, III, No. 272.

XXVI

HOW CAN I BE BLYTH AND GLAD

MS. I, 36b; *Songs*² II, 1–2.

The tune is in Johnson's *Museum*, IV, No. 317, with words by Burns, suggested by Herd's text: *The bonie Lad that's far awa* (C.E. III, 94–95). They show Burns's consummate mastership in bringing out the very life-essence of popular fragments. Cromeke in his *Reliques of Robert Burns*, p. 433, records, that he has heard verses similar to Herd's, in the Merse and Teviotdale, sung by the country girls.—As the oldest stage of tradition we possess a ballad in the Bagford, Crawford and Euing Collections: *The Unconstant Shepherd; or, The Forsaken Lass's Lamentation* (see *Bagford Ballads*, II, 978–83). Ebsworth's excellent introduction to it contains an elaborate comparison with Herd's version. As usual, he claims the original for England, without however producing convincing reasons.

XXVII

JOHNY WAS THE LAD

MS. I, 45b, II, 56b; v. ii Dick, p. 362.

XXVIII

HEH HOW, JOHNNY LAD

A. MS. I, 35b, II, 43a, *Songs*² II, 215-16, with alterations and an additional verse, probably by Burns, in *Johnson's Museum*, IV, No. 357.

B. MS. I, 56a, II, 47a; a stray verse of the preceding.

XXIX

LET HIM GANG

MS. I, 24a; *Songs*² II, 180-81.

In the MS. and in the *Songs* this pretty little poem is divided into three eight-lined verses. I have taken the liberty of putting it into what I consider its original shape. The second half of v. ii seems to have been added by a different hand and a very uncouth one. It is a pity that we do not know the tune it was meant to be sung to. Mr. Hay informs me that he has heard it sung by an old farmer to a tune somewhat resembling "She's Fair and Fause."

XXX

I'LL CHEAR UP MY HEART

MS. I, 78b; *Songs*² II, 165-166; Ritson's
Scotish Songs, I, 96.

Arranged by Burns for Johnson's *Museum* (IV, No. 348): *As I was a wand'ring*. His MS. is in the Hastie Collection. It ought to have been included in the C.E.

The song is set to a Gaelic air: *Rinn mi cudial mo inhealladh*, i.e. *My dear did deceive me*, which Burns may have found in the Rev. Patrick McDonald's *Collection of Highland Vocal Airs, &c.*, 1784, a book engraved by Johnson (Glen, p. 170).

In Herd's MS. and in the *Songs* the text is divided into four-lined verses.

XXXI

FALSE LUVE

MS. I, 27a; *Songs*² II, 6; Child, IV, p. 210.

This is the "fragment of an old Scotch ditty," sung with slight variations by David Gellatley "with great earnestness, and not without some taste," in Scott's *Waverley* (*Border Ed.* p. 71). A tune to it is given by Chambers in his *Songs prior to Burns*, p. 444. He also notes a coincidence with the ballad *The Gardener*, where the contrasting rhymes *summer-flowers: winter-showers* recur in all versions (Child, IV, pp. 212-14). The girl speaks:—

Since you've provided a weed for me,
Among the summer flowers,
Then I'll provide another for you,
Among the winter showers. (A. v. 7).

mourning
robe

The two stanzas are also included in Buchan's version of the ballad *The False Lover Won Back* (Child, IV, No. 218, A). It is, however, more than probable that Buchan has foisted them upon the ballad without even making the necessary alterations.—The verbal reminiscence of Desdemona's song (*Othello*, IV, 3) has been noticed by nobody but Herd. Desdemona sings:—

I call'd my love: false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, &c.
If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men.

XXXII

WHEN I GAED TO THE MILL

MS. I, 55b, II, 47b; *Songs*² II, 228-29; Johnson's
Museum VI, No. 505.

v. ii is decidedly inferior to v. i, and seems to have

been patched upon the song to fill up a gap. It is strongly reminiscent of *Dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie*, v. i, 4-8, in *Songs*² II, p. 210:—

such	He gied me sick a blyth blink,
	With his bonny black eye,
sorrowful	And a dear blink, and a sair blink,
	It was unto me.

The tune, an adaptation of *The Birth of Kisses* in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book X., is probably Irish (Glen, p. 216).

XXXIII

AS I GAED TO THE WELL

MS. I, 48b; *Songs*² II, 220-21.

For a similar song see G. R. Kinloch's *Ballad Book*, 1827, pp. 82-83, called *The Knave*. It begins:—

I gaed to the market,
As an honest woman shou'd,
The knave followed me,
As ye ken a knave wou'd, &c. &c.

Kinloch has no note to it. I could not make sure which tune it belongs to.

XXXIV

KIST THE STREEN

A. MS. I, 68a, II, 59b; *Songs*² II, 226-27; Johnson's *Museum* IV, No. 319.

In the index to the *Museum*, vol. IV, it is stated that the song was written "on an amour of John Duke of Argyle," which agrees with Herd's note. No further

particulars are known. The tune under the title *O as I was kiss'd th' streen* is in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book V.

B. MS. I, 55b, II, 48a; *The Roxburghe Ballads*, VIII,
p. xlviii * * *

A fragment in the same rhythm.

XXXV

DAINTY DAVIE

MS. I, 29b, II, 42a; *Songs* 2 II, 215.

The history of Dainty Davie *alias* Mass David Williamson (cf. No. XCII) has been told by Burns in his notes to the *Museum* (Ch. W. IV, pp. 411-12), and, in Captain Creighton's own words, in C.E. II, p. 312 (Creighton's *Memoirs* in Swift's *Works*, ed. Scott, vol. XII, pp. 19-20). He is the sole authority for the anecdote. Burns says that "a mutilated stanza or two are to be found in Herd's collection, but the original song consists of five or six stanzas, and were their delicacy equal to their wit and humor, they would merit a place in any collection." There is a complete copy in *The Merry Muses*.

The tune appears for the first time in Playford's *Dancing Master*,¹⁰ 1698. With a text by Allan Ramsay it is in Johnson's *Museum* I, No. 34.

XXXVI

THE DUSTY MILLER

MS. I, 60a, II, 51a; C.E. III, 318.

The idea suggested by the old words was followed out by Burns in his charming scherzando *The Dusty Miller* (C.E. III, 17-18), first printed in Johnson's *Museum* II,

No. 144. C. K. Sharpe gives the following as the old words :—

Dusty was his coat,
Dusty was his colour,
Dusty was the kiss,
That I gat frae the miller.

Chorus.

Hey the dusty, &c.
(Stenhouse, p. *207.)

The verse, apparently quite as well known in the south as in the north, is also in Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes of England* (1846) with an inappropriate variation :—

He'll earn a shilling
Or he'll spend a groat.
(No. CCXL: *A Song to a Nursery Dance.*)

A similar verse in the same book is No. CCCXXXVI; and No. CCCXXVI :

O the little rusty, dusty, rusty miller !
I'll not change my wife for either gold or siller
is also slightly reminiscent of it.

XXXVII

OH AY SIN SYNE, MINNIE

MS. I, 50b, II, 44a.

XXXVIII

STILL CAULD, AY CAULD

MS. I, 50b, II, 44a.

XXXIX

MY LOVE IS LANG A-GROWING

MS. I, 66a, II, 57b; C.E. III, 390.

Burns used the two verses almost literally in his song *Lady Mary Ann* (C.E. III, 126). His MS. is in the Hastie Collection. The tune, of unknown origin, with Burns's text, forms No. 377 of Johnson's *Museum* IV. The situation in v. i reminds one through verbal coincidences of the ballad *The Cruel Mother* (Child, I, No. 20, H I, 7, I 3, K L 1). Perhaps it is not by mere accident that in Herd's MSS. fragments of *The Cruel Mother* immediately follow the present verses (MS. I, 66b, II, 58a; see Child, I, p. 220).

XL

NEWS, LASSES!

MS. I, 67a, II, 58b; C.E. III, 445-46.

Almost literally incorporated in Burns's *There's News, Lasses, News* (C.E. III, 205). The tune, which, according to Glen, p. 238, is *not* identical with *I will not goe to my bed till I suld die* of the Skene MS., appears in Johnson's *Museum* VI, No. 589, with Burns's text.

XLI

O DEAR MOTHER, WHAT SHALL I DO

MS. I, 58b, II, 50b.

Transmitted by Burns to Johnson (*Museum* III, No. 236). The tune was well known at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and is reprinted in Glen, p. 138, from Margaret Sinkler's *Musick-Book*, 1710.

XLII

I'LL MAKE YE BE FAIN TO FOLLOW

MS. I, 57a, II, 49b.

With slight variations and additions by Burns in Johnson's *Museum* III, No. 268. A long, insipid version may be found in Peter Buchan's MS. I, 175b-177a. The tune, which was furnished by Ramsay with a text beginning *Adieu for a while, my native green plains (Tea-Table Miscellany, No. CXXIV, Songs*¹ p. 106, *Songs*² I, 242), occurs in Margaret Sinkler's *Musick-Book*, 1710, and in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book IX.

XLIII

LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT

MS. I, 34a-b, II, 43b (vv. 1-5 only); *Songs*² II, 167-69.

A version purified by Burns in Johnson's *Museum* IV, No. 311. This and many similar songs are related to blackletter ballads of the type *John's Earnest Request (Roxburghe Ballads, VI, pp. 202-15)*, tracing back to *O, who is at my window, who, who?* (cp. C.E. III, pp. 377-78, 450, 492). The tune, a very old one, is included in various MS. collections of the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century (Glen, p. 161).

XLIV

BIRKS OF ABERGELDIE

MS. I, 54b, II, 46b; *Songs*² II, 221-22; Johnson's *Museum* II, No. 113.

This is perhaps a derivative from a broadside reprinted in Maidment's *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, 1859, p. 59 ff, formerly in the possession of Archibald Constable (C.E. III, 306). Herd's version suggested Burns's famous

Birks of Aberfeldie (C.E. III, 7). The tune was first printed in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1690.

XLV

FRAGMENT

MS. I, 28a, II, 56a; *Songs*² II, 6-7; Child, IV, p. 330.

The first verse of this beautiful piece seems to have suggested the chorus of Burns's *Craigieburn Wood* (C.E. III, 86, 364), which, he says, is part of an old foolish ballad (Ch. W. IV. 406). Child, who reprints the fragment on account of verbal agreements in the Appendix to *The Laird o' Drum* (IV, No. 236), says (l.c. p. 322) that it belongs to a ballad of a shepherd's daughter and an earl, which is preserved in two copies in Motherwell's MS. (I, 37, 252).

XLVI

KIND-HEARTED NANSY

MS. I, 32a-b; *Songs*² II, 176-78.

For similar pieces see Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*⁵ Nos. CXXX and CLXVIII; cf. also Ritson's *North-Country Chorister*, 1792, containing a *Laddy, Lye Near Me*, reprinted in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. VIII, p. 692, vv. iii and iv of which are almost identical with our iv-vii.

XLVII

NICOL O' COD

MS. I, 136b-137a.

A late derivative of this song, curtailed and freed from all equivocation, is in Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*⁶ No. CCCCLII, beginning:

When shall we be married,
My dear Nicholas Wood?

with the refrain:

Why sure the man's gone wood.

XLVIII

RECKLE MAHUDIE

MS. I, 48a; *Songs*² II, 235-36.

XLIX

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS WIFE

A. MS. I, 97b-98a; *Songs*² II, 182-83, with alterations by Burns in Johnson's *Museum* IV, No. 362.

Chambers, who seems to have overlooked the set in the *Museum*, and to whom Herd's version was too objectionable on the score of morality, laid his own hands on the dialogue and published the sorry result of his endeavours in the *Songs of Scotland prior to Burns*, pp. 402-403—all for the benefit of "modern society."

B. MS. I, 61a, II, 52b; the two first verses in a slightly different shape.

L

FRAGMENT

MS. I, 53a, II, 45a; Child, V, p. 104.

Child connects the fragment with *The Wife Wrapt in Wethers Skin*.

LI

BOYSAC

MS. I, 50a, II, 57a; *Songs*² II, 236-37.

The three names mentioned in verse i are the land-names of three Forfarshire lairds to whom the song undoubtedly refers.

LII

WALIFU' FA' THE CAT

A. MS. I, 26b; *Songs*² II, 214.

This note is in the MS. under the title: The following is a different copy sent from Tweedside of the song in the former collection called [Wallifou' fa' the Cat].

B. This is the different version referred to: *Songs*¹ 290, ² II, 139; *not* in the MSS.

Chambers in the *Scottish Songs* p. 10 published a mixture of the two versions, the second half of A being replaced by the less malodorous second half of B.

LIII

DONALD COWPER

MS. I, 52b; *Songs*² II, 229; and with slight variations by Burns (P) in Johnson's *Museum* IV, No. 334.

The tune is mentioned in William Cleland's mock heroic poem *On the Expedition of the Highland Host who came to destroy the Western Shires in Winter 1678*, written by William Cleland (1661 ?-1689):—

Trumpets sounded, *Skeens* were glancing,
Some were Tonal'd Cowper dancing &c.¹

Highland
dirks

The melody is in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1695, but not in any of the earlier editions, as stated by Stenhouse and Chambers (Glen, p. 167). There is also a vulgar piece to the tune of *Daniel Cooper* in D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, 1719, V, p. 88: *Good Honest Trooper take warning by Donald Cooper*.

LIV

SYMON BRODIE

MS. I. 59a; *Songs*² II, 230-31; inaccurately in Chambers's *Scottish Songs*, p. 407.

The tune *Simon Brodie* is in the M'Farlan MS. vol. III No. 65, ca. 1743.

¹ A Collection of several Poems and Verses, composed upon various occasions, by Mr. William Cleland, Lieutenant Collonel to my Lord Angus's Regiment. Printed in the year MDCXCVII. p. 34.

LV

TIBBIE FOWLER

V. i and *chorus* MS. I, 56a, II, 48a; *Songs* II, 223.

vv. ii and iii MS. I, 117b.

The first complete version (six verses) appeared in Johnson's *Museum* V, No. 440. Chambers's attempt to identify Tibbie with an Isabella Fowler, daughter-in-law to Logan of Restalrig (*Songs prior to Burns*, p. 130), has not met with approval. He mentions a Rev. Dr. Strachan, minister of Carnwath, as the author of it; but we are told by Dr. David Laing that there has been no Dr. Strachan minister of Carnwath during the last three hundred years at least (Stenhouse, p. *449). There are *Variations of Tibbie Fowler* in Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, pp. 97-102, worthless stuff, which the editor assures us that he has picked up, from a diligent search, among the old people of Nithsdale. The old words, that is to say the *Museum* version, are given verbatim in a note, without mention of the source whence they were taken. Another *Tibbie Fowler* is in Buchan's MS. I, 161a. May its quiet sleep never be disturbed.

vv. ii and iii, which were separately noted down by Herd, appear contracted as a *Lanarkshire Rhyme on Marriage* in Chambers's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, p. 392 :—

Set a lass on Tintock tap,
Gin she hae the penny siller,
The wind will blaw a man till her;
But gin she want the penny siller,
There'll ne'er a ane be evened till her!

It is by no means improbable that the verses had originally nothing to do with Tibbie Fowler. It would be interesting indeed to know if they were ever con-

nected with it prior to Burns's arrangement in the *Museum*.

The tune was well known in the time of Allan Ramsay, who wrote a song, *Genty Tibby and Sonsy Nelly*, to it.

LVI

LUMPS O' PUDDINGS

MS. I, 52a ; *Songs*² II, 221.

The tune is in Sinkler's *Musick-Book*, 1710, where it is called *Sweet Pudding*, and in Playford's *Dancing Master*,¹⁴ 1701.

LVII

GREEN SLEEVES

MS. I, 58a, II, 50a.

The history of this tune, which is an English one, has been written by Chappell, I, pp. 239-42. It was popular for centuries. v. iii of the present piece solves the difficulty which Chappell finds in the appearance of the title *Green Sleeves and Yellow Laces*. A weak but unobjectionable text to the melody was published by Ramsay in the *Tea-Table Miscellany: Ye watchful guardians of the Fair* (s. *Songs*² I, 221 ; Johnson's *Museum* IV, No. 388).

LVIII

THERE GAED A FAIR MAIDEN

MS. I, 20, II, 55b ; *Songs*² II, 226 ; also, with alterations, in Pinkerton's *Scottish Ballads*, 1783, II, 158.

A different text to *Up in the Morning early*, inimitable in its purity and simplicity, with that peculiar touch

of sadness so characteristic of popular songs. Other sets of words are less delicate, *e.g.*

A lovely lass to a friar came,
To confess, in a morning early, &c.

in the *Charmer*, I, 219, quoted in Scott's *Redgauntlet*, chapter xv (*Border Ed.*, p. 455).

LIX

WILLIE HE'S A BONIE LAD

MS. I, 61b, II, 53a.

LX

THEY'RE A' NODDING

MS. I, 70a, II, 67b ; C.E. III, 438.

Used by Burns for his curious medley *We're a' noddin'* (C.E. III, 189-90), published first in Johnson's *Museum*, VI, No. 523. He quotes v. i in a letter to Robert Ainslie from Edinburgh, 23rd August 1787, soon after he had seen Herd's MS., and calls it "a modest verse of classical authority" (Ch. W. II, 147-48).

LXI

MS. I, 61b, II, 53a ; C.E. III, 350.

The four last lines of the fragment were used by Burns for his Jacobite song *Awa' Whigs, awa'!* first published in Johnson's *Museum*, III, No. 263.

LXII

MS. I, 56b, II, 49b.

There is a country-dance tune entitled *Thrie Sheips Skins* in the Skene MSS., in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1698, and, with very little alteration, in Oswald's

Caledonian Pocket Companion, vol. VII (Dauney, *Ancient Scottish Melodies*, pp. 228, 271; Chappell II, p. 203). It was one of the trades' tunes, and used to be played by the bells of St. Giles' Church on the day on which the worshipful corporation of the "Skinners" had their annual procession. That the lines preserved by Herd can in any way be connected with the tune, I do not venture to affirm.

LXIII

MS. I, 58b, II, 50b.

Another chip of a popular song the melody of which occurs in the McFarlan MS. Vol. II (now in the library of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland), (ca. 1740), No. 142, and in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book VI, p. 23.

LXIV

MS. I, 60a, II, 51b.

The tune *We're a' kiss'd sleeping* is in the McFarlan MS. vol. II (1740), No. 154, and in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book XI, p. 4. The few words preserved by Herd are all that remain of the old words.

LXV

MS. I, 56b, II, 48b.

LXVI

MS. I, 52b, II, 45a.

LXVII

MS. I, 54b, II, 47a, *Songs*² II, 222; also in Pinkerton's
Select Scottish Ballads, 1783, vol. II, p. 156.

LXVIII

MS. I, 53b, II, 46a.

It is sung to the tune *Birks of Abergeldie*.

LXIX

MS. I, 60a, II, 51a; C.E. III, 319.

These four lines form the second half of verse iii in Burns's *Duncan Davidson* (C.E. III, 19-20), first printed in Johnson's *Museum* II, No. 149. For *I can*, Burns writes three times *A man may*. An old dance under the title *I'll ay be welcome back again*, identical with the *Duncan Davidson* of the *Museum*, is in *Bremner's Collection of Scots Reels or Country Dances*, 1759. This explains Burns's preserving the old words in his own song, although they suit it but indifferently. See also Scott's *Woodstock* (*Border Ed.* p. 488), where the stanza is quoted as Burns has it.

LXX

MS. I, 53b, II, 45b.

Mrs. Copland transmitted to R. H. Cromeck a poem, the beginning of which, *mutatis mutandis*, shows close coincidences with the present fragment (*Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, p. 82):—

Our guid-wife's ay in the right,
Ay in the right, ay in the right,
Our guid-wife's ay in the right,
And I am ay in the wrang, Jo ! &c.

LXXI

MS. I, 58b, II, 50b; Dick, p. 375.

The tune *Jocky's Gray Breeches*, taken from Oswald's *Collection of Curious Scots Tunes*, 1742, is in Johnson's *Museum* I, No. 27. There it appears with two sets of words; the author of the English text (first line: *Now smiling spring again appears*) is unknown; the Scottish version, a poor fabrication indeed, was made by John Mayne (first line: *Jenny's heart was frank and free*). Stenhouse gives an old version of the text on p. 27, and Ritson a similar, more complete one, with the tune, in his *Scottish Songs* I, 212. The wife remembers the bliss of early married life and the happy days that have gone by. She has learnt to know care and sorrow, yet in all her bad fortune she remains true and hopeful:

So I lo'e Johnny's gray breeks,
For a' the care they've gi'en me yet,
And gin we live another year,
We'll keep them hail between us yet. (v. v, 4-8.) whole

Herd's fragment is perhaps still more in the pure popular style. Its meaning is obvious: Johnie has betrayed me, but for all that it's I who shall wear the breeches.

LXXII

MS. I, 56a, II, 48b.

LXXIII

MS. I, 60b, II, 52a; C.E. III, 312.

In Burns's *Stay my Charmer* (Johnson's *Museum* II, No. 129; C.E. III, 12), and more obviously in the later *Canst thou leave me* (C.E. III, 232, 463), especially in the chorus, there is a reminiscence of the present fragment.

LXXIV

MS. I, 61b, II, 53a.

In Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*⁵ No. CCCCXXVII
we find the lines :

Doodledy, doodledy, doodledy, dan,
I'll have a piper to be my good man ;
And if I get less meat, I shall get game,
Doodledy, doodledy, doodledy, dan.

No doubt a recollection of an older version of which
Herd has saved a couple of lines.

LXXV

MS. I, 28a, II, 56a.

LXXVI

MS. I, 61a, II, 52b ; C.E. III, 304

The verse gave the foundation to Burns's *Whistle and
I'll come to you my Lad*, the first version of which ap-
peared in Johnson's *Museum* II, No. 106. The air is
said to have been composed by John Bruce, fiddler
in Dumfries.

LXXVII

KING COULL

MS. I, 98a-b ; *Songs*² II, 183-85.

The version in the *Museum* V, No. 473, was sent by
Burns to Johnson with the remark : " I have met with
many different sets of the tune & words, but these
appear to me to be the best.—It is superfluous to add,
that the part of the music which goes to 'the fiddlers,

harpers,' &c., is marked between two repeats." Burns's MS. is in the Hastie Collection.

Both the text and the air, however popular in Scotland, are of English origin. It is scarcely possible to connect jolly King Coul with a mythical giant, father of Fyn McCoule, who is said to have lived in the fifth century, and of whom, according to Hector Boetius, many fables were current among the people. (cp. Stenhouse, pp. 417-18.) Nor have the occasional jokes of the Elizabethan dramatists about "old Cole" met with sufficient explanation (Chappell, II, 172). The song itself was well known in England about the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it is quoted by Dr. William King, in his *Useful Transactions* (No. VI).¹ He says: "This was the same prince that built Colchester. His right name was Coil," &c.

v. i in a very different shape is in Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes of England*, No. I.

LXXVIII

WHEN I WAS A WEE THING

MS. I, 16b; *Songs* 2 II, 213-14.

Similar fantastic and senseless rhymes, probably made to accompany games, have been frequently taken down from the mouths of children; see for instance a song in Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes of England*, 1842 (printed for the Percy Society), No. XVIII, which is almost literally the same as Herd's:—

When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I laid upon the shelf, &c.

¹ Chappell II, pp. 172-73. Dr. William King's *Original Works*, &c., London 1776, II, pp. 87-88.

A similar piece in the same rhythm was published by Halliwell in his *Nursery Rhymes*,⁶ 1853, No. LXXII:

When I was a little girl, about seven years old,
I hadn't got a petticoat, to cover me from the cold,
So I went into Darlington, &c.

Related to it is a song in Chambers's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, pp. 27-28:

When I was a wee thing,
'Bout six or seven year auld, &c.

Cp. also Northall, *English Folk-Rhymes*, p. 366, and W. W. Newell, *Games and Songs of American Children*, p. 102.

LXXIX

THE DREG SONG

MS. I, 64a-65a; *Songs** II, 163-65.

"Dreg songs" were the interminable delight of the harvest dinner-hour—especially among the Irishmen, who took a share in harvest operations before machinery took away the social jollity from the workers. I have heard an old man recite one of these long-blown medleys for three-quarters of an hour without a break. The more mixed the metaphor the more delight it gave. Any sing-song tune serves for the recital, if the cadences can be worked in. The "Dredging Song" of the fishermen is of a similar class, but it is called by a different name. I have heard two men in different fishing villages give practically the same song word for word. It is more of the nature of a sailor's "chantie."—(Hay.)

Of the present "strange jumble of nonsense" the only lines of any interest are lines 57 and 58, because they

are in some way or other connected with Elspeth Mucklebackit's rhyme:—

“The herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind;
But the oyster loves the dredging-sang,
For they come of a gentle kind.”

—*The Antiquary* (*Border Ed.* p. 519).

Another *Dreg Song* parodied by Burns in his *Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose?* with a little more sense in it is in *Songs*² II, 99. It begins:

“Keep ye weel frae Sir John Malcolm: Igo and ago,
If he's a wise man, I mistak him: Iram coram dago,
Keep ye weel frae Sandie Don: Igo and ago,
He's ten times dafter than Sir John: Iram coram dago” &c.

LXXX

THE NURSE'S SONG

MS. I, 65b; *Songs*² II, 176; Chambers's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, pp. 25, 26.

LXXXI

THE WREN

MS. I, 29a; *Songs*² II, 209–10; Johnson's *Museum* V, No. 483.

Buchan, as usual, has a verse in store to fill up the gap after v. ii, and besides adds a concluding verse. We give them from his MS. I, 166a–b; after v. ii:

“Then Robin stood an' view'd her,
An' view'd her, an' view'd her,
Then Robin stood an' view'd her,
An' in her face he star'd O!

like Syne he turn'd him round about,
 Round about, round about,
 Syne he turn'd him round about,
 Sicke ony little laird O ! ”

after verse iii :

soold “ O wae be to your sodger,
 Your sodger, your sodger !
 O wae be to your sodger,
 That I shou'd curse an' bann O ! ”
 Robin's to the wood again,
 Wood again, wood again,
 Robin's to the wood again,
 Sicke ony angry man O ! ”

It is of course quite possible that the verses are of Buchan's own manufacture.

The tune *Lennox love to Blanter* occurs in Margaret Sinkler's *Musick-Book*, 1710, now in the possession of Mr. John Glen, Edinburgh, who says that it is a dance tune of the Strathspey kind and was included in Robert Bremner's *Scots Reels*, 1757, p. 17 (Glen, p. 209).

LXXXII

ROBIN REDBREAST'S TESTAMENT

MS. I, 77b-78a; *Songs*² II, 166-67; Chambers, *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, p. 38, with a chorus :

Teetle ell ell, teetle ell, &c.

In his *Scottish Songs*, p. 85, Chambers tells us, that in his childhood he has heard this song sung by old women and nurses. I do not believe that the origin of it can be connected with the collapse of the Tay-bridge near Perth in the first half of the seventeenth century.

Of the marriage between Robin Redbreast and Wren

popular tradition has little good to tell. For the folkloristic material see C. Swainson, *The Folk Lore and Provincial Names of British Birds*, London 1886, pp. 13 ff. and 35 ff.; W. Henderson, *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders*, London 1879, pp. 123-25; R. Chambers, *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, pp. 186-88; and G. F. Northall, *English Folk-Rhymes*, pp. 274-76.

LXXXIII

THE HUNTING OF THE WREN

MS. I, 24b; *Songs*² II, 210-11.

On the once wide-spread custom of hunting the wren on St. Stephen's day (26th of December) see Swainson, *l.c.*, and Northall, pp. 229-31. The veneration accorded to the wren in heathen times led to its persecution under the influence of Christian priests.

There is a similar song in Buchan's MS. I, 166b-167a:

JOHNNY REDNOSE

I

Where are ye gain? quoth Hose to Mose,	going
Where are ye gain? quoth Johnny Rednose,	
And where are ye gain? quoth brethren three,	
To shoot the wren, quo' Wise Willie.	

II

Where will we saut her? quoth Hose to Mose,	salt
Where will we saut her? quoth Johnny Rednose,	
Where will we saut her? quoth brethren three,	
In quids an' tubs, quoth Wise Willie.	pickling skins

III

What will we do wi her? quoth Hose to Mose, &c.,
We'll make a feast o' her, quoth Wise Willie.

IV

Wha will we hae at it ? quoth Hose to Mose, &c.,
We'll hae dukes an' lords, quoth Wise Willie.

LXXXIV

THE TOD

MS. I, 47b ; *Songs*² II, 234-35.

LXXXV

BARM OR CUSHEN DANCE

MS. I, 59a ; *Songs*² II, 231.

A modification of these lines, adapted for the nursery, is given by Halliwell in his *Nursery Rhymes*,⁵ No. CXLV :—

Trip upon trenchers, and dance upon dishes,
My mother sent me for some barm, some barm, &c.

The second title, cushion dance, which is only in Herd's MS., suggests that the old words formed the text to such a dance. We are, however, not able to make out any details referring to the present case. On the cushion dance, which was a favourite from the sixteenth century onward, see Chappell I, 288, who reprints the very interesting directions for its execution from Playford's *Dancing Master*. *dishes* (l. 1) are high, iron-heeled shoes used by country maidens about farm homesteads ; *trenchers* are clogs or wooden boots (Hay).

LXXXVI

MS. I, 96a, II, 59b.

Three similar lines were taken down near Sheffield (Shropshire) :—

Sandy he belongs to the mill,
And the mill belongs to Sandy still
And the mill belongs to Sandy.

Northall considers them part of a game, and connects them with the *Jolly Miller* (*English Folk Rhymes*, p. 366).

Rakes of Mallow is an Irish tune; see A. Moffat, *The Minstrelsy of Ireland*, 1897, p. 21.

LXXXVII

MS. I, 96a, II, 60a.

For an English version see Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*,⁶ 1853, No. CLXIV.

LXXXVIII

MS. I, 96a, II, 59b.

Northall, *English Folk Rhymes*, p. 288-89, gives versions of this rhyme from Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and from *Gammer Gurton's Garland*. Cp. also Chambers, *Popular Rhymes*, p. 158, and Halliwell, *Nursery Rhymes*,⁶ 1853, No. CCLIV. According to Chambers the first two lines are to be sung or spoken in a loud, the remaining two in a low voice.

LXXXIX

MS. I, 60b, II, 52a.

Chambers gives a version of this rhyme in his *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, p. 383, with a variation in the last two lines, and calls it *A Jacobite Rhyme*. He adds the following note from *Tait's Magazine*:

"Sir Walter Scott, when the exciting news burst upon Europe that Bonaparte had miraculously escaped from Elba, and was marching on Paris in great force, began a letter to a friend with this snatch of song." James

Napier gives a similar piece as "sung by children in the street" (*Folk-Lore Record*, IV, p. 176) :—

Some say the deil's dead, and buried in Kirka'dy,
Others say he'll rise again, and dance the Hieland
laddy.

Similar versions have been taken down in Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, and North Buckinghamshire (see Northall, *English Folk Rhymes*, p. 51). The rhyme sings to the tune of *The Birks of Abergeldie*. There need not necessarily be a connection between it and Burns's *The Deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman* (C.E. III, 400).

XC

MS. I, 60b, II, 52a.

Care kill'd the cat, i.e. the proverbial cat with nine lives; cp. Shakespeare's *Much Ado*, V. 1, 133: "Though care kil'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care" (*N.E.D.*); George Wither's *Christmas*, v. viii: "Hang sorrow, care will kill a cat, And therefore let's be merry!" Scott's *Antiquary*, ch. xiv. (*Border Ed.* p. 177): "But hang expenses,—care killed a cat; we'll eat the fish, cost what it will."

XCI

MS. I, 96a, II, 60a.

In his notes appended to C. K. Sharpe's *Ballad Book* (new edition by David Laing, 1880) Scott remarks on p. 155:

THE WHIPPERS OF COOMSLIE

Coomslie or Colmslie, a ruinous tower, stands at the head of a brook which falls into the Tweed near Melrose. It is in a singularly lonely situation, but forms a sort of triangle with other two old fortified houses called

Hillslap¹ and Langshaw, which seem to have crept together for mutual defence. They are all now ruinous, but the mill and the kiln are still in action.

“Coomslie stands on Coomslie hill,
The water it flows by² Coomslie mill:
The mill and the kiln gang bonnilie,
And it's up with the Whippers of Coomslie.”

XCII

MASS DAVID WILLIAMSON

MS. I, 29b; C.E. III, 430.

The end of this verse—Bannocks of bear-meal, Cakes o' croudie—together with the rhyme *soudie*, connect it with Song XI in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, vol. I, p. 20: *Cakes of Croudie*, attributed by Hogg to Lord Newbottle (ibid. p. 184). Cherrytree's Davie in v. ii of the Jacobite song is our Mass David, the hero of *Dainty Davie* (see No. XXXV). Part of our rhyme is quoted in the *Heart of Midlothian* (*Border Ed.*), p. 315:—

“Mass David Williamson,
Chosen of twenty,
Ran up the pu'pit stair,
And sang Killiecrankie.”

XCIII

DUNCAN GRAY

MS. I, 35 a-b, II, 42b-43a.

A version of this song with some alterations, probably due to Burns, is in the *Merry Muses* (C.E. III, pp. 321-

¹ Colmslie and Hillslap belonged to the family of Cairncross, cp. Mr. A. Lang's introduction to Scott's *Monastery* (*The Border Edition*, 1901), p. xi, and Scott's *Introduction to the Monastery*, ibid. p. xxiv f.

² round, Scott's *Introduction*.

22 and 452-54). Of Burns's two arrangements, the first, for Johnson's *Museum* (II, No. 160, C.E. III, 23), is still very much in the spirit of the old song, whilst the second, for Thomson's collection (vol. I, part II, 1798, C.E. III, 215), now commonly sung, has nothing left in it to offend the morals of the Edinburgh West-end salons.

The air does not appear before the third book of Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1750, although Stenhouse, p. 148, records a tradition, that it "was composed by Duncan Gray, a carter or carman in Glasgow, about the beginning of last (viz. 18th) century, and that the tune was taken down from his whistling it two or three times to a musician in that city."

XCIV

KIND ROBIN LOO'S ME

MS. I, 112a-b; *Songs* 2 I, 311-12.

In the MS. Herd notes under the title: *Suppos'd the original words*, which, of course, is a mistake. As it stands the song is very artificial and contains only a few lines of the old words, of which the following are in Stenhouse (p. 422):—

*Hech hey! Robin, quo' she,
Hech hey! Robin, quo' she,
Hech hey! Robin, quo' she,
Kind Robin loes me.*

nurse's

Robin, Robin, let me be,
Until I win the nourrice fee;
And I will spend it a' wi' thee,
For kind Robin loes me.

&c. &c.

The tune in Johnson's *Museum* V, No. 478, was first printed in William M'Gibbon's *Collection of Scots Tunes*, &c., 1742. It is the modernised version of a *Kind Robin* in the Blaikie MS. (1692), reprinted by Glen, p. 208.

XCV

BYDE YE YET

MS. I, 49b; *Songs* ² II, 179; Johnson's *Museum* I, No. 97;
Chambers's *Songs prior to Burns*, p. 419.

In his notes to the *Museum* Burns says: "There is a beautiful song to this tune, beginning:

'Alas, my son, you little know,'

which is the composition of a Miss Jenny Graham, of Dumfries" (Ch. W. IV, p. 386). On Janet Graham (1723-1805) see Stenhouse, pp. 101 and * 141 ff. The only song which can be safely ascribed to her—the one mentioned by Burns—appeared very mutilated (without vv. ii and iii) in Herd's *Songs*,¹ pp. 210-11, and more complete but still without the first half of the second verse in the second edition, II, pp. 120-21, as *The Wayward Wife*, the chorus of which is probably, but not certainly, more ancient than the rest of the song. It runs:

Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide you yet,
The half of that will gane you yet,
If a wayward wife obtain you yet.

serve

The two songs stand to each other as statement to refutation. In the first, a father, who apparently has had experiences, warns his son of sorrows springing from married life, smarting sorrows indeed, caused by rock and reel and spinning-wheel, which become dangerous missiles in the hands of a shrew. In the other song, the young man praises the blessings of family life, which cannot seriously be disturbed by occasional differences. I take Miss Graham's song to be the older of the two.

vv. i and ii recall the classical description of a rural home in Gray's *Elegy*, v. vi:—

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

XCVI

O WOW, MARGET

MS. I, 118b, II, 69a.

Of this spirited and clever production several versions have been published, all of them differing from Herd's, which is here printed for the first time. They occur in (1) C. K. Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, 1823, pp. 109-10, tune: *How are ye, kimmer*; (2) J. Maidment's *North Country Garland*, 1824, pp. 47-50, from R. Pitcairn's MS.—collection of ballads, &c. (3 vols. 1817-25) entitled *Paul Jones*, tune: *We're a' noddin'*, identical with *How are ye, kimmer*, for which see Johnson's *Musical Museum* VI, No. 523; (3) P. Buchan's *Gleanings of Scotch, English and Irish scarce old ballads*, &c., 1825, pp. 147-49, as *The Sheriffmuir Amazons*—none of them as early as Herd's version, who stood in the full prime of his manhood when the events happened which gave rise to the song. Buchan remarks that, since his ballad was printed, he had "seen one similar to it called Paul Jones, but what claim it has to this title I know not, for it might, with equal propriety, be called the Apostle Paul, for it has no more connection with the one than the other" (l.c. p. 202). Pitcairn knew better, and I may be allowed to quote a few interesting sentences on the history of the song from his MS. He says that he wrote it down from the recitation of an old lady, and that it "was much sung in Edinburgh by the populace, on occasion of Paul Jones

making his appearance in the Firth of Forth; and also during the strenuous opposition in Scotland, and the consequent riots which took place, during the discussion of the Popish Bill. It was afterwards revived during the threatened invasion of Britain by Bonaparte, in ridicule of the attempt" (Maidment, l.c. 47). It may be mentioned *en passant*, that only in Sharpe's version the allusion to Sheriffmuir is omitted, and the powers threatening invasion are France and Ireland.

As to the history of John Paul *alias* Paul Jones (b. 1747, d. 1792) I must refer my readers to Mr. J. W. Ebsworth's remarks in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. VIII, p. 330 ff., where several interesting slip-songs on this daring adventurer are reprinted from the Roxburghe and other collections; one of them, viz. *The French Squadron*, to the tune of *Sheriffmuir*, is very much in the strain of our song. Jones entered the Firth of Forth, after having plundered the coasts of Fife, in September 1779. His appearance naturally caused the greatest excitement:—

As soon as this rebel near our shore did come,
From all parts of the town the inhabitants did run:
They all stood amazed, his fire to see,
But this never daunted our brave Militia.

(*The Roxburghe Ballads* l.c. p. 334.)

XCVII

ROBIN'S COURTSHIP

MS. I, 30 a-b; *Songs* 2 II, 218-19.

With the last verse but one on p. 219 of the *Songs* another poem—*sit venia verbo*—begins, which has nothing to do with *Robin's Courtship*, viz. *If ever there was an ill wife i' the world* (No. X). R. Jamieson, who reprints both pieces in his *Popular Ballads and Songs*, vol. I, pp.

326-29, notes the incongruity. The confusion seems due to the carelessness of the printer. In MS. I at least the pieces are clearly separated by a vertical stroke; in MS. II they are wanting. *Robin's Courtship* is a scotified and deteriorated ballad, originally written in the dialect of Somerset: *The Wooing of Robin and Joan*, *The West-Country Lovers* (Roxb. Coll. II, 343, Pepys Coll. IV, 15; see J. W. Ebsworth, *Roxburghe Ballads* VII, 308-10). The piece appears not unfrequently in song-collections of the seventeenth century, e.g. *Wit Restored*, *Wit and Drullery*, also in Dryden's *Miscellaneous Poems* vol. III. Two additional verses tell of the awkward fellow's final success in his wooing, much to the satisfaction of the public, but little in the spirit of the poem.

Ebsworth (l.c. p. 311) enlarges with much unnecessary acrimony on the undoubtedly weak version in Herd's collection, which he erroneously quotes as Herd's and Mason's *Scotch Songs*: "it is of no authority whatever, simply an example of theft and conveyancing . . . a fresh instance of the truth that plagiarists are dunces" &c. &c., and, in the strongest terms, makes Herd and Paton personally responsible for this sin against the *West-Country Lovers*. Now Paton, as we know, had nothing whatever to do with the book, and there is no authority which justifies us in seeing the fabricator of the Scottish piece in David Herd.

XCVIII.

JOHNY JOHNSTON

MS. I, 33 a-b; *Songs* ² II, 216-17.

XCIX

THE DAINTY DOWNBY

MS. I, 23 a-b; *Songs* ² II, 232-34.

cf. Child V, p. 153.

C

PATE'S AND MAGGIE'S COURTSHIP

A : MS. I, 79a-80b.

Published with arbitrary alterations by R. Jamieson in his *Popular Ballads and Songs*, vol. I, p. 309, as : "from Mr. Herd's MS. transmitted by Mr. W. Scott. This copy will be found much more perfect than that published in the Edinburgh Collection" (i.e. Herd's *Songs*²). The text appears here for the first time verbatim after the MS. I write the verses in eight instead of four lines.

B : MS. I, 116a-117b; *Songs*² II, 188-91; Johnson's *Museum* IV, No. 383.

This is apparently younger than A, and probably of English origin, as some misunderstandings of the original seem to indicate. The text in Chambers's *Scottish Songs*, p. 373, is made up from Jamieson and B, the "best" lines and verses of both versions having been selected.

CI

THE BAGRIE O'T

MS. II, 85b.

The air with a similar text is in Johnson's *Museum* I, No. 33. Of this very popular song different versions exist (cf. Stenhouse, pp. 32-33; A. Whitelaw, *The Book of Scottish Song*, p. 518-19). The version Herd took from the *Charmer* (*Songs*² II, 19-20) corresponds best with the present piece, but I have never met with v. iv anywhere else.

CII

THE DAY BEGINS TO PEEP

A : MS. I, 113a, II, 68a ; C.E. III, 325 (vv. 1-4).

B : MS. I, 60b, II, 51b ; C.E. III, 338 ; *The Roxburghs Ballads*, VIII, p. xxxii ***

The influence of the two pieces on Burns's *How lang and dreary is the night* (C.E. III, 27) and *Ay Waukin O* (C.E. III, 45) has been pointed out in C.E. l.c. In Johnson's *Museum*, the first of them is set to a *Gaelic Air* (II, No. 175), the second to a melody published by William Napier (1790) immediately before the third volume of the *Museum* appeared, where it is No. 213 (see Glen, p. 130).

CIII

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY

MS. I, 63b ; C.E. III, 317.

It is said in the C.E. that the chorus of this song was the source of Burns's *Up in the morning early* (C.E. III, 15-16) ; l. 3 of Burns's chorus, however, has no equivalent in Herd's set, whilst it is strongly reminiscent of the well-known

Cauld and raw the north did blaw
Bleak in the morning early, &c.,

contained in different collections of broadsides.

The tune is in Johnson's *Museum* II, No. 140, with Burns's text. It is very old, was probably contained in the now lost Straloch MS., 1627, and occurs in all editions of Playford's *Dancing Master* from 1651 onward. (See Glen, pp. 28-30, and especially Dick, pp. 480-81.)

CIV

THE WINTER IT IS PAST

MS. I, 43a-b.

Arranged by Burns for Johnson's *Musical Museum*, (vol. II, No. 200); see C.E. III, pp. 40-41 and 334. v. ii seems to be Burns's own. In our footnotes we give the more important variants from a copy in the Roxburghe Collection: *The Love-Sick Maid* (ed. Ebsworth, vol. VI, p. 240). Another version in *The London Rake's Garland*, 1765, bears the title: *A new Song, made on a young Lady who fell in love with a Horse-Rider* (ibid. p. 237). The arrangement of the stanzas in the Roxburghe Collection differs from Herd: R v. v = H v. ii, R v. vii = H v. v, R v. viii = H v. vii. R v. ii is not in H.

CV

LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF MY MOURNING

MS. I, 19a, II, 55a; *Songs*² II, 5.

A pendant to *By a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay*, contained in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, vol. I, signed X, in Johnson's *Museum* II, No. 109, and in *Songs*² I, 257; cp. Stenhouse, p. 111. For the original broadside, from which the version preserved by Herd is but a somewhat altered abridgment fabricated in Scotland, see *The Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. VI, p. 233 ff.: *The Forlorn Lover* (date 1685-88). Herd's v. i corresponds to the three introductory verses, v. ii to v. iv, v. iii to v. vii, v. iv to v. ix, v. v to v. xi of the English original.

The tune is included in a manuscript flute-book, dated 1694 (Glen, p. 93).

CVI

AS I CAME IN BY EDINBURGH TOWN

MS. I, 36a, II, 41b; Dr. Ritter, *Englische Studien* XXXII, 164-65.

W. Chappell has published an English version of this broadside in the *Roxburghe Ballads* III, 408: *The Scotch Wooing of Willy and Nanny*, together with a late and worthless *Answer to Nanny O* (ibid. p. 411). Another copy of it is in the Pepys collection, IV, 36. Chappell's claims for the tune as English have been successfully refuted by Glen (p. 44). The melody is contained in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*,¹ 1725. The present version seems to show that the words too belonged to Scotland rather than to England. It is interesting as a source of Burns's *My Nannie O*, C.E. I, 249-51.

CVII

HALLOW FAIR

MS. I, 62a-63a; *Songs*² II, 169-71; Johnson's *Museum* V, No. 451; *The Works of Robert Fergusson*, ed. A. B. Grosart, 1851, pp. 92-95.

Stenhouse notes (p. 399): "This humorous song was written, and communicated by Robert Fergusson to David Herd, who published it after the poet's decease, in the second volume of his Collection, in 1776." Stenhouse does not give the source from which he draws the first part of his communication. There is however no reason for doubting his statement. The tune is *Walley Honey* in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book VII (Glen, p. 200).

CVIII

TWEEDSIDE

MS. I, 69a; *Songs* I, 311.

The tune in Johnson's *Museum* I, No. 36, is there connected with R. Crawford's well-known words *What flowers does Flora disclose*. The authorship of the older verses is generally ascribed to John, Lord Yester (1645-1713), second Marquis of Tweeddale. Cp. R. Chambers, *Scottish Songs*, p. 311, and Stenhouse, p. *112. The tune occurs in the Blakie MS. 1692, as *Doune Tweedside*, and also in Dr. John Leyden's *Lyra Viol MS.* of about the same time (Glen, p. 69).

CIX

SONG WROTE BY MR. JAMES KERR OF
KILDRUMMY

MS. I, 109a, II, 62b; A. B. Grosart's *Robert Fergusson* (Famous Scots Series), p. 25.


To Mr. Grosart's sagacity we owe the identification of this high-principled young man, who flourished at the beginning of the eighteenth century. His sister Sophia married John Forbes, Gentleman, of Templeton Kildrummy in Aberdeenshire, and their daughter Elizabeth was Fergusson's mother (Grosart, pp. 23-24). It is very probable that Fergusson himself communicated this occasional poem to Herd.

CX

PITCAITHLY GREEN

MS. I, 67b-68a.

In P. Buchan's MS. I, fol. 93b-94a, occurs a version of



the same fabrication somewhat different in expressions and order of verses, but without any explanatory comments. In Herd's MS. there is the following remark under the title of the poem:

"This song was made by the auld Earl of Kinnoul (grandfather of the present Earl) upon Jeanie Oliphant, a daughter of the Laird of Pitcaithly and Kilcow, afterwards married to Mr. Bruce, a minister in Fife—short time after the mineral of Pitcaithly was discovered."

We have thus to consider the sixth Earl of Kinnoul as the author of the poem (born about 1660, Earl 1706, died 1719). It is not quite clear what date Herd was thinking of for the discovery of the mineral springs of Pitcaithly. To the country people their therapeutic power was known from time immemorial, and even miraculous cures were expected from the use of them. Their scientific discovery took place in the year 1772. The sources lie in the parish of Dunbarny, Perthshire, one mile south-west of the old Earn-bridge (cf. *The New Statistical Account of Scotland*, X, pp. 792-97, and the *Encyclopaedia Perthensis* s.n. Pitkeathly).

CXI

THE TURNIMSPIKE

MS. I, 115a-b; *Songs* II, 186-88; Johnson's *Museum* I, No. 24 (tune: *Clout the Caldron*). See G. MacGregor, *The collected Writings of Dougal Graham, &c.*, Glasgow 1883, I, p. 268.

The author of this capital outburst of Highland indignation over the newfangledness of the times in general and the customs duties and turnpikes in particular, is Dougal Graham, balladmonger and bellman in Glasgow (born about 1724, died 1779). His fame spread farther than the scenes of his exploits. Scott, planning a reprint of his *Impartial History of the Rise*,

Progress, and Extinction of the late Rebellion for the Maitland Club, said in a letter that *Turninspike* alone would secure for its author his share of immortality; a somewhat exaggerated valuation, no doubt (cf. MacGregor, I, 63).

The *Turninspike* was first published in Herd's second edition, not in the first as Stenhouse (p. 22) and, after him, MacGregor state. MacGregor's supposition that the poem might have been inspired by the first turnpike-act for Scotland, F. Geo. III, ch. 42 (1766-67), seems very plausible. MacGregor (I, 271) also ascribes to Graham another poem in Herd's first edition: *Ha'd awa frae me, Donald* (*Songs*¹ 339-41, *Songs*² II, 160-63).

CXII

TIMBER STAIRS

MS. I, 105b-106a, II, 61a-b.

Song III in Nicol's *Collection of Scots Songs, being new words adapted to old Tunes* (Nicol's *Poems*, 1766, p. 23). Herd's MSS. contain the poem in four-lined verses with unessential orthographical differences. It is reprinted from Herd's MS. in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. VIII, p. lxxxvii * * *.

CXIII

SONG MADE ON THE SIGN OF MR. THOS. TOD

MS. I, 96b, II, 60a.

CXIV

THE MILLER OF DEE

MS. I, 107 a-b; *Songs*² II, 185-86.

In Chambers's *Scottish Songs*, p. 449, a version without

v. ii is given as *From an old MS. copy*. Chappell in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, 1859, vol. II, p. 667, has similar stanzas found on the fly-leaf of a volume of Dryden's *Miscellany* (1716) and sent to the editor of *The Illustrated London News*. v. i was sung in Isaac Bickerstaffe's *Love in a Village*, 1762, which shows at least that the song was popular at that time. The tune, originally known as *The Budgeon it is a delicate Trade*, and the words as given by Herd, were favourites in the latter half of the eighteenth century. See e.g. *The Convivial Songster*, London, 1783, p. 334, and *Calliope: or, The Musical Miscellany*, London, 1788, pp. 245-46.

CXV

AS I WALK'T BY MYSELF

MS. I, 96a, II, 59b; *Songs* ² II, 229.

A version of this song is given by Halliwell in his *Nursery Rhymes*,^b No. XXV, where it is said to have been composed on King William the Third. A Scottish tune *As I walk'd by myself* is in the McFarlan MS., 1740, No. 31. (For a description of this MS. see Glen, p. 13.)

CXVI

MERRY SHERWOOD

MS. I, 69b.

Note in the margin to v. i: "English." A more complete version of the poem with another and better order of the verses is in *The Blackbird*, &c., 3rd edition, Edinburgh, 1771, p. 108. Possibly Herd wrote down the poem from memory. H. v. i = Bl. v. i; H. v. ii = Bl. v. v; H. v. iii = Bl. v. iv; H. v. iv = Bl. v. ii; Bl. v. iii, which has no equivalent in Herd's version, runs thus:—

Our hearts they are stout, and our bows they are good,
And well their masters, masters know.
They're cull'd in the forest of Merry Sherwood,
And ne'er—will spare one foe.

For verbal differences see the footnotes.

CXVII

WHAT'S THE SPRING BREATHING JESSMIN
AND ROSE

MS. I, 128a, II, 72a; Hogg's *Jacobite Relics* I, Song
LXXV. Sung to the air of *Tweedside*.

CXVIII

KING JAMES THE 7th's LAMENTATION

MS. I, 118a, II, 71a.

The stanzas refer to the marriage of James II, then Duke of York, with the Princess Mary of Modena, 1673, a union which made him an object of much resentment. I have not been able to find the tune of the song.

CXIX

MS. II, 71b.

This is the second part of v. i of a Jacobite song *My Luddie* which Hogg copied from Sir Walter Scott's original Jacobite papers and collated with a copy in the Dalguise collection. He says that he likewise got several copies of it from other quarters. (*Jacobite Relics*, I, No. LXIX, and *Note*, p. 289.)

CXX

CXXI

TWO SONGS TO IRISH AIRS

PEGGY

MS. I, 54a, II, 46a.

Note before v. i: The two following songs were got from an Irish harper; the airs are very fine and much after the manner of $\frac{3}{4}$ Scots.

LOVE'S SORROWS

MS. I, 54a, II, 46b.

CXXII

ROBIN ADAIR

MS. I, 67a, II, 58b.

Marginal note by Herd: "this is an Irish Song and I believe is printed in some collection." Its being noted down from memory accounts for the deficiency of Herd's text. Herd had seen it in *The Lark: a select Collection of the most celebrated and newest Songs, Scots and English*, Edinburgh, 1765, p. 268:—

i

You're welcome to Paxton, Robin Adair,
You're welcome to Paxton, Robin Adair,
How does Luke Gardner do, ay, and John Macharil
too?

O! why did they not come with you, Robin Adair?

ii

I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair,
I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair,
I will drink wine with you, good rack and brandy too,
soul By my shoull I'll be drunk with you, Robin Adair.

iii

Come, let us drink about, Robin Adair,
 Come, let us drink about, Robin Adair,
 Come, let us drink about, and drink an hogshead out,
 O then we'll be drunk, no doubt, Robin Adair.

A slightly different version with an additional verse after v. i, and the line Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair? as refrain to all the vv. occurs in *The Syren or Musical Banquet . . . a new Selection of modern Songs sung at the various Places of Amusement in Great Britain and Ireland*.² Edinburgh, 1792, p. 41. The *Lark-text* was the model for Burns's *On General Dumourier's Desertion* (C.E. II, pp. 228-29; cf. Ch. W. III, pp. 411-12). An "illustrative notice" by James Dobie of Crumnock in his edition of *Cunninghame, topographized by Timothy Pont, A.M. 1604-1608*, Glasgow, 1876, may be quoted here. He says that the male heir of a John Craufurd of Birkhead (married 1698) settled at Bally-savage, in Ireland—was a jolly toper, and, with others, became the subject of the celebrated bacchanalian song *Will ye drink wine with me, Robin Adair?* (p. 210).

The ancient air, *Aileen Aroon*, is easily accessible in A. Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, pp. 50-51, where it is connected with Moore's *Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes*.

1. The first part of the text is a list of names and dates, which appears to be a table of contents or a list of references. The names are written in a cursive script, and the dates are in a standard font. The list is organized into two columns, with names on the left and dates on the right.

2. The second part of the text is a single line of text, which appears to be a title or a heading. It is written in a cursive script and is centered on the page.

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INDEX TO FIRST LINES

	Text	Notes
And fare ye weel, my auld wife	109	285
And when they came by Gorgie Mills . . .	181	306
As blyth as the linnet sings in the green wood	267	332
As I came down bony Tweedside	169	302
As I came in by Edinburgh Town	247	328
As I came in by Fisherrow	114	286
As I came up yon bony waterside	115	287
As I gaed to the well at e'en	136	296
As I walk't by myself, I said to myself . .	266	332
As I was a-walking ae May-morning . . .	132	294
As late by a soger I chanced to pass . . .	148	300
As Patie came up frae the glen	225	325
Auld wife, auld wife, will you go a-shearing .	205	317
Beneath a green willow's sad ominous shade .	245	327
Bonie lassie, will ye go	153	300
Can ye leave me so, ladie	185	309
Can ye play me Duncan Gray	208	319
Cats likes milk and dogs likes broo	180	306
Cumslie stands on Cumslie hill	207	318
Donald Cowper and his man	172	303
Fals luvie and hae ye played me this . . .	134	295
Fy, gar pluck and pu'	185	310
Gin I had a wee house and canty wee fire . .	212	321
Green sleeves and pudden-pyes	177	305
Gude day now, bonny Robiu	197	314
Gude morrow, fair mistress, the beginner o' strife	108	284
Had I the wyte	117	288
He bought to me a pair of shoon	144	298
Heh how, Johnny lad	128	294
Hersel pe Highland shentleman	258	330
	Y	

CVI

AS I CAME IN BY EDINBURGH TOWN

MS. I, 36a, II, 41b; Dr. Ritter, *Englische Studien* XXXII, 164-65.

W. Chappell has published an English version of this broadside in the *Roxburghe Ballads* III, 408: *The Scotch Wooing of Willy and Nanny*, together with a late and worthless *Answer to Nanny O* (ibid. p. 411). Another copy of it is in the Pepys collection, IV, 36. Chappell's claims for the tune as English have been successfully refuted by Glen (p. 44). The melody is contained in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*,¹ 1725. The present version seems to show that the words too belonged to Scotland rather than to England. It is interesting as a source of Burns's *My Nannie O*, C.E. I, 249-51.

CVII

HALLOW FAIR

MS. I, 62a-63a; *Songs*² II, 169-71; Johnson's *Museum* V, No. 451; *The Works of Robert Fergusson*, ed. A. B. Grosart, 1851, pp. 92-95.

Stenhouse notes (p. 399): "This humorous song was written, and communicated by Robert Fergusson to David Herd, who published it after the poet's decease, in the second volume of his Collection, in 1776." Stenhouse does not give the source from which he draws the first part of his communication. There is however no reason for doubting his statement. The tune is *Waller Honey* in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book VII (Glen, p. 200).

CVIII

TWEEDSIDE

MS. I, 69a; *Songs* I, 311.

The tune in Johnson's *Museum* I, No. 36, is there connected with R. Crawford's well-known words *What flowers does Fl'ra disclose*. The authorship of the older verses is generally ascribed to John, Lord Yester (1645-1713), second Marquis of Tweeddale. Cp. R. Chambers, *Scottish Songs*, p. 311, and Stenhouse, p. *112. The tune occurs in the Blakie MS. 1692, as *Thune Tweedside*, and also in Dr. John Leyden's *Lyra Viol* MS. of about the same time (Glen, p. 69).

CIX

SONG WROTE BY MR. JAMES KERR OF
KILDRUMMY

MS. I, 109a, 11, 62b; A. B. Grosart's *Robert Fergusson*
(Famous Scots Series), p. 25.

To Mr. Grosart's sagacity we owe the identification of this high-principled young man, who flourished at the beginning of the eighteenth century. His sister Sophia married John Forbes, Gentleman, of Templeton Kildrummy in Aberdeenshire, and their daughter Elizabeth was Fergusson's mother (Grosart, pp. 23-24). It is very probable that Fergusson himself communicated this occasional poem to Herd.

CX

PITCAITHLY GREEN

MS. I, 67b-68a.

In P. Buchan's MS. I, fol. 93b-94a, occurs a version of

the same fabrication somewhat different in expressions and order of verses, but without any explanatory comments. In Herd's MS. there is the following remark under the title of the poem:

"This song was made by the auld Earl of Kinnoul (grandfather of the present Earl) upon Jeanie Oliphant, a daughter of the Laird of Pitcaithly and Kilcow, afterwards married to Mr. Bruce, a minister in Fife—short time after the mineral of Pitcaithly was discovered."

We have thus to consider the sixth Earl of Kinnoul as the author of the poem (born about 1660, Earl 1706, died 1719). It is not quite clear what date Herd was thinking of for the discovery of the mineral springs of Pitcaithly. To the country people their therapeutic power was known from time immemorial, and even miraculous cures were expected from the use of them. Their scientific discovery took place in the year 1772. The sources lie in the parish of Dunbarny, Perthshire, one mile south-west of the old Earn-bridge (cf. *The New Statistical Account of Scotland*, X, pp. 792-97, and the *Encyclopaedia Perthensis* s.n. Pitkeathly).

CXI

THE TURNIMSPIKE

MS. I, 115a-b; *Songs* II, 186-88; Johnson's *Museum* I, No. 24 (tune: *Clout the Caldron*). See G. MacGregor, *The collected Writings of Dougal Graham, &c.*, Glasgow 1883, I, p. 268.

The author of this capital outburst of Highland indignation over the newfangledness of the times in general and the customs duties and turnpikes in particular, is Dougal Graham, balladmonger and bellman in Glasgow (born about 1724, died 1779). His fame spread farther than the scenes of his exploits. Scott, planning a reprint of his *Impartial History of the Rev.*

Progress, and Extinction of the late Rebellion for the Maitland Club, said in a letter that *Turnimspike* alone would secure for its author his share of immortality; a somewhat exaggerated valuation, no doubt (cf. MacGregor, I, 63).

The *Turnimspike* was first published in Herd's second edition, not in the first as Stenhouse (p. 22) and, after him, MacGregor state. MacGregor's supposition that the poem might have been inspired by the first turnpike-act for Scotland, F. Geo. III, ch. 42 (1766-67), seems very plausible. MacGregor (I, 271) also ascribes to Graham another poem in Herd's first edition: *Ha'd awa frae me, Donald* (*Songs*¹ 339-41, *Songs*² II, 160-63).

CXII

TIMBER STAIRS

MS. I, 105b-106a, II, 61a-b.

Song III in Nicol's *Collection of Scots Songs, being new words adapted to old Tunes* (Nicol's *Poems*, 1766, p. 23). Herd's MSS. contain the poem in four-lined verses with unessential orthographical differences. It is reprinted from Herd's MS. in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. VIII, p. lxxxvii * * *.

CXIII

SONG MADE ON THE SIGN OF MR. THOS. TOD

MS. I, 96b, II, 60a.

CXIV

THE MILLER OF DEE

MS. I, 107 a-b; *Songs*² II, 185-86.

In Chambers's *Scottish Songs*, p. 449, a version without

v. ii is given as *From an old MS. copy*. Chappell in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, 1859, vol. II, p. 667, has similar stanzas found on the fly-leaf of a volume of Dryden's *Miscellany* (1716) and sent to the editor of *The Illustrated London News*. v. i was sung in Isaac Bickerstaffe's *Love in a Village*, 1762, which shows at least that the song was popular at that time. The tune, originally known as *The Budgeon it is a delicate Trade*, and the words as given by Herd, were favourites in the latter half of the eighteenth century. See e.g. *The Convivial Songster*, London, 1783, p. 334, and *Calliope: or, The Musical Miscellany*, London, 1788, pp. 245-46.

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soul By my shoull I'll be drunk with you, Robin Adair.

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Heh how, Johnny lad	128	294
Hersel pe Highland shentleman	258	330

	Text	Notes
How can I be blyth and glad	125	293
How dan, dilly dow	193	313
How lang have I a batchelor been	216	323
I am a poor, silly, auld man	119	290
I am to court a wife	105	284
I can drink and no be drunk	183	308
I, like a silly fish, play'd in the brook	274	334
I'll go to the greenwood	155	301
I'll hae a piper	185	310
I'll hae Johny's gray breeks	184	309
I'll trip upon trenchers, I'll dance upon dishes	204	316
I hae layen three herring a sa't	103	283
I hae often heard my grannam say	182	307
I married an Italian Queen	271	333
I married a wife with a good commendation	110	285
In a garden so green in a May-morning	93	279
In simmer I mawed my meadows	104	283
I rade to London yesterday	190	312
I will kiss your wife, carl	183	308
If ever there was an ill wife i' the warld	106	284
It was in and through the window broads	140	297
It was on a Sunday	130	294
Johny was the lad of the men I saw	127	293
Keep the country, bonie lassie	183	308
Kiss ye, Jean, kiss ye, Jean	139	297
Logan water and Logan braes	116	288
Mass David Williamson	207	319
My daddy he stealt the minister's cow	176	305
My father would have me to wed	254	329
My love was born in Aberdeen	124	293
My Sandy gied to me a ring	123	292
My wife's a wanton wee thing	111	285
News, lasses, news	146	299
Now take a cud in ilka hand	167	302
O as I was kist yestreen	138	296
O dear mother, what shall I do	147	299
O gin my love were yon red rose	98	281
O hone! O hone! I am most uneasy	184	309

	Text	Notes
O if my love was a pickle of wheat	98	281
O lassie, art thou sleeping yet	149	300
O Johnny Johnston was my love	219	324
O Logie of Buchan, O Logie the laird	120	291
O lusty Maye with Flora queen	91	279
O my bonie, bonie May	154	301
O our Johnny's no sae kind	129	294
O Peggy, dinna say me na	261	331
O saw ye Effie M'Nab the day	113	286
O that I had ne'er been married	112	286
O the dusty miller	142	297
O wat, wat—O wat and weary	240	326
O wow, Marget, are ye in	214	322
Old king Cowl was a jolly old soul	186	310
One morning as I walk'd	255	329
Our John is ay in the right o't	184	308
Patie came in frae the dale	224	325
Peggy and I will make the cheese	273	334
Robin is my only joe	210	320
Sandy, quo' he, lend me your mill	204	316
She looked o'er the castle-wa'	145	299
Some say that care kill'd the cat	206	318
Some say the deel's dead	206	317
Symon Brodie had a cow	173	303
The day begins to peep	238	326
The prettiest laird in a' the wast	168	302
The shepherd-lassie cries o'er the hill	166	302
The shepherd's wife cries o'er the lee	163	302
The winter it is past	243	327
The wren scho lyes in care's bed	195	313
There came a chapman to the house	143	298
There came a fidler out of France	182	307
There dwells a tod on yonder craig	203	316
There gaed a fair maiden out to walk	178	305
There's a farmer near hard by	221	324
There's fouth of braw Jockies and Jennys	249	328
There was a bonny wie ladie	170	303
There was a jolly miller once	264	331
There was twa craws sat on a stane	205	371

	Text	Notes
Tho' the night were ne'er sae dark	101	282
Three sheep-skins, and the wrong side o' them outward	181	306
Tibby Fowler o' the glen	174	304
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't	118	289
We're a' kist asleeping	182	307
Whan'll we be marry'd	159	301
Where will we get a wife to you	161	302
What's the spring breathing jessamin and rose .	269	333
When I gaed to the mill my lane	135	295
When I think on the world's pelf	236	325
When I was a wee thing	188	311
When Meiggy and me were acquaint	253	329
Will ye gang o'er the ley-rigg	100	281
Will ye gang to Fife, lassie	182	307
Will ye go to the Flanders, my Mallie O .	102	282
"Will ye go to the wood?" quo' Fozie Mozie .	200	315
Willie he's a bonie lad	179	306
Whistle, and I'll cum to ye, my lad	185	310
With roses and lillies I'll pillow his head .	272	333
Wo' worth the time and eke the place	96	280
Wou'd you have law for writer's dues	263	331
Ye men that has your wives in bed	241	326
You're welcome to Paxton, Robin Adair	275	334

GENERAL INDEX

- Aberdeen Cantus*, see Forbes, John.
Ainslie, Robert, 306.
Aitken, James, 39, 41.
Alexander II., 71.
Anderson, John, engraver, 285.
Antiquaries, Society of, of Scotland, 6 and n., 30, 35, 307.
Arne, T. A., composer of "Artaxerxes," 45.
Aytoun, W. E., 76.
Bagford Collection of Ballads, 293.
Balfour, James, 38.
Bannatyne MS., The, 17, 21, 23, 80 n. 2, 279; Lord Hailes's publications from, 44 and n. 3, 80 n. 2.
Bannatyne Club, The, poem by Scott addressed to, 63.
Bertram, Gardiner and Co., bankers, 4.
Bickerstaffe, Isaac, author of "Love in a Village," 332.
Birnie, Patie, of Kinghorn, 85 n. 2.
Blacklock, Thomas, Dr., 34, 64, 82 n. 2.
Blair, Hugh, Dr., 14, 34.
Boëtius, Hector, on Fyn McCoule, 311.
Boar Club, 34, 38.
Brodie, William, deacon, 39.
Brown, Alexander, librarian of Advocates' Library, 44.
Brown, John, painter, 38.
Bruce, John, 310.
Buccleuch parish church, 64.
Buchan, Lord, 5, 7, 30.
Buchan, Peter, his "Ancient Ballads and Songs," 280; "Gleanings," &c., 291, 292, 322; his MSS. quoted, 280, 282, 288-89, 290, 292, 300, 304, 313, 315, 329.
Burns, Robert, 29, 31, 34, 38, 46, 51, 65, 68, 283, 291, 297; songs and fragments preserved by Herd, used by, 281, 282,

- 286, 287, 288, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 297, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 305, 306, 308, 309, 310, 319, 326, 327, 335.
- Campbell*, Alexander, 75, 281.
- Cape Club*, 3, 31, 35-51.
- Chalmers*, George, 9, 53, 54, 56 n.; letters to Paton, 56, 57, 59; his *Life of Ramsay*, 59; letter to Hunter, 68.
- Chambers*, Robert, 76; his *Traditions of Edinburgh*, 34, 38, 104 n.; his *Popular Rhymes*, 196 n., 198 n. 1, 206 n. 4, 304, 312; his *Songs of Scotland prior to Burns*, 211, 295, 302, 304; his *Scottish Songs*, 303, 314, 325, 328, 331.
- Charmer*, The, 48 n., 306, 325.
- Child*, F. J., 76.
- Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, Sibbald's, 38.
- Clapperton*, Alexander, 44.
- Clarke*, Stephen, 38, 51, 284.
- Cleland*, William, 303.
- Cockburn*, Mrs. Alice, 64.
- Complaint of Scotland*, The, 44, 72, 91 n.
- Constable*, Archibald, 5, 32, 60, 62, 68, 76, 300.
- Crawford Collection of Ballads*, 293.
- Crawford*, Robert, 189 n., 329.
- Crochallan Fencibles*, The, 34, 37.
- Crockett*, Mrs., her manuscript-book of music, 288.
- Cromek*, R. H., his *Reliques of Burns*, 293; his *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, 285, 304, 308.
- Cummyng*, James, 6, 7, 37, 46, 51, 73; letters to, 43-44, 50.
- Cunningham*, Allan, on Herd's collection, 73-74.
- Dirty Club*, 34.
- Dobie*, James, note on the origin of *Robin Adair*, 335.
- Dowie*, John, vintner, 31, 32 n. 2, 33, 51.
- Dryden*, John, 324, 332.
- Dunlop*, Mrs., 286.
- D'Urfey*, Thomas, 303.
- Ebsworth*, J. W., 293, 323, 324.
- English Dictionary*, Murray's, 198 n. 1.
- Erskine*, Henry, 34.
- Ewing Collection of Ballads*, 293.

- Ferguson*, Adam, 34.
Fergusson, Robert, 39, 41, 65, 282, 328, 329; his connection with Herd and the Cape, 45-49; Cape Song by him, 48; his death, 49.
Flowers of the Forest, The, 62, 64.
Forbes, John, editor of the *Aberdeen Cantus*, 83 and n. 3, 279.
Forbes, John, of Templeton Kildrummy, 329.
 "Gammer Gurton's Garland," 289.
Gardiner, see *Bertram*.
Gentleman's Magazine, 8, 71.
Gough, Richard, antiquary, 4, 7, 8.
Graham, Dougal, 330, 331.
Graham, J., Marquis of Montrose, 78 and n. 4.
Graham, Janet, 321.
Gray, Thomas, 322.
Graystiel, see *Herd*.
Greyfriars' Churchyard, 8, 28 n. 2.
Grosart, A. B., 328.
Grose, Francis, 8.

Hailes, Lord, 7, 44 and n. 3, 71.
Halket, George, author of *Logie of Buchan*, 292.
Halliwel, *Nursery Rhymes of England*, 290, 298, 301, 310, 311, 312, 316, 317, 332.
Hamilton, William, of Baugour, 57; *Poems on Several Occasions*, 82.
Hamilton, William, of Gilbertfield, 57.
Hearne, T., 71 n.
Heber, Richard, 60, 70.
Henderson, T. F., 30 n. 3, 76, 292.
Herd, David, birth and family, 31, 32; friendship with Paton, 3, 32; clerk to Russell, 32; connections with Edinburgh club-life, 34, 35; original member of the Cape, 37; Sovereign of the Cape, 41; old Sovereign, 42, 50, 51; nicknamed *Sir Scrape* or Graystiel, 3, 63; collision with Pinkerton, 52, 53; advises Chalmers and Ritson, 53-57; essay on the Pennecuiks, 58, 59;

- history of his MSS., 9, 54, 59, 60, 61, 62; death, 64;
obituary notes, 64, 65. *Notes passim.*
- Herd*, David, of Balmakelly, 31.
- Herd*, John, D. H.'s father, 31, 32.
- Herd*, William, of Balmakelly, 31.
- Hird*, *see Herd.*
- Hogg*, James, his *Jacobite Relics*, 319, 333.
- Home*, John, 34.
- Hume*, David, 34.
- Hunter*, A. G., correspondent of Chalmers, 68.
- Inglis*, Sir James, 44.
- James I.*, 44.
- James II.*, 333.
- Jamieson*, Robert, 61, 62; his *Popular Ballads and Songs*,
61, 323, 325.
- Johnson*, James, engraver, 29, 38.
- Jones*, Paul, 322, 323.
- Kames*, Lord, 34.
- Kemble*, Stephen, 38.
- King*, William, Dr., 311.
- Kinloch*, G. R., his *Ballad Book*, 296.
- Kinnoul*, Earl of, 330.
- Laing*, David, 47, 73, 79 n. 3, 304.
- Lancashire*, Thomas, 37, 38, 41.
- Leland*, John, 71 n.
- Leyden*, Dr. John, 60, 72, 83 n. 3, 329.
- Lindsay*, Robert, of Pitscottie, 7.
- London News*, *Illustrated*, 332.
- Low*, Marget, Herd's mother, 31; her death, 32.
- Low*, William, of Denside, 31.
- Maidment*, James, 7, 9, 70, 300, 322.

Maitland, Sir Richard, "ancestor of the Earls of Lauderdale," 21; his MS., 23, 26, 27, 28; Pinkerton's edition of, 57.

Martin, William, partner of Wotherspoon, 45.

Mary, Princess of Modena, 333.

Mayne, John, 309.

Mearse, The, 293.

Melrose, Abbey of, 12.

More, Jacob, 38.

Moore, Thomas, 335.

Motherwell, William, 75, 282, 301.

Muses, *The Merry*, of Caledonia, 287, 288, 289, 297, 319.

Museum, *The Scots Musical*, 29, 38, 83 n. 2. Notes *passim*.

Napoleon Bonaparte, 317, 322.

Nasmyth, Alexander, 38.

Nicol, Alexander, "Poems" by, 82, 331.

Nichols, J. B., his *Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century* quoted, 5.

"*Orpheus Caledonius*," see Thomson, W.

Oswald, James, editor of "*The Caledonian Pocket Companion*," 244 n. 6, 264 n., 281, 285, 289, 296, 297, 300, 307.

Paton, George, 43, 44, 51, 52, 53, 70; life, 3-8, 60; letters to Percy, 8-28; takes no active part in Herd's collections, 8-9, 13, 324; offers Ritson perusal of Herd's MSS., 54; Chalmers's letters to, 56, 57, 59.

Pennant, Thomas, 8.

Pennecuik, Alexander, Dr., 58.

Pennecuik, Alexander, burgess of Edinburgh, 57, 58, 59.

Pennecuiks, Herd's essay on both, 57, 58-59, 87.

Percy, Thomas, 7, 9, 44, 52; his letters to Paton, 10-29; asks for Herd's MSS., 17; acknowledges their receipt and gives his opinion about them, 20-21.

Pinkerton, John, 28; his *Ancient Scottish Poems*, 52; insolent letter to Paton, 52, 53; ridiculed by Ritson, 57.

- Pitcairn, R.*, 322.
Pitcaithly, mineral springs of, 330.
Plummer, Andrew, 87.
Poker Club, The, 34, 37.
Portrait Gallery, Scottish National, 47.
Potterrow, Herd's lodgings in, 64.
Sir Precenter, see Fergusson.
- Raeburn, Sir Henry*, 38.
Ramsay, Allan, Chalmers's essay on, 56, 59; *Evergreen*, 81; *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 67, 80 n. 2, 81, 287, 300, 305, 327; *The Gentle Shepherd*, 81.
Reliques, Percy's, of Ancient English Poetry, 9, 10, 13, 17, 21, 23, 27, 28, 44 and n. 2, 189 n. 1; their influence on Herd's collection, 66, 67.
Renfrewshire Magazine, article on Fergusson and Burns, 282 n.
Ritson, Joseph, 7, 9, 28, 53; his "*Scotish Songs*," 54, 309; letters to Paton, 54, 55, 57; puts Herd's MSS. before Chalmers, 59; on Herd's collection, 74-75; his *North-Country Chorister*, 301.
Rose, W. S., Scott's letter to, on Herd, 62.
Ross, Alexander, author of "*The Fortunate Shepherdess*," &c., 82, 83, and notes 1, 2.
Roxburghe, Duke of, 5.
Roxburghe Ballads, The, 283, 297, 300, 301, 323, 324, 326, 327, 328, 330, 331.
Ruddiman, Walter, 47, 65, 71; his *Choice Collection of Scots Poems*, &c., 78 and n. 2, 80.
Runciman, Alexander, 37, 38, 47, 65.
Russell, David, accountant, 32 and n. 1.
- Schetky, F. G. C.*, 38.
Scott, Sir Walter, 60, 317, 318, 333; friendship with Herd, 62, 63; description of Herd, 62, 63; said to intend to re-edit Herd's Songs, 68; on Ritson, 75; on Herd, 76;

- ballads taken from Herd's MS., 61 ; marginal notes in Herd's MS., 117 n., 138 n. 1, 148 n. 8, 184 n. 1, 207 n. ; on Dougal Graham, 330, 331 ; *Border Minstrelsy*, 60, 72, 98 n. 1, 99 n. 8 ; *Waverley*, 295 ; *Antiquary*, 63 n., 313, 318 ; *Redgauntlet*, 109 n. 5, 306 ; *Heart of Midlothian*, 319 ; *Monastery*, 264 n. 5, 319 n. 1 ; *Woodstock*, 308.
- Scottish Historical Library*, Nicolson's, mentioned by Herd, 58.
- Scots Magazine*, The, 55 n., 66 n. 1, 71, 72 ; obituary notice of Herd, 64, 65.
- Scrape*, Sir, see *Herd*.
- Secombe*, T., 70.
- Shakespeare*, William, Cape festival in honour of, 40 ; *Othello*, 134 n. 1, 295 ; *Much Ado*, 318.
- Sharpe*, C. K., 284, 298, 322.
- Sibbald*, James, 38 ; "The Charmer" reprinted for, 81 n. 5.
- Sinkler*, Margaret, her music-book, 299, 300, 305, 314.
- Skinner*, John, 84 n. 5, 86 n. 1.
- Smellie*, William, bookseller, 6, 33, 34.
- Smollett*, Tobias George, 33.
- Sommers*, Thomas, 38.
- Spendthrift Club*, 34.
- Stewart*, David, General, 280 n.
- Stuart*, Gilbert, 7, 65.
- Tait's Magazine*, 317.
- Tea-Table Miscellany*, *The*, see Ramsay, A.
- Tenulucci*, G. F., 45.
- Theatre Royal*, in Edinburgh, 38.
- Thomson*, James, 40, 288.
- Thomson*, William ; his *Orpheus Caledonius*, 66, 67, 283, 287, 288, 328.
- Tytler*, James, 283.
- Urquhart*, Sir Thomas, of Cromarty, "*Tracts*" by, 70, 71 and n.
- Watson*, Alexander, 86 n. 2.

- Watson*, James, his collection of *Scots Poems*, 43 and n. 2,
78 n. 4.
Weekly Magazine, Ruddiman's, 47.
Whitelaw, A., 76, 325.
Willcock, J., 70.
William III., rhyme composed on, 332.
Williamson, David, 140 n. 1, 207 n., 297, 319.
Witherspoon, 24, see *Wotherspoon*.
Woods, William, 38.
Wotherspoon, John, Herd's printer, 16, 25, 27, 28 and n. 2,
29, 37, 51, 75 ; letters to Percy by, 22-24, 26, 27.

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